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MY LIFE IN CHINA

1926-1941

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TORTURED CHINA

MY LIFE IN CHINA

1926-1941

HALLETT ABEND

HARCOURT, BRACE AND COMPANY, NEW YORK

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FOR WIN
and
HELENE

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MY LIFE IN CHINA

1926-1941

GUESSING WRONG

RAINED newspapermen are supposed to be able to dive into a new environment and, no matter how murky the medium, come up briskly and triumphantly with the pearl of truth. If that is the safe general rule, then I was a shocking exception when I first went to the Far East early in 1926, for I was wrong from the beginning, and my errors of appraisal were continuous for the first two months I spent in China.

In fact I guessed wrong from the time I booked my passage from San Francisco in the old *Siberia Maru*, for I planned only a vacation jaunt, and my round-trip ticket was good for only six months. Instead of returning after half a year, China was my home for nearly a decade and a half, and I did not leave until the Japanese drove me out in mid-October of 1940.

Looking back now it seems as if even the approach of our ship to Japanese shores was symbolic of the beginning of a long experience when things were not as they seemed. We had been told at dinner that we would anchor outside Yokohama harbor shortly after midnight and wait for a pilot boat at dawn. Instead, at nine o'clock that evening I thrilled to what I thought were the first shore lights of Japan. A great glittering semicircle gradually appeared curving away in front of the ship—surely the curve of the harbor we had been heading toward during the nine days and nights since we had left Honolulu behind. Then, suddenly, we were in the midst of those lights and plowing

through them. The glittering curve was a huge Japanese fishing fleet, and Yokohama was still miles down over the western horizon.

This vacation trip to the Far East was really my second rebellion in twenty-one years against uncongenial desk work. I had left Stanford University late in my junior year, in the spring of 1905, and had found a job as a cub reporter at ten dollars a week on the *Spokesman-Review* in Spokane, Washington. At that period in the Northwest, writing men on daily newspapers were not well paid; editorial and executive positions alone offered a decent living. By 1912 I had been holding a series of editorial or "desk jobs" on the Spokane *Chronicle*, but this divorce from reporting and writing was highly uncongenial, and in 1912 I went to a tract of raw land I'd acquired in British Columbia, but instead of trying to make a living as a rancher I lived pleasantly in a huge log cabin and tried to make a living writing fiction and plays.

The utter failure of this first rebellion against desk work drove me back into newspapering again, and early in 1915 I sailed for Honolulu in response to a cabled offer from the *Star-Bulletin* there. To my dismay I was at once made city editor, and spent another year at desk work, while I wrote continuously and uselessly to the great newspapers in our eastern cities, and to the news agencies, attempting to obtain an assignment in the Far East. I might have known there was no chance. Japan had already taken Tsingtao from the Germans, the Far East was a dull backwater so far as news was concerned, and the world's interest was centered on the war in Europe.

For exactly fifty-one weeks I yearned after the ships which sailed from Honolulu and headed westward into the setting sun. Finally I sailed eastward into a red dawn—back to the mainland, and another desk job on the *Idaho Statesman*, at Boise. Four more years of desk work—this time as managing editor—and then a move to Los Angeles, and nearly five years of desk work on the *Los Angeles Times*.

Then came a disastrous and unhappy year in Hollywood, working on stories and titles for the Talmadge sisters, Norma and Constance. I made more money than ever before in my life, but those were the days when most of the funny stories about Sam Goldwyn's misuse of English originated. Most of the stories were true, but Mr. Goldwyn was unjustly debited with about 80 per cent of those which originated with other leaders of the film industry.

More than fed up with the Hollywood of the period just preceding the advent of sound films, I again rebelled against desk work, and sailed for China on what newspapermen call a space-rate shoestring. I was to send articles by mail to about a score of newspapers belonging to the North American Newspaper Alliance, and they were to pay me at rates varying from five to twenty dollars a column for such material as they chose to print.

Early in 1926, American newspapers and the American public were little interested in China or in any of the affairs of the Far East. There were a few American correspondents in Tokyo, and in Peking. There was, at that time, only one full-time American correspondent in Shanghai—the representative of the Associated Press. Most of the other correspondents for both American and British newspapers made a living by working on local English-language newspapers, and sent occasional dispatches to New York or London newspapers as a side line. They were usually meagerly paid at a low rate per column inch, or received very small monthly retainers and sent only such news as was occasionally asked for by cable.

Later, when I began gropingly to sense the world importance of the then ignored Nationalist movement growing in South China, I was shocked to find the lack of adequate news coverage at the key city of Hongkong. I had unearthed a piece of news of genuine international significance, and since I enjoyed no connections which would accept news cables I wanted to give my information to the Associated Press. I found the office of that

great news-gathering organization on the fourth floor of a dirty building which had no elevator. Over the door hung the shingle of an attorney with a Portuguese name. Inside was a dirty Portuguese-Chinese youth about sixteen years of age. When I asked if that was the Associated Press office he said yes, and then volunteered that his father was the Associated Press correspondent.

“Where is your father?”

“Oh, he’s home. Sick.”

“When will he be back at the office?”

“I dunno.”

“How long has he been sick?”

“About six weeks.”

“Who is covering the news for him?”

“Nobody.”

The indolent offspring of the ailing attorney let me inspect the Associated Press file. The last outgoing item was dated nearly seven weeks before.

But I had no knowledge of this condition when I started for the Far East; in fact I was concerned more with space-rate feature stories than with “spot” news, and had no conception of the importance of events which I was to witness soon after landing.

My first visit to Japan, begun the morning after we had plowed through the semicircle of lighted fishing boats, left few distinct impressions. Yokohama was still partly a dreary ruin, and was being slowly rebuilt after the disastrous earthquake of a few years before. Tokyo had been rehabilitated, and seemed a sprawling and ugly city filled with hidden beauty spots of great charm. Demaree Bess, who had worked with me some years before on the *Los Angeles Times*, took me in tow and showed me temples and bars, picturesque parks and his own Japanese house with its diminutive garden, curving bridge, and stone lanterns. It was still too early in the spring for cherry blossoms. I met no Japanese.

The beauty of the Kamakura region, with its groves and temples, Japan's forested mountains, her lakes and clear streams, and her fabled Inland Sea all came up to expectations, but I found nothing to stir my interest as a newsman, and the impressions left by that first visit were those carried away by the average tourist—the perfection of the landscaping of the fairways on the golf course at the Tor Hotel above Kobe, the excellence of the Scotch served in the lobby of Kobe's Oriental Hotel, and the filthy condition of the rooms at that overrated hostelry.

It is curious that the Japanese, whose native-style homes are models of neatness and careful upkeep, cannot learn the knack of proper maintenance of a foreign-style building. Later I saw fine modern hotels and office buildings and consulates, built by the Japanese in Manchuria and in China, deteriorate into dirty and slovenly disgraces. And all such buildings, within a year, become permeated with a sickening odor—the disagreeable odor of urine from people who eat daikon two or three times a day. Daikon is a pickled Japanese radish, and it is more potent in this regard than a heaping dish of asparagus.

My first impressions of China were as deceiving as the Japanese fishing fleet had been. The ship had already entered muddy waters before nightfall of the second day out of Kobe. I was wakened at dawn by the cessation of the pulsing of the engines, and jumped up eager for the sight of a new continent. Looking out of my porthole I saw unbelievably muddy water, a flat mudbank, and a high signboard in English advertising a well-known brand of American chewing gum. No pagodas, no temple bells, no spice-laden breezes. Disgusted, I climbed back into my berth and slept until we were tying up at the dock in Shanghai.

On the way south, the ship stayed only one day at Shanghai—a day of drizzling rain and premature, muggy spring heat. It seemed to me the dirtiest city I had ever seen, and the poverty evident on the streets was horrible. Even the bars at the old Astor House and Palace Hotel seemed dreary. I should have

been appalled had I been told I would make my home there for more than eleven years.

My quest for background news and feature stories seemed doomed to failure until I called upon George Sokolsky to present a letter of introduction from another newspaper man in Japan.

"Don't stay here," counseled Sokolsky. "There's nothing going on here now, and don't go to Peking. It's a morgue. Go to Canton. I'm just back from six weeks down there. No, I won't prejudice you by telling you a thing, but go to Canton and look up Li Choy. He's the editor of the *Canton Gazette*. I'll write to him that you'll be along."

The dreary, rainy day in Shanghai served to dull my ardor for traveling, for sightseeing, and for vacationing, but I'd reserved passage on the same ship to Hongkong, to Manila, and back to Hongkong, and I followed out my schedule.

Hongkong was even worse than Shanghai had been. Rain and mist and muggy heat; and Manila seemed neither beautiful nor interesting on that first visit, except for furnishing me my first experience of two days of incessant tropical rainfall.

We sailed back to Hongkong, and my disillusionment with the Orient was almost complete when we were landed early in the morning in a driving rain. Leaving my trunks stored in the Hongkong Hotel, I took the noon boat upriver—the old flat-bottomed *Fatshan*, bound for Canton. We hooted our way up the Pearl River through a drizzling fog, and at dark anchored just off the island of Shameen, the foreign concession area of Canton. The island was nearly dark, but the city beyond threw a red glow into the clouds, and close by were two trim flood-lighted little war vessels—American and British gunboats, I was told.

Landing was prohibited until daylight next morning, and an evening of complete boredom seemed certain until a pleasant Scot asked me to join him in a spot of liquor in the dining room.

We sat at a table, poured our drinks, and were just raising

our glasses in a mutual toast when there was a rattle of rifle fire on the river. There was a crash of a windowpane at my back, and to my amazement the raised glass of whisky and soda in my companion's hand seemed suddenly to explode. We both stared stupidly at his right hand, from which blood was spurt-
ing over the tablecloth.

The tip of his index finger had been shot off.

Before I could grab a napkin with which to staunch the blood, the *Fatshan* was completely blacked out, and a machine gun on the deck of the British gunboat began to sputter and cough tracer bullets into the misty darkness.

My fifteen years in China had begun—fifteen years in which boredom was never to return.

IMPERIALIST OUTPOST

THE NIGHT's shooting on the river seemed to have cleared the air, for the next morning, a Sunday, was radiant and windless. The handful of passengers, including the drinking companion minus a finger tip, were taken ashore in a launch ostentatiously trailed by British and American navy launches from the two gunboats, which I thought was overdoing precautions a little, though I had heard that Canton was in an anti-foreign mood, and a place dangerous for white men, particularly Britons.

We piled ashore at the one little roofed passenger jetty on the island of Shameen, and all started walking to the hotel. Coolies were not to be had, and neither rickshas nor automobiles were permitted on the island.

On the way to the hotel I was accosted by a young Britisher, who has since become to me the symbol of the white man in China of those days. He was suffering from a hangover of too good a time the night before. Coatless and bewildered-looking, he carried in his hand an unopened tin of salmon. "Can you," he pleaded, "tell me where I can get a dingus to open this damned thing? I'm hungry, and there's nothing else on hand for breakfast."

Shameen, as I was to learn, was at that time in a state of siege. The Chinese, under the efficient guidance of Soviet Russian organizers and advisers, had declared a boycott against Britain and all things British. Since the island itself was the site

of the British and French concession areas, most of the servants, clerks and office workers had gone away. No food supplies could reach the island except by steamer from Hongkong, and if the foreign gunboats had not been there the succoring steamers would have been shelled and sunk.

The island was connected with Canton city and the mainland northwest bank of the Pearl River by two bridges spanning a narrow canal filled with backwater from the river. On the island side were concrete blockhouses, barbed wire, sandbags, machine guns, and British and French sentries with rifles and hand grenades. Night and day since June of the year before, Shameen had lived under fear of new attacks.

At the mainland end of the bridges were more sandbags, more armed guards, Chinese this time. They searched every person coming from the island. Persons going to the island were not permitted to take anything with them—not a newspaper, not an orange, not a cigarette, not a letter or even a clean sheet of paper. In some cases the Chinese sentries even took money from the pockets of the foreigners they searched, though this was not frequent.

To my amazement I found sandbags and barbed wire along the entire shoreline of the island facing the city, and here and there were concrete pillboxes equipped with machine guns placed to sweep all approaches to the bridges. The shoreline facing the river was also protected by barbed-wire barricades, and the entire circumference was patrolled by guards night and day. There was occasional sniping from roof tops in the city and from Chinese launches far out in the muddy stream. My nose sniffed news.

This astounding situation was one of the indirect results of the so-called "Shanghai Incident" of May, 1925, when the police of the International Settlement, commanded by a Britisher, had fired upon Chinese demonstrators threatening the jail. There had been a large casualty list, a declaration of an anti-

British boycott, and a quick growth of anti-foreign feeling all over the coastal provinces of China.

In Canton a peculiar situation had existed in the early summer of 1925. Before his death Dr. Sun Yat-sen, founder of the Kuomintang party, had admitted Chinese Communists to the party, and Russian advisers had been sent from Moscow. This was the period in which Soviet Russia was still attempting to foment a world-wide anti-imperialist and anti-capitalist revolution, and the Russians in Canton cleverly fanned the natural Chinese resentment over the Shanghai shootings. Hongkong was boycotted. Literally hundreds of thousands of Chinese of all classes left the island, and trade and shipping were paralyzed. There was no one to unload or to load or fuel ships. From bank clerks to domestic servants, the Chinese almost without exception quit their British employers. Hongkong was so hard hit that the government of the crown colony had to borrow several million pounds from the British treasury to tide over the crisis.

Excitement at Canton became intense. The city was crowded at first with more than 300,000 jobless, penniless strikers who had come up-river from Hongkong. In June a monster demonstration parade was planned, and the route of march led along the Canton Bund, just across the narrow canal separating Shammeen from the mainland. The island was nervous and on guard to repel an attack. Someone fired a shot. The Chinese say the British fired upon unarmed marchers. The British at first charged that the Chinese fired first, then declared that Russian conspirators fired with the deliberate intention of provoking a new slaughter.

And slaughter there was. Both the British and the French forces on the island swept the tight-packed marchers with machine gun and rifle fire. Deaths amongst the Chinese exceeded two hundred; casualties amongst the foreigners on Shammeen, killed and wounded together, were less than a tenth of that number. Actually the strategically placed French machine guns

did most of the killing of the Chinese, but the Soviet propaganda directors chose to ignore this fact, and the anti-British movement doubled and trebled in fury and in violence.

That was why, when I landed on the island more than eight months after the Shameen massacre, the young Briton was looking for a can opener so that he could eat salmon for his Sunday morning breakfast. Except for a few hardy old-time employees who refused to leave their jobs, and for those, even fewer, who had been smuggled up from Hongkong by the night steamers, there were no Chinese servants on Shameen. Those who remained never dared show themselves in daytime. Snipers were watching for them. Most of the foreign women had been sent away. The men who stayed behind—consular officials, bank employees, heads of great oil companies—had to cook their own meals and wash their own clothes. Food and soap were hard to get.

This beleaguered outpost of imperialism is a tiny island, its greatest length about six city blocks, and its greatest width three city blocks. Reclaimed from a swamp that the Chinese had set aside for foreigners three-quarters of a century before, it is as flat as a pingpong table. The sidewalks and the broad streets, then bare of vehicles of all kinds, were shaded by giant banyan trees, peppers, and palms. Bougainvillaea vines made great splashes of cerise blossoms against the walls of massive granite and brick buildings. The British Concession covered four-fifths of the upriver part of the island, and the French Concession comprised the downstream fifth.

On this small area were all of the foreign consulates at Canton, except those of Soviet Russia, Germany, and Austria. Those countries, having lost extraterritorial and all other special treaty rights during the 1914-18 war, ostentatiously shunned Shameen, and maintained consulates in Canton itself, while their consuls derided the difficulties of representatives of the great powers still technically having special treaty rights, which they either could not or dared not any longer try to enforce.

Shameen had one hotel, the Victoria. In after years, when I was used to traveling frequently up and down the China coast, I always classed the Victoria, in the extreme south, and the Nicotine, at Manchouli, in the extreme northwest of Manchuria, as the two worst hotels in all East Asia. Time did not change either of them for the better.

The Victoria then, and probably even now, showed a gaping hole in the plaster of the dining room ceiling, and on the walls were dark splotches of dried blood. More than a year before my arrival a Chinese political terrorist had thrown a bomb through a window and blasted several enemy banqueters to their death. I never knew the damage to have been repaired. The bedrooms were mildewed and damp, the plumbing always out of order, the mosquito nets torn and badly mended, and the rugs damp and moldy-smelling. The food, even in times of peace and plenty, was always the worst to be found in China —except possibly that at the Nicotine.

Shameen was pretty awful, but I wanted to stay, and because of the kindness of Frederic Tyson and his wife, and Douglas Jenkins, then American Consul-General at Canton, I was able to stay in comfort and cleanliness. Tyson was then Canton representative of the Standard Oil Company. Business was at a standstill, and most of the foreign staff had been shifted elsewhere. The company, however, had a lease on several apartments in the Bomanjee Building on Shameen and had furnished them well. Tyson sublet one of these apartments to me for a song. Mr. Jenkins gave me some good advice, and I went down to Hongkong and managed to hire a competent cook-boy who rejoiced me by being named Ah Chew. Then, on a night steamer, I smuggled Ah Chew and many cases of food up to Shameen. I made arrangements to cover the daily news for one of the Hongkong British-owned newspapers.

I was ready to go to work upon the most unusual situation I had ever met in years of newspaper reporting. The whole crisis was so unexpected and surprising that I was half incredulous

about everything I saw and learned. Although I had read assiduously about China for six weeks before I had sailed from home, and although I had kept my nose in books during more than half the time I spent crossing the Pacific, I was totally unprepared for Shameen.

"Why," I asked Mr. Jenkins, "do the American newspapers never mention this precarious situation?"

"I've wondered myself," he replied.

"But you report it to the State Department?"

"Oh, fully, and daily."

"And the State Department gives it out to the newsmen in Washington?"

"Oh, doubtless; most of it, anyhow."

Mr. Jenkins then advised me not to cross the canal into Canton, and became earnestly persuasive when I told him that I felt I must go into the city and talk with the Chinese and Russian leaders. He told me it was dangerous, and that while he could not prevent my taking foolhardy risks, he urged me not to go.

But there was that letter to Li Choy in my pocket. And I knew that Michael Borodin was in Canton. I would not be dissuaded. So one hot morning, wearing sun helmet and shorts, leaving my watch and other valuables in my apartment, and with only the unsealed letter to Li Choy and a handful of silver twenty-cent pieces in my pocket, I walked through both lines of barbed wire and sentries and found myself on the Canton Bund, which less than a year before had been slippery with the blood of more than two hundred slain Chinese.

CHUNGKING'S ORIGINS

THE OFFICE of the Canton *Gazette* was then nearly two miles from the Canton Bund. Armed with the name of the newspaper and the street address written in Chinese by one of the American consular staff, I boarded a rickety bus, and away we went through the crowded thoroughfares at a careening pace that would have dismayed even a Paris taxi driver.

The bus was merely a Ford upon which a Chinese carpenter had foisted a topheavy frame structure with side benches, and it was crowded to suffocation before we had gone half a mile. All the passengers were men, and they talked in Cantonese sing-song, and coughed and spat almost continuously. I sat crowded next to a huge, shiny Chinese who was fat enough to have posed for a new statue of the Laughing Buddha. He wore only sleazy, baggy trousers and cloth shoes, and fanned himself incessantly with a coquettishly small paper fan. His trousers had slipped down below the line of his navel, and from there up he was sweating nakedness itself.

To my surprise he seemed to take an amused fancy to me, for he snapped his fan shut, tapped me on the knee, flashed it open and then presented for my inspection a delightful landscape painted in water colors on the flattened paper. The reverse side, as he showed me, was a blur of Chinese characters in gold and black ink. While I was expressing my appreciation in smiles and pantomime, he snapped the fan shut and then flipped it

open, and to my amazement showed a totally different painting—one of the most pornographic “bedroom scenes” that had ever met my eyes.

The Canton *Gazette*, when I finally found its offices, was located on the second floor of a narrow brick and concrete building, the ground floor of which was occupied by a food and fruit store. The paper, published twice a week in those days, was the only English-language newspaper put out in all China south of Shanghai, not counting the dailies published in the British crown colony of Hongkong.

The long-sought Li Choy was a fully clothed and somewhat smaller copy of the half-naked Laughing Buddha next to whom I had sat in the bus. Round faced, with a thin, drooping mustache, genial and friendly, it was Li Choy who made for me most of the contacts with the heads of the Canton regime which later proved of such inestimable value to me. Li spoke a soft and impeccable English with a pronounced Oxford accent, and the surprise of this, coming from a rotund figure clad in a long gray silk gown, was immense.

Education in England had profoundly foreignized most of Li Choy's views, with the single exception of his attitude toward his home life, which remained rigidly old-style Chinese. Well as I came to know him, first in Canton and then later for many years in Shanghai, I was never in his home and never met his wife. Scores of times I met him at dinners at the homes of Britons and Americans, and none of them had ever so much as seen Mrs. Li.

Typical of Li Choy's long-continuing friendship and kindness was a warning he gave me that first day.

“Don't mind a personal suggestion,” he said, “but it would be best not to wear shorts when you leave Shameen and come into Canton. You see, most Chinese associate shorts exclusively with Englishmen, and the English are highly unpopular here just now. Wear long trousers, please; to do so may save you from insult and even from violence.”

Violence—that was the keynote of the whole situation in Canton in the first half of 1926. There was violence of feeling against the imperialist powers, violence of feeling against the special privileges of the white man, violence of hatred against the Chinese warlords of the Yangtsze Valley and of North China, and there was extreme violence in the under-cover struggle for power going on in Canton itself.

Men whose names have since become world famous were in Canton at that time struggling against Chinese ignorance and inertia, struggling amongst themselves for place and power, and at the same time working feverishly to organize a gigantic military expedition for the conquest of the whole country. In order to arouse the Chinese masses and gain support for themselves, they were also struggling valiantly to end the hold which the imperialist powers of the West still maintained over their country as a whole.

At Canton that spring and early summer I was to meet T. V. Soong, who was then almost unknown even in China, but was trying as Canton's Commissioner of Finance to raise money for the so-called "northern expedition" against the warlords who held most of China's provinces. Eugene Chen, that brilliant master of fiery English, who thought and wrote in headline slogans, was Commissioner for Foreign Affairs. Wu Teh-chen, later mayor of Shanghai and subsequently governor of Kwang-tung province, now a general and one of the pillars of the Chungking government, was Canton's chief of police. Michael Borodin, special envoy from the Soviet, was political adviser, and General Galen, who later twice defeated Japanese thrusts, first at Changkuofeng on the northern Korean frontier, and then at Nomanhan, on the Outer Mongolian borders, was in Canton as military advisor.

It was upon the recommendation of Borodin and Galen that from three to eight battered-looking Russian freighters arrived in the Pearl River every week and unloaded rifles, artillery and ammunition for the Nationalists—war supplies sent down from

Vladivostok under a sort of lend-lease arrangement the terms of which were never divulged.

T. V. Soong, in 1926, looked much as he does now, except that he was then more slender. Seventeen years ago he already had the habit of watching any caller with an intent, almost un-winking, round-eyed gaze, and in spite of the courtesy of his attention often seemed engaged in some remote mental speculation. Then, as now, he was given to short silences when asked direct questions, and after these silences, during which his mind evidently worked with extreme rapidity, he would give his final opinion or decision in remarkably few words, always well chosen. I could never detect any facial resemblance between Mr. Soong and any of his three famous sisters, Madame Chiang Kai-shek, Madame Sun Yat-sen, and Madame H. H. Kung, although he, too, is handsome and distinguished looking.

Eugene Chen, who has since fallen out with all of the present Chungking leaders, was said to be from Trinidad, his father a Cantonese and his mother reputedly partly of African blood. When I first knew him he spoke neither Cantonese nor Mandarin, and was said to be having difficulty learning to write a scholarly Chinese. Small, very thin, with a disproportionately large head, and snapping black eyes, he spoke English with an ultra-British accent, and both in conversation and in his state papers was a master of stinging invective. His Chinese name was usually written Chen Yu-jen, and his break with the group who now head the Kuomintang party was reputedly due to his leftist sympathies.

Michael Borodin, Moscow's liaison officer to China and to the Kuomintang, in 1926 looked remarkably like the late Senator Borah in his middle age. Borodin had not only the same heavy body and thick shoulders, but his massive head and profile were amazingly like Borah's, and the Russian, like the then famous United States Senator from Idaho, wore his shaggy hair long and seemed always to be in need of the attentions of a barber.

Borodin was at that time remarkably successful in the training and direction of propaganda workers, and it was this Moscow-inspired propaganda work which in the late summer of 1926 made easy the northward march of the Nationalist armies to the Yangtsze River. The peasants and workers of the mid-China provinces helped the northern expedition in many ways, expecting from this movement liberation from age-old land tenancy bondage, and the tardy achievement of living wages. It was the thoroughness of the work of Borodin and his agents which aroused the initial fervor which inspired the valor of resistance of the Chinese Communists until a truce was made with Nanking ten years later, at the close of 1936, after Chiang Kai-shek's kidnapping at Sian.

Seven miles down the river from Canton, serving as the superintendent of the Whampoa Military Academy, was a slender, wiry man with magnificent flashing eyes. He was working with feverish energy training young officers at the institution which was South China's equivalent of our West Point. Later his name was to become anathema to the Japanese, and he was destined to be one of America's main allies in World War II, besides being the symbol of unity and resistance for China's 450,000,000 people. This was Chiang Kai-shek.

Seventeen years ago General Chiang was just as wiry and slender and quick in his movements and decisions as he is today. His presence then was not as commanding as it is now; success and responsibility have brought him a poise and an assurance lacking in his Canton days in the first half of 1926.

Indeed, when I first knew him he could be sure of nothing. His ambition was immense, but he was surrounded by enemies and by danger and was unsure of his authority. In 1926 Chiang Kai-shek was reputed to heartily dislike all foreigners, and to be hostile to newspapermen and interviewers. His distrust of strangers was easy to understand, for already there was growing tension with the Russians and with the Chinese Communists, and Chiang Kai-shek's headquarters and Borodin's group com-

prised almost openly hostile cliques. It was characteristic of the young Generalissimo that he dared to launch his northern campaign in spite of the disunion amongst his followers and supporters. Success, he seemed to argue, must come first; internecine quarrels could be settled afterwards.

One of the main reasons for General Chiang's early success in consolidating his authority and increasing his prestige was his habit of disregarding all old-style Chinese habits and conventions of courtesy and face-saving duplicity. He always acted with such abrupt directness as to catch his political and military opponents unprepared. Chiang's enemies were invariably slow and fatally tardy, whereas the Generalissimo's mobile mind worked swiftly, and he was always on guard.

Until the close of 1936 General Chiang was not a popular personality in China, and in the opinion of foreign military experts he has never been a great military commander. He was an adroit politician with the innate ability to choose able political aides and military commanders, and with the good sense, in most cases, to permit the specialists attached to him to act largely on their own initiative. Under the pressure of Japanese aggression he has gained an education in world affairs, and has developed astonishingly from a provincial-minded militarist to a leader with a statesmanlike understanding of world affairs.

The Canton of those days gave an odd impression of lawlessness and naked force. One coup d'état followed another with breath-taking frequency. One notable after another fled for safety to Hongkong, only to return after parleys and compromises. And yet there was no savor of futility about the situation. From the first, even to a foreigner who knew nothing of China's domestic affairs, it became evident that something vital and formidable was in the making. Yet in Shanghai every person with whom I had talked, with the single exception of George Sokolsky, had classed the Canton situation as a joke.

“Oh, Canton's always in rebellion. They're always milling

around down there—have been for years—but it doesn't mean a thing, really."

That was Shanghai's estimate of the Nationalist movement in the spring of 1926. And yet by September of that same year the despised Nationalists had captured Changsha, Yochow, Wuchang, and Hankow. By the spring of 1927 they had captured Nanking and Shanghai, and by June of 1928 even Peking and all of North China would come under their rule.

More than three years later, when the Chinese government at Nanking began a two-year fight to have me deported, ardent Nationalists made the charge that I "had begun lying about the Nationalist movement from the first day I landed at Canton."

Going over piles of time-yellowed notes of interviews, clippings from the Canton *Gazette* and from Hongkong newspapers, carbons of my own news stories sent to Hongkong or to the United States, I wonder how far wrong I really went?

Mistakes, any foreigner must have made, however well intentioned he may have been. But in spite of all the difficulties of gathering news in a country where I could neither speak nor read the language, in spite of conflicting views gathered from hostile leaders and warring cliques, in spite of the reticence of leaders which made it difficult to sift rumor from fact, the conviction grew upon me that there in Canton were the beginnings of what would grow into one of the biggest news stories of my lifetime.

Long before the six months expiration date of my return ticket across the Pacific had rolled around I had gone to Hongkong and surrendered it for 80 per cent of what it cost. From then on, I considered the "China story" as my egg. I was determined to sit on it until it hatched.

It is doubtful if the Nationalist armies launched northward from Canton in the summer of 1926 could have conquered all of China without Russian assistance, yet that assistance in the end cost an excessive price, not only in Chinese lives, but in

treasure, in years of armed conflict, and in the prolonged distrust of various foreign governments whose friendship and help China needed.

The Russian entanglement was not of Chiang Kai-shek's making; it was an inheritance from Dr. Sun Yat-sen, China's revolutionary leader, who died in Peking in 1925, and Sun Yat-sen himself turned to Moscow for aid only after Washington and the liberal democracies of Europe refused to give him help. At one time he had thought that Japan might be China's sincere friend, but he became disillusioned about Japan's ambitions and intentions and finally, in desperation, made secret proposals to Washington of a kind which would have changed world history had they been accepted.

The unearthing of this story was my biggest news scoop during my months spent in Canton. It was published first in the old Philadelphia *Public Ledger*, and in the Portland *Oregonian*, and aroused almost no interest in this country. When the story got back to Canton, however, it stirred up hostile denials, which were soon silenced when those officials who cried "fake" found that the Sun proposals were a matter of official record not only in the files of our Consulate-General in Canton, but also of our State Department in Washington.

My first intimation of these secret international moves came from an ousted Canton official who was sulking in Hongkong. In the heat of his anger against the group he termed "those damned Chinese Reds running the Kuomintang," he let slip a remark that Sun Yat-sen had repented of the "Russian deal" whereby Chinese Communists were permitted membership in the Kuomintang party, and that he had pleaded for the United States to head an international armed intervention to save China from Russia and from Japan.

"You can't quote me," he cautioned, "but it's all in your consular files. Ask Jenkins." This man is still living, and to this day I have never divulged his name.

When I went to Consul-General Jenkins in Canton with my

questions he was startled and aghast, and would say nothing until I told him all details as to how I came upon my information, except only the name of my informant.

"I cannot show you the papers," Mr. Jenkins finally said, "but if you will recount to me all that was told to you I'll confirm the parts that are true and correct any errors." This is the story:

Initially Dr. Sun Yat-sen had sought from America and from Britain recognition for his regime as the *de jure* government of China, and also help in money and war materials so that he might unify the country by force. On every hand he met with blunt refusals. Then he turned to Soviet Russia, and his appeals met with a ready response.

By the end of 1923, however, Dr. Sun had become alarmed. Under the pressure of Chinese Communist members the Kuomintang was being forced violently to the extreme left. Hundreds of Chinese, graduates from what later became the Sun Yat-sen University in Moscow, were trying to merge the Chinese revolution into a world-wide communist revolutionary plan. The future status and welfare of China, he felt, might become merely incidental to Moscow's general plot against the capitalist nations.

Finally, in despair, Dr. Sun sought a secret interview with Dr. Jacob Gould Schurman, then American Minister to China, when he visited Canton late in 1923. During this interview the Chinese leader asked Dr. Schurman to have Washington sound out England, France, Germany, Italy, and some of the lesser treaty powers and learn if they would consent to take upon themselves the task of a joint intervention in China for a period of five years.

Dr. Sun not only offered to issue a proclamation inviting such an intervention, but he promised to spend the rest of his life at propaganda work designed to induce the Chinese people to co-operate with the movement.

The plan had been thought out in advance down to the small-

est details. Dr. Sun proposed joint military occupation by the invited powers of all provincial capitals and military control of all railways, rivers, ports, and telegraphs. He asked that from the United States and from Europe military experts, railway experts, financial experts, flood control engineers, public health administrators, educational experts, and a host of other educative advisors be sent to China for five years, and that administrative experts should not only help in founding a workable central government, but should also install and develop efficient district administrations in each of China's then eighteen provinces.

His idea was that during five years of peace and order, under foreign military suppression of the warlords and of banditry, China could be made a really "going concern." He proposed that at the beginning of the fifth year of this tutelage national and provincial elections should be held, and then control should gradually be handed over to leaders chosen by the Chinese people themselves.

Washington was not enthusiastic, but did sound out several of the leading European powers. At no capital was the proposal seriously entertained. Apparently the difficulties and dangers of the joint intervention project in Siberia at the close of World War I had dampened all international ardor for tasks of this kind. Certainly both the United States Congress and the British Parliament of that day would have withheld approval of such a gigantic commitment.

In 1923 Japan could have made only weak verbal protests against such a strengthening of China. Had the project of tutelage succeeded, the "Manchurian Incident" would almost certainly never have occurred, and the history of the Far East, probably the history of the world, would have been changed for the better.

Dr. Sun renewed his appeal in January, 1925, two months before he died, but again nothing came of the move.

Affairs of such international scope did not often come up for

reporting early in 1926, but there existed continuously at Canton a situation which might at any hour have made big headline news all over the world. So often was the foreign area of Shameen threatened with attack, that "alert warnings" from the American, British, and French consulates were common. These "alerts" meant that every foreigner must have a small bag ready and packed with toilet necessities and a change of clothing, and be prepared, at any hour of the day or night, to board one or the other of the foreign gunboats anchored just off the Shameen jetty.

Had the Chinese attacked Shameen that summer, they would have met with only enough delaying resistance to enable the civilian residents of the island to complete a mass evacuation to the gunboats, which would then have sailed for Hongkong—fighting their way down the river if necessary. Whether heavier units of the American, British, French, and Italian naval strength in the Orient would have then proceeded upriver to shell the Chinese invaders off Shameen was a politico-naval secret not divulged then or since.

In retrospect it has become very plain that the men who were then consolidating their powers of leadership at Canton were genuinely eager to avoid any form of conflict with any foreign powers, but they were continually being pushed toward such conflict not only by Soviet plotters who wanted to set the whole Far East afame and ruin the imperialist nations, but also by the dangerously strong and perilously ignorant I-Hongkong strikers who were still violently inflamed against the British.

These Hongkong strikers were penniless and had to be fed. Even as late as June of 1926 more than 40,000 of them were being given two meals a day at large soup kitchens maintained jointly by the city of Canton and by the Kuomintang party. The cost then fluctuated between \$7,000 and \$10,000 a day, and the total bill had already mounted to nearly \$4,000,000.

The strikers had become so strong and so bold that they actually maintained their own courts and a prison. No striker

could be tried for any offense before any of the regular Canton courts, and the strikers arrogated to themselves the right to try in their own courts all Chinese caught trying to smuggle goods in from Hongkong. Sentences ranged from small to huge fines, and even to long terms of imprisonment, and no appeals were possible.

This situation led to frequent bloody clashes between Canton's police force and the strike pickets and patrols. Several times determined mobs of strikers surrounded the city jail and forced the authorities to surrender prisoners over whom the strikers claimed jurisdiction. In all cases the strikers were the victors, and why not? They were never less than 40,000 strong, and at one time had exceeded 300,000 in number. Canton's police force consisted of 4,600 men.

Gradually the menace of the strikers' power lessened. Thousands of them enlisted in the Nationalist armies, and other thousands accepted employment as baggage coolies to serve the military forces in their projected march northwards against Hankow. But before this merging was effected the leaders of the strikers had exacted a promise from the Kuomintang that the anti-British boycott would follow the Nationalist flag to the Yangtsze River. This was when London began to take alarm.

There were other portents which, if they had been read aright, might well have caused America and Europe to begin taking precautionary measures. Late in May, for instance, Canton and Hongkong Chinese-language newspapers quoted Chiang Kai-shek as having excited his troops during a review at the East Parade Ground by declaring that all of China's many misfortunes were due to three evils, which must be rooted out. These evils were listed as opium, Christianity, and foreigners, according to the press, and there were no denials issued. This, of course, was several years before General Chiang married into the Christian Soong family, and before he himself became a Christian convert.

Eugene Chen, just after he was made Canton's Acting Min-

ister of Foreign Affairs, granted an interview to foreign newspapermen. He was asked about the murder near Nanning of a young Chinese employee of a foreign oil company, and what his government's attitude would be had this employee been an American. He smiled, shrugged his shoulders, and said, "Well, if Americans come to China and lose their lives, we must disavow responsibility. After all, they are presumed to be perfectly safe at home and can stay there, you know. We do not invite them to come here, and Chinese are barred from the United States."

Chen was then reminded that the walls of all cities controlled from Canton were plastered with violently worded anti-foreign posters, and was asked if he did not think this fact entailed a large degree of responsibility in case foreigners met with violence.

"Yes," he said, not at all reluctantly, "that is true. But at all costs China must have an awakened nationalism, the impulse of real patriotism."

General Chiang Kai-shek's rise was sensationaly rapid in Canton in the spring and early summer of 1926. First came his election to a seat in the Central Executive Committee of the Kuomintang, then his appointment as Generalissimo, a title which only Sun Yat-sen had held before him, and then he moved his headquarters seven miles upriver from Whampoa to the fortified Cement Works, just across the river from Canton, which had also been Sun Yat-sen's headquarters.

The move to the Cement Works was followed by a resolution by the Central Executive Committee which said that "because of an emergency existing due to the Northern Punitive Campaign," a state of martial law existed, and that therefore all acts of all department heads and bureau chiefs must be submitted to the new Generalissimo for approval before they could become effective.

Even martial law was not always sufficient to maintain law and order. Russians and Russian-trained Chinese were busy

building up the power of radical trades and farmers' unions, and the lawless Hongkong Strikers Union backed all strikes and boycotts originating with other union organizations. To have attempted to enforce martial law against these unions, even with the help of bayonets and machine guns, would have brought about an explosive counter-revolution that would probably have ended all chances of a punitive expedition against the northern warlords.

This northern expedition would brook no delay. Canton and the territory thereabouts could not long support the great armies that had been raised for the foray northwards; more territory had to be conquered. Moreover, if Chiang's armies had not moved, Russian aid would probably have been stopped. The Soviet wanted all China in turmoil, and all the treaty powers put dangerously upon the defensive at the great seaports and the inland treaty ports.

Concentration upon the training and equipping of the Nationalist armies was so intense that little attempt was made to maintain safety or administer law outside Canton and a few other cities which were furnishing both men and money for the cause.

The beautiful White Cloud Mountains rear up from Canton's alluvial plain only five miles from the city, and had been a favorite district for picnics and hikes. In the spring of 1926, however, no one dared to go there for the hills were overrun with bandits. The Shameen and Canton Bunds were lined with houseboats, which the wealthy or well-to-do had formerly used for week-end trips upriver. But in 1926 the houseboats stayed rotting at their moorings. Bandits and pirates made river trips hazardous. Even the ferry which plied regularly between the Canton Bund and the Canton Christian College (later Lingnam University) had been pirated twice, and the college campus was only a mile and a half up and across the river from Canton's main business district.

Much of the drama of Canton early in the summer was entirely beyond the comprehension of foreign observers, but we on

Shameen knew when excitement mounted high in the city. There were days when the Chinese guards at the Canton ends of the bridges from Shameen would permit no one to pass. At times Canton's streets would mysteriously empty even at mid-day, and then fill with traffic again after the unexplained rattle of machine gun fire. There were occasional monster anti-foreign parades, and when these demonstrations were held I followed the advice of newly made Chinese friends and did not leave the island.

The night of May 14th was particularly tense—something was going on, but no one seemed to know just what was under way, though the Reds were supposed to plan a rising of the proletariat. The next morning the city was in the hands of 40,000 of General Chiang Kai-shek's personal troops. They patrolled the streets, a company of soldiers to a block. Machine guns had been mounted at most street intersections. The windows of all government buildings bristled and glittered with protruding rifles and bayonets. Many arrests had been made during the night, and in the days immediately following there was a stealthy exodus of scores of the more violent Reds who had taken fright and gone into hiding.

Certain aspects of this portentous stirring were both alarming and obnoxious to a foreigner. Some of it seemed like American gangster tactics raised to the *nth* degree—for instance, the “farming out” of opium selling and gambling monopolies. The open anti-foreign and anti-Christian propaganda seemed to hold ominous promises. Leftist strikers were permitted to picket and close missionary hospitals at Wuchow and Canton. Water and light and food supplies were cut off, and the sick and the dying had to be sent to their homes. A strike even forced the emptying of the one hospital for the insane in Canton. The inmates, more than three hundred demented men and women, were simply turned into the streets. It was deeply shocking to note that the civic and Nationalist authorities made no attempt to check these excesses or to right these grievous wrongs.

What I did not realize at that time—what no foreigner in China could understand—was that Chiang Kai-shek and his closest advisers were playing for a gigantic stake. They were, literally, gambling against time. And the prize they were gambling for was the rule of China, and China's liberation from foreign bondage. They had to take desperate chances, and they had to hurry and make use of Soviet aid so long as it could be had.

Even in the spring of 1926 they must have foreseen the open break with the Russian and Chinese Reds which came a year later. In order to be able to support armies strong enough and large enough to conquer the north and unify the country, Chiang Kai-shek had to make haste and seize the Yangtsze Valley—and he had to do it before the Communists could gain control. It was a close shave, and resultant bitterness and almost continuous civil war did not end until Christmas week of 1936.

In spite of all the crudities inherent in the situation, it was evident that something big, something vital, was forming in Canton. There was a genuine fervor about the leaders which made itself felt even in the rank and file of the armed forces.

Not since American soldiers had marched away to sail for Europe in 1917 and 1918 had I ever sensed such a genuine crusading spirit as was evident in Canton during those months of early summer. My news sense was deeply stirred, particularly since the crusaders were intent upon driving not only British but also American influence out of their native land. It was baffling to realize that the entire American press remained absolutely indifferent to the gigantic movement developing so rapidly in South China.

In retrospect, my first months in Canton seem oddly compounded of a dazzling interest in a situation which was partially unintelligible because of frustrating language barriers, occasional hours of thrilling danger, and day after day of extreme physical discomfort.

Canton's climate is trying for the newly arrived white man.

In spring and summer it steams. The mornings were usually bright and sunny, with the air heavy as a wet blanket, and no breeze. By mid-afternoon huge black thunderheads were apt to rear up from the southwest, and then came an hour or two of incessant lightning and rolling thunder, lashing winds, and a heavy downpour of rain. But the harder it rained, the hotter it seemed to grow.

Nothing ever dried out. Even on open verandas rug matting would quickly mildew. Electric lights, burning night and day in closets and wardrobes, could not prevent clothing from hanging damp and limp or shoes from being covered with a white fungus within 24 hours.

The nights were often cool, but sheets were always clammy. White people were apt to suffer from prickly heat, athlete's foot, ringworm, and other irritating skin troubles.

Mosquitoes swarmed with the coming of dusk, and reading in bed at night was usually impossible because of the loud buzzing of these pests just outside the stifling nets. When we played bridge in the evening at the hospitable Tysons, we all sat with our feet and legs inside oversized pillowcases, and with punk rings burning at every corner of the table to keep the mosquitoes from feasting upon us at their will.

Two or three showers a day did not suffice to keep body linen fresh, and perspiration was so constant, particularly when it rained, that the color of bookbindings would come off on one's hands. Every card player had to have a small turkish towel in order to keep his hands reasonably dry.

There were almost literally no compensations, except an occasional trip downriver to Hongkong, to get a breath of fresh sea air, to swim at Repulse Bay—and to buy essential canned foods and fresh vegetables and fruit.

And Canton itself was ugly, and the alluring White Mountains only a few miles away could not be reached. The old city wall had been torn down, except for a few gates left standing as relics of the past. Many streets had been newly widened

and badly paved, and the new buildings and makeshift shop fronts were neither distinctively foreign nor truly Chinese. They were simply ugly. The old parts of the city, with filthy streets so narrow that two sedan chairs could scarcely pass, and so uneven that wheeled traffic was impossible, were slimy with filth and stank like open sewers. The beggars, the cripples, the elephantiasis victims, the lepers, and the syphilitics who whiningly followed foreigners seeking alms and exposing their running sores, were nauseating sights to which I never became accustomed.

But in and under and behind all this there was vivid life, and a stirring purpose. There was vitality and endeavor. A great and an ancient people was rising in resentment and in violence; something portentous was taking form, for good or ill, that could not be quelled. At times I had a nostalgic longing for the clean cities and the clean people of my homeland. The golden beaches of the California coast and the pine forests of the mountains of Idaho seemed unbearably far away. But I had found the biggest story of my life, and would not have gone home for any price.

By mid-June Canton began to empty of soldiers. The Northern Punitive Expedition was getting under way. I sought permission to go north with the Nationalist armies, but was bluntly refused. Day after day I watched them entraining—unimpressive, straw-sandaled, mostly little men. They were clad in ill-fitting cotton uniforms of a dirty gray or dusty yellow. I made one trip to the end of the stub railway, which ran only about eighty miles north from Canton, and watched the army straggling off into the mountains through which there was not even a good wagon road. Disorganization seemed complete, and the expedition appeared to be a hopeless folly. Momentarily I wondered if I had fooled myself or been fooled into unfounded enthusiasm.

Canton, by the end of June, was like a squeezed lemon. All the juice and flavor was gone. It was a city of apathy.

I packed my mildewed wardrobe, said good-by to Shameen, and went down to Hongkong. Two days later I was aboard a steamer northward bound, and on the Fourth of July I landed again at Shanghai. The average greeting I received was something like this:

“Why, I thought you’d gone back to the States!—Canton? All this time? What in heaven’s name for?—Oh, they’re always stewing in their own juice down there; this campaign will fizzle out as all the others have.”

But less than a year later, Britain, the United States, France, Italy, and Japan were to rush more than 30,000 troops to Shanghai to keep Chiang Kai-shek’s armies out of the foreign concession areas.

SUMMER OF DISCONTENT

THE NEXT ten weeks in Shanghai were pretty awful. The heat was worse than that of Canton, even though Shanghai is eight hundred miles north of the South China metropolis, and the humidity was just as bad. The morning after I landed I experienced one of the worst frights of my life.

Never will I forget that hot, airless little bathroom adjoining my bedroom at the American Club. Even today I could sketch the shape of the mirror and the light brackets, blindfolded.

I'd wakened late, gone into the bathroom, brushed my teeth, and then taken a large swallow of water and mouth wash to gargle away the aftertaste of too many cigarettes the night before. When I tilted my head forward to rinse my teeth, to my amazement I could not retain the fluid in my mouth—it simply ran down my chin and over the front of my pyjama coat.

I leaned closer to the mirror and started to brush unexplained tears from my left eye. I got a shock when my finger went right into my eye—the lid would not close. When I pulled the lid down between thumb and forefinger, it would not raise unless I pushed it up. And by experimenting, in a panic, I found that the left corner of my mouth was devoid of muscular control.

It was ten o'clock before I could locate the office of an Amer-

ican physician who had been recommended to me by the club secretary, and I thought I had steeled myself for his expected diagnosis. But I had not known how the words would sound.

"You've had a slight paralytic stroke," he said gravely.

"Yes, and what are the prospects, what is the treatment?"

"As you should know," he said, measuring out words of doom, "a second shock is not unlikely. It will be more severe than the first. The third is usually fatal. I can suggest no treatment, except plenty of rest, no worry, no smoking and no drinking, and the avoidance of all excitement and anger."

I went back to my bare-walled room in the American Club, stripped, and lay there on a hard bed with the sweat running down my neck and down my ribs. When my eye got to aching, or filled with tears, I'd pull down the lid to give it a rest. Reading was impossible, and thought was abhorrent.

Rest . . . no worry . . . no excitement. And me a newspaperman, with scant savings, and a widowed mother in the States entirely dependent upon me for support. Paralysis, and not yet forty-two. No tobacco and no alcohol. I lit a cigarette, pulled down my left eyelid to keep out the smoke, and rang for a floor coolie to bring me a double Scotch and water.

When lunch was sent up, I found I had to hold the left side of my lips together with thumb and forefinger in order to eat my soup. Solids had to be chewed on the right side of my mouth, or they would dribble down my chin. I gave up eating, and flung myself back on the bed, filled with a spiritual bitterness and loathing of my own body. Chest and armpits raw-beef-red with prickly heat; athlete's foot between my toes and my fingers; ringworms on my chin and forehead--and then this!

Again I sought the mirror in the bathroom. By this time the working muscles on the right side of my face were causing a noticeable though not defacing twist around my mouth. The left eye looked expressionless--almost staringly dead. I tried talking aloud, and was relieved to find that my enunciation was clear.

Then I showered, dressed, went to the cable office and wired

my plight to a never-failing friend at home and asked for a few hundred American dollars by cable, including the injunction not to let my mother know. Then I went to the *Shanghai Times*, and got a job as a combination reporter and desk man—for four hundred Shanghai dollars a month—about two hundred dollars in American money. In Los Angeles I had been making more than twice that sum a week.

Then I went to another physician, told him nothing of the verdict of the morning, and asked for a diagnosis.

“Have you had an earache?”

“Yes, my ear has been noticeably painful, but I forgot about it when this happened.”

“Have you been sleeping under a fan that did not oscillate?”

“Yes, on the ship, all the way up from Hongkong.”

“Hm. It’s nothing but Bell’s palsy. We’ll have you all right in a couple of months, at most. But it means treatments twice a day, and sleeping with a hot electric pad under your ear for quite some time, in spite of this damned heat.”

“Then I’m not paralyzed?” I blurted.

“You’ve had no paralytic shock, if that’s what you mean. Here, I’ll show you.”

And then Bill Gardiner, blessings on him, brought out a skull, and banished my nightmare as he explained. He showed me the tiny hole in the skull, behind the ear, through which the facial muscles come to the surface. He explained that by suffering a chill at that spot, sleeping in a cold draft or under the steady breeze from an electric fan, those muscles literally “caught cold,” became swollen, and because of their swelling and crowding in that tiny channel, could not function.

Twice a day, half an hour each time, Dr. Gardiner worked over me, and his treatments were continued for more than two months, including Sundays. With electric shocks he forced the muscles to twitch and work, thereby avoiding a gradual atrophy. With electric heat and light massage he gradually reduced the swelling back of my ear and banished the “earache.” With his

patience and skill he brought about an almost complete cure, although even now a photograph will sometimes show a weakness of the left corner of my mouth, and a slight droop of the left eyelid. Had I accepted the first diagnosis as final, the nerves on the left side of my face would probably have become useless before the inflammation subsided around that tiny hole in the skull. I'd have been permanently disfigured, and would have kept waiting all these years for the expected second and third shocks!

The slow but continuous improvement of this facial palsy brought a tremendous lift to my morale, but the work on the *Shanghai Times* was not to my liking, and the pay was so small it was leading me straight to bankruptcy. There was no hope for a higher salary on any Shanghai newspaper, and it seemed impossible for me to obtain a place as foreign correspondent for any American newspaper.

The Nationalist armies continued to advance northward into the middle of the Yangtsze basin, but America and Europe were not interested in "just another Chinese civil war." Even Shanghai continued complacent and indifferent, and my forecasts of further successes by Chiang Kai-shek were hooted into silence. The Nationalists were still about six hundred miles away.

I seemed to be merely marking time and losing money, but I refused to consider the idea of returning to the United States, although there were several choice positions there, any one of which I could have had for the taking. And in reality I was gaining experience and making friends in Shanghai which would be of incalculable value to me in later years, although at the moment it seemed as if my time there was being wasted.

Edwin S. Cunningham, then our Consul-General in Shanghai, became my close and helpful friend. I learned much about the operation of consular courts in China, of the advantages and abuses of extraterritoriality, and about the functions of the U. S. District Court for China.

It came as a shock, after about a month, to learn that the paper on which I was working, the *Shanghai Times*, was generally considered to be receiving a subsidy from the Japanese. Certain of the standing instructions about the handling (or even suppression) of news tended to substantiate this claim. (Years later I learned from the Japanese Embassy that they had actually bought control, although a Britisher was supposed to be the owner. After December 8th, 1941, when Japan declared war on the democracies, the *Shanghai Times* continued publication unmolested, whereas all other newspapers in Shanghai were either suspended or forcibly taken over by the Japanese.)

Finally, late in August, there came a chance for a change and for a betterment of my position. A letter came from Grover Clark, owner of the *Peking Leader*, and president of the company which published that daily in the ancient capital. Would I come to Peking, and edit his paper for him? He offered six hundred dollars a month, in Chinese money.

Wherever I made inquiries about the *Peking Leader* I met with a curious reticence. Yes, the paper was "all right"—but! Clark, I was told, had been a professor, was not a trained newspaperman. Most of his stockholders were supposed to be missionaries, and some were Chinese. Clark himself was often called a "parlor pink."

After an exchange of letters, Mr. Clark wrote that he would like to have someone come to the *Peking Leader* who would stay "at least until the middle of 1927." I finally wrote, guardedly, that I would go north at my own expense at mid-September, and would let him know within six weeks after my arrival whether I would remain for the first half of 1927. I pointed out that this would still give him ample time, before the first of the year, to find someone else if I decided I did not care to spend such a long time in Peking.

With these points agreed to in writing, I finally sailed from Shanghai for Tientsin on my forty-second birthday. I was moving away from what, within a few months, would for a time

become a world center of news and tension, but my seeming side-tracking in Peking proved invaluable to me in many ways during the years that followed.

The little coastal steamer crept along, stopping at Tsingtao, Weihaiwei and Chefoo, all really what became known as "outposts of imperialism."

Tsingtao, a harbor beautiful in its circle of mountains, had been developed by the Germans, taken from the Germans by the Japanese in 1914, and partially taken from the Japanese by the agreements and compromises reached at the Washington Conference. Part of our Asiatic Fleet summered there, to escape the muggy heat of the Philippines, but Japan still retained various "special privileges," including control of the railway leading inland to Tsinan, capital of Shantung province. This, too, had once belonged to Germany.

Weihaiwei, a port backed by hills and guarded by rocky islands, was a British-leased territory, and had been acquired with the plan of developing it into a first-class naval base. The British Asiatic Fleet still summered there.

Chefoo was in Chinese control, but was another summer base for the American Asiatic Fleet, and hundreds of missionary families spent the hot months there in order to escape the suffocating humidity of inland stations.

Finally we steamed up the ochre-colored Hai-Ho, a river with flat mud banks like the Whangpoo leading to Shanghai, but a stream much smaller in volume, much narrower, and much more winding. Tientsin, modernized, flat, and in the main ugly, was a smaller edition of Shanghai. I feared I'd like North China no more than I had liked the lower Yangtsze Valley country. For the first time I began seriously to consider going home. I'd begun to fear I'd never feel really contented in China.

The next day I took the afternoon train for Peking, a run of a little less than ninety miles. It was a dreary autumnal day, with low clouds and occasional squalls of rain and gusty wind. The crops had been harvested, and the flat land looked bare

and utterly unattractive. The only distinguishing features of the countryside were clusters of small and large pyramidal grave mounds, and here and there very small mud-walled villages. Trees were few and widely spaced. I dozed or read, and wondered idly whether at home I'd prefer to live in California or in the Northwest.

When next I looked out of the car window I found that a seeming miracle had occurred. To the north and west was a great circle of rugged mountains, sparsely timbered but tumbled into a magnificent sky line. The plain between the railway tracks and the base of the mountains had completely changed character. The countryside had suddenly become beautiful, even under the lashings of an autumnal storm. Between the farms, and in and around the villages, there was an ample growth of trees, although most of the books I had read about North China used the stock phrase "the treeless plain around Peking."

The little mud-walled villages were surrounded by pines and firs. Most of the tomb areas were encircled by walls of gray brick, and there were ornamental gates, beautified rather than disfigured by partial ruin brought on by age and neglect. The winding cart roads were deeply rutted into the soft earth, sometimes shoulder-deep to the men walking behind their burros or two-wheeled carts drawn by diminutive Mongolian ponies. Near one village we passed more than a score of huge Gobi camels, plodding along with heavy burdens and a gait of indescribable dignity—almost scorn.

"Why," I said to myself, with no tinge of doubt or disbelief, "it's as though I've finally reached home."

Then we stopped at a small junction only a few miles from Peking, and on the platform I saw a flower vendor hawking pink and white lotus blossoms and bunches of tuberoses with stems four feet long. Twenty cents in Chinese money bought me a dozen of each. The tuberoses, which in China are almost scentless during daylight hours, were just beginning to exude the heavy and delicious perfume which they give off so lavishly

with the approach of dusk. Back in the train, I sat with these flowers across my knees, and felt as though I had become one of the few supremely lucky mortals who finally reach a long-imagined Never-Never Land.

We swung around a long, flat curve, and on my left I saw the massive walls of Peking, the corner towers, and the high pagodas surmounting the gates. The train halted in Chienmen Station, and I entered the Tartar Wall through the Water Gate, leading into the walled Legation Quarter. It was a damp September evening, chill with gusty wind and drizzling rain.

The summer of my discontent was definitely at an end. I knew, through some deep inner certainty, that I was in China to remain for a long, long time. Everything I saw around me was unfamiliar, strange and alien, but never had I returned to any place where I had lived with such a deep sense of homecoming. Even that first arrival seemed something like a reunion, or the acquisition of an inner peace.

This miracle was repeated scores and scores of times during the years that were ahead of me, whenever I returned to Peking from absences long or short. I decided then that I'd like to live the rest of my life in Peking, and that preference was never shaken until the Japanese moved in.

PEKING, OLD STYLE

MY CONNECTION with the Peking *Leader*, which was to last until June of 1927, was the most unusual period of employment I have ever experienced, and led me from one shock of understanding of Far East politics to another. It is still difficult to comprehend how I ever got free of that connection without serious impairment of my professional reputation or having my personal integrity widely questioned.

Grover Clark, the head of the venture, proved to be a friendly, kindly disposed man. Overfat, heavily built, with a curious squint in one eye, he sometimes overworked the pose of extreme cordiality, and was adept at putting a person under an uncomfortable feeling of obligation.

The evening I arrived he invited me to his home to dine, and there I met Mrs. Clark and their two children. Clark talked long about the difficulty foreigners experienced finding desirable living accommodations, and then offered to rent to me a portion of his own Chinese house—a sitting room, dining room, bath, trunk room, and large bedroom, all on a court to which his portion of the house had no access. He proposed to arrange for his servants to serve my meals in my own apartment and to do all the necessary housework. The monthly rate he mentioned for these accommodations was reasonably low, and I accepted at once. I reminded him that since I was under obligation only to stay six weeks, and then tell him my decision about a longer

connection with his paper, such a living arrangement was ideal, at least until the length of my stay in Peking was decided.

The Clark home was in the far northeast part of the old walled city, on a narrow alley which rejoiced in the name of The Street of Gentlemanly Scholars. The Peking *Leader* was published in what had been a rather small Chinese house with stone-paved rooms and courtyards on Mei Cha Hutung, or Coal Street, nearer the center of the city. I found to my amazement that the type was all set by hand by Chinese compositors, no one of whom, except the foreman, could read a word of English.

The circulation of the paper was only about 1,200, and job printing took care of the payroll of the mechanical department. Most of the inside pages were filled with reprints clipped from newspapers already a month old when they arrived from the United States. The front page was usually filled with cable and telegraph news received from the United Press and from several semi-propaganda news agencies financed and delivered free of charge by various Chinese, Japanese, and Russian factions. Search of the files revealed few editorials other than those clipped from American publications, and there was little local news because there were no reporters.

This set-up was so grotesque that I decided to tell Clark, at the expiration of the agreed six weeks, that I would not stay for a half year, but would help him out until he could get someone to take my place. The decision to leave was strengthened when I discovered that Clark's own salary, a thousand dollars in Chinese money, had not been paid for the last six months.

Stanley Fryer, the *Leader's* advertising manager, who later became my good friend, came hustling into my office room in a state of extreme excitement one Saturday morning when I had been there three weeks.

"Did you know Clark leaves next Wednesday for America?"

I was dumbfounded.

"Who takes my place, and when?" I asked.

“Don’t you know?”

“Not a word. How did you learn of this?”

“Oh, on my rounds, looking for ads,” replied Fryer. “At the American Express I found he’s bought tickets to Chicago for himself, his wife, and the children. At a tailor shop I found he’d given a rush order for five suits of clothes and a new overcoat. The shoemaker who advertises with us says Clark ordered six pairs of new shoes, to be delivered not later than Tuesday. And the company books show that Clark’s back salary has all been paid up to date.”

A pot of money must have been found somewhere, but it was of no interest to me, since Clark had obviously engaged someone else to take my place during his absence.

The paper did not publish on Monday morning, and the evening after this conversation, Sunday, I was enjoying a bridge game in my sitting room when Clark walked in unceremoniously, and in a loud voice asked me to ask my guests to leave because he had some urgent business affairs to discuss with me. My friends needed no urging. I prepared myself to be fired, for the first time in my life, and wondered with amusement what Clark’s excuse would be.

“I’ve a surprise for you,” he blurted, as soon as we were alone. “I’m sailing for the States on Wednesday.”

“Oh, I’m not surprised,” I countered. “I’ve heard about your steamer tickets, your suits, and even your new shoes.”

“How on earth—” he began. I held up a protesting hand.

“Does it matter how I heard? Who’s going to run your paper for you?”

“Why, you are, of course.”

“Not I,” I told him emphatically. “You’re all wrong there.”

Then followed half an hour which I still remember with a shiver of discomfort and distaste. Clark first said he “had not understood” our very definite written agreement. Then he broke into loud sobs, and said his wife’s health made the trip of immediate urgency. When I pressed for details, he said Mrs. Clark

was going blind, and only an immediate operation would save her sight. Only one specialist could do the work, he said, a physician in Chicago.

Finally I did violence to my better judgment and agreed to stay until the spring of 1927, and Clark in turn agreed that I was to be paid a thousand dollars a month, out of which I should pay an assistant if it became necessary to have reportorial help. He would pay the rent on his house, and I was to employ his servants and buy my own food.

To my surprise he readily agreed to give me a letter, signed as president of the Peking Leader Company, giving me absolute control over the paper's news and editorial policy during his absence. Having met several of the company directors, and knowing that I could never agree with them on policy, I insisted upon the inclusion of a paragraph specifying that if, in Clark's absence, any of the directors attempted to interfere with my management I would be freed from any obligation to remain until he returned, but could quit upon twenty-four hours' notice.

This letter was delivered to me Monday, seemingly in proper form, but a later development taught me to scrutinize with extreme care all other agreements or legal documents that have since come my way.

The Clarks were to leave Peking on a Wednesday afternoon train, departing for Tientsin at one-fifteen. At half-past twelve Clark hurried into my office, told me good-bye, wished me good luck, and apologized for his haste. Mrs. Clark and the children were waiting in a taxi outside, he said.

Five minutes later one of the Chinese employees brought me a letter from Clark which stated baldly that his written agreement with me gave me control of "only the news" department, and notified me that all editorials would be written by Dwight Edwards, one of the directors, who was also secretary of the Peking Y.M.C.A.

My rage knew no bounds. I dashed out and across the court-

yard to Clark's private office, and found him just shrugging into his new overcoat. I told him that I was walking out as soon as I could gather up my belongings. Again he pleaded; again he wept. And again I foolishly yielded, and agreed to stay on. But only after I had obtained from him a joint agreement, which we both signed before witnesses. This new agreement gave me absolute control of the news policy and contents of the paper, protected me from interference, and specified that no editorials were to appear in the *Peking Leader* unless Dwight Edwards and I agreed upon policy and wording.

This joint censorship arrangement resulted in only three editorials appearing in the paper during the nearly eight months of Clark's absence, a period of time during which there occurred developments of extreme importance to American policy in China. Edwards muzzled me, and I in turn muzzled the paper, because I could not agree with Edwards' point of view.

Peking, that autumn of 1926, was a curious political vacuum. All of the legations and embassies of the foreign powers were still established there, but Peking was in no sense the seat of any authority which could be termed the government of China. In fact foreign diplomats, who formally presented their credentials to what was grandiosely called the *Waichiaopu*, or Foreign Office, in Peking, readily admitted that the "Peking Government" had no actual power or authority thirty miles beyond the walls of the ancient capital. The *Waichiaopu* was merely a repository for documents addressed to China, and the documents were written and presented merely to keep the legal and diplomatic record straight.

Earlier in 1926 there had been a series of battles around Peking, which resulted in the withdrawal of the defeated armies of Marshal Feng Yu-hsiang, the so-called Christian General, northwestward to Kalgan. Feng had been driven out of Peking by a combination of the forces of Marshals Wu Pei-fu and Chang Tso-lin. Wu's seat of power had been Hankow, but in September, the month I reached Peking, Wu's armies had been

badly defeated by the Nationalist forces of Chiang Kai-shek, and Chiang had captured Hankow. Chang Tso-lin was the undisputed warlord of Manchuria. Supposedly, these two warlords jointly controlled Peking and the so-called government of China, which enjoyed recognition from the foreign powers, but the defeat of Wu in the Hankow area obviously left the way open for Chang Tso-lin to seize power, and this he openly did a short time later, while the defeated Wu retired westward to Szechuan province.

Diplomatic and socialite Peking, which had dined and danced on the roof of the Peking Hotel, from which eminence the revelers had heard the rumble of cannon during the battles earlier in the year, continued to regard China's internal struggles with nonchalant indifference.

Dr. Wellington Koo was Minister of Foreign Affairs in the powerless Cabinet holding office in Peking, and I was surprised one morning, less than a month after Clark's departure, to receive a telephone call from him asking me to come at once to the Waichiaopu. When I arrived at the beautiful building in its spacious walled grounds, I found a highly indignant Foreign Minister awaiting me.

"What do you mean by publishing this item?" he demanded in a shrill voice, shaking a copy of that morning's *Leader* under my nose, and indicating an item dealing with China's default of a payment due upon a foreign loan.

"What do you mean by attempting to dictate to me about news in this paper?" I demanded, my choler by that time equaling his own.

"Clark and I agreed that this phase of affairs would not be publicized," Dr. Koo shrilled. "I pay him \$15,000 for a block of worthless stock, he pays himself his overdue salary and sails for America, and then this thing happens."

So—I had found the origin of the pot of money; and without any searching.

When I told Koo about my contract giving me absolute con-

trol of the *Leader's* news policy, and my veto power over editorials which I might deem objectionable, he calmed a bit, and then turned his wrath against the absent Clark. After a long talk we became quite friendly, and the affable Foreign Minister then and later gave me much valuable information concerning China's domestic and foreign affairs. During the rest of my time with the paper Dr. Koo never made any request or demand for special treatment of news, nor for the suppression of any item, no matter how damaging it might be to the shaky regime of which he was one of the main props.

The winter, in Peking, was uneventful. In the Yangtsze Valley, however, the Nationalist armies continued to achieve a series of spectacular victories. The strong pro-communist leanings of the Nationalists, their anti-foreign agitation, their outrages against foreigners, and in particular against foreign missions and missionaries, had finally galvanized the United States, Britain, and other powers into a frenzy of protective action. The number of foreign troops poured into Shanghai to protect the International Settlement and French Concession exceeded 20,000, and many more crowded transports were on the way.

Then, late in the winter, the Nationalists captured Nanking, and an anti-foreign faction ran wild inside the city. Foreign men and women were killed, foreign women raped, foreign property looted and burned. Finally a group of American and European refugees gathered at Socony Hill, the Standard Oil property, and when that was attacked American and British gunboats in the river opened fire and laid down a semicircle of protective barrage while the refugees were lowered over the massive city wall by ropes and fled to the shore of the river where landing parties and launches waited to take them to the safety of the gunboats.

Two Japanese naval units, about fifty miles upriver, heard the sound of the firing and came tearing down the Yangtsze, eager to take part against the Chinese, but got there after the

bombardment was over. The Japanese commanders literally wept with chagrin because they had arrived too late.

Here was big news indeed. As a matter of course I gave the story an eight-column headline and a double column lead in heavy type on the first page of the *Peking Leader*.

The next morning came an amazing experience. I was summoned into Clark's private office, and found seated there three of the directors of the *Peking Leader*—J. Leighton Stuart, American, president of Yenching University, a mission institution, Dwight Edwards of the Y.M.C.A., and Dr. W. B. Pettus, head of the semi-missionary *Peking Language School*.

"We have come," said Dr. Stuart, as spokesman of the group, "to protest against the unpardonable sensationalism with which you are managing the *Leader*. There was no excuse for putting the news about Nanking on the first page under flaring headlines. If it had to be published at all, it should have had a single column headline and should have been on one of the inside pages."

It was difficult for me to believe that I had heard aright. When the protests were repeated, I tried to reason with those three men as if they were children. I told them this news was of first-rate importance. I declared that an account of the first time an American gunboat had fired against the Chinese since the Boxer Rebellion, twenty-six years before, was of necessity first page news. I pointed out that the news of the bombardment of Nanking would undoubtedly be the most prominently displayed news that day in all newspapers published in America and in Europe.

The gist of their argument was that the event in question would impair Chinese goodwill toward Americans and Europeans, that it would injure their particular business of conducting missions, schools, and hospitals, and therefore should be suppressed or minimized.

Finally tempers became hot on both sides, and I produced my written agreement with Grover Clark, giving me absolute con-

trol of the news columns and policy of the paper. I told my callers bluntly that if they did not withdraw their protest I would walk out at the expiration of twenty-four hours, and that I would quit at once if they ever again made an official protest as directors.

I saw nothing more of these gentlemen until I called them together in the spring, to discuss a matter which I felt periled the continued existence of the paper and Grover Clark's good name.

That extraordinary crisis in the affairs of the Peking *Leader* (and in those of the acting editor) arose as a result of a raid upon the Russian Embassy in mid-spring of 1927. By that time Marshal Chang Tso-lin had moved down from Manchuria, and was in undisputed control of the Peking-Tientsin area, with his ally, the infamous ex-coolie, Chang Tsung-chang, in control of neighboring Shantung province with its approximately 30,000,000 people.

Chiang Kai-shek, controlling Shanghai and Nanking, and the manpower and revenue potentials of the lower Yangtsze Basin, was breaking with the Chinese communist regime at Hankow. The Russian Embassy, inside the Legation Quarter at Peking, was suspected of harboring a large number of Chinese Communists, and of being the center of widespread plots not only against the northern Chinese warlords, but also against the treaty powers.

Armed Chinese, indeed Chinese soldiers of all kinds, except the temporarily disarmed bodyguards of visiting Chinese dignitaries, were not permitted to pass inside the Legation Quarter gates. The Ambassadors and Ministers of the treaty powers could not themselves organize an armed raid upon the suspected Russian Embassy, but they could and did connive at permitting Chang Tso-lin's armed men to enter the Quarter and raid the Russian compound, even though the embassy in theory enjoyed inviolable diplomatic immunity.

The embassy people, and the Chinese Communists sheltered there, were taken by surprise. Quantities of documents were

seized, in spite of the fact that the Russians attempted to destroy their files. In one case, a house was barricaded, papers were piled into a fireplace, and kerosene was poured over the lot before a match was applied. Quick-witted Chinese soldiers poured buckets of water down the chimney, and this particular attempt at destruction failed.

Nearly a score of Chinese Communists were arrested and dragged shrieking down Legation Street and out into the Chinese city. Two of them were very comely young women. All of them were executed by strangulation, after prolonged imprisonment and slow torture applied in an effort to force them to denounce accomplices.

This, of course, was front-page news for newspapers all over the world. For the Peking *Leader*, however, it created a special problem, for in the seized documents were found letters from Grover Clark to General Feng Yu-hsiang, then still at Kalgan, and noted for his pro-Soviet leanings. One letter pressed for the payment of "the agreed \$15,000 advance." There were also found a series of receipts, signed by Clark, showing that the Russians had been paying him regular monthly subsidies on behalf of Feng Yu-hsiang.

The particular nastiness and danger of this situation was that the Peking *Leader*, the property of an American corporation, partly Chinese owned, was being published under the protection of extraterritoriality, and that the offices of the newspaper were in the Chinese city, which was controlled by Chang Tso-lin. Yet it had been accepting monthly subsidies from Feng Yu-hsiang, against whose armies the forces of Chang Tso-lin had been battling intermittently for the last year. The discovery of these papers in the files of the Soviet Embassy would also give new cause for attacks to those people who accused Mr. Clark of being "parlor pink" or actually "red."

I telephoned at once to J. Leighton Stuart, Dr. Pettus, and Dwight Edwards. They, with other directors, met with me early in the afternoon, and were genuinely shocked when I told

them that news of the finding of these papers would appear on the front page of the *Leader* the next morning. In reply to their protests, I pointed out that the same news would appear on the front pages of all English-language newspapers in the Orient—Tientsin, Shanghai, Hongkong, and Manila. I said that if the *Leader* did not play up the news for what it was worth, failure to do so would be taken as a tacit admission of guilt.

Then I urged the directors to cable to Grover Clark, who was then in Chicago on his way westward to sail from Vancouver on his return trip to China. Clark, I urged, should be fully informed, and moreover should be requested to cable back his explanation or defense of the implications of the papers.

The directors demurred. They did not want to waste money. They did not want "needlessly to worry" Mr. Clark. They thought he could deal with the situation more forcefully when he had returned to Peking.

In vain I pointed out that in a case of this kind a vindication published four weeks later would never overtake the original news story. I tried to impress upon the directors the fact that if Clark had a good explanation or defense of what seemed dubious dealings, his side of the story should be published within twenty-four hours, or at most forty-eight hours, after the original revelation. They would not listen.

The *Leader* began to lose business immediately. Advertisements were withdrawn, subscriptions indignantly canceled, and much job printing was taken elsewhere. The situation was one of infinite delight to the *Peking Standard*, the only other English-language morning paper published in Peking. The *Standard* was avowedly Japanese owned, and was supported by funds appropriated from the Japanese share of the Boxer Indemnity Fund. This was called "promoting better cultural relations between China and Japan." Actually the *Standard* of course was a Japanese propaganda sheet, and aided very largely in strengthening Japan's position in North China.

Clark returned to Peking early in the summer, and my con-

nection with the Peking *Leader* terminated by mutual consent eight days after his arrival. Feeling against him as a result of the Soviet Embassy revelations was so intense that many Americans and Britons refused to recognize him on the street. I felt so sorry for the Clarks in their virtual social quarantine that I invited them to a small dinner party at the Wagons-Lits Hotel a few days after their return, and was mortified to see old friends cut them dead in the dining room.

Early summer found me removed from the Clark compound to a suite in the Du Nord Hotel. And again looking for a job. Nine months in Peking had made me more determined than ever to remain in China and see the story through.

A PLUM LANDS IN MY LAP

THE AMERICAN Minister to China when I first went to that country was J. V. A. MacMurray, and I was genuinely depressed when he finally resigned from the diplomatic service and went home in the autumn of 1929. I had developed a great admiration for him as an official, and a warm liking as a friend, and I felt that the United States was losing the services of an exceptionally able representative.

Later Mr. MacMurray re-entered the diplomatic service, first as Minister to several of the small Baltic states, and then was made Ambassador to Turkey, where he served with distinction.

The first time I called upon him at the Legation, when I arrived in Peking to work on the *Leader*, he had expressed pleasure over the fact that another American newspaper man had come to China, and declared that something should be done to arouse the interest of the public at home in affairs in the Far East.

“What I’m afraid of,” he said, “is that the situation in this part of the world will get out of hand before our people know anything about its importance. Then there will not be enough informed opinion to assure the support of sound policy.”

And then he changed the subject abruptly.

“By the way, how long do you plan on staying out here?”

“Oh,” I said, out of the depths of my own ignorance, “I don’t know—maybe eighteen months, or a couple of years. Anyhow,

I'm going to stay until this situation has worked its way to composure—I'll see it through to a finish."

Mr. MacMurray laughed unrestrainedly, and then apologized.

"I must tell you about an old German who lives near Peking," he began. "They call him the Duke of Ma-chia-pu—he owns a brick-making plant at the village of that name. Well, the old duke came here before the Boxer Rebellion, more than thirty years ago. Time was when he stood high at the imperial court, and no foreigner could get a government contract without his intercession. In the days of his grandeur he lived like an imperial duke—four white horses to his carriage, liveried runners before and behind. He, too, decided to 'see it through' after the Boxer days.

"For years the duke planned on an eventual return to Germany. Then, about fifteen years ago, he began planting great circles of willow trees, one outside the other. Inside the smallest circle he has prepared the site for his tomb. If you're going to see it through out here I advise you to get a piece of land and begin planting willow saplings, too."

For a time, during that summer of 1927, it appeared as though I'd not be able to see it through until winter, let alone until the chaos of the Far East had become composed and evolved into order and security. I could not find a paying job. The old Philadelphia Public Ledger Syndicate, which had paid me fifty or seventy-five dollars a month in American money, was suddenly dissolved. The various member papers of the North American Newspaper Alliance, to which I had been selling stories on space rates, became less and less interested in the Far East.

For about six weeks I acted as a sort of theatrical publicity man, sending to American newspapers advance stories about the proposed American tour of Mei Lan-fang, the great Chinese actor, who later toured the States and played to packed houses.

Then Mei decided that publicity, American style, was too costly to be maintained.

After that old Marshal Chang Tso-lin wanted to hire me as a combination of publicity manager and foreign contact adviser. This sounded romantic and interesting.

The powerful little Manchurian warlord at that time undoubtedly intended to set himself up as Emperor in the Forbidden City, and hoped to found a long-lasting dynasty. He appointed a Board of Rites and Ceremonies to work out court etiquette, commissioned artists to submit designs for new imperial porcelains, revived old imperial practices of personal worship at the great Peking Temple of Confucius, and whenever he went abroad in the city his soldiers closed all streets which he was to traverse, ordered shop windows boarded, and had the streets strewn with "golden sand."

The reactionaries and ultra-conservatives of North China stirred with interest. Even the three hundred surviving palace eunuchs, living in poverty in an old temple outside the city walls, began to hope for a restoration of the old days and ways, and imagined themselves reinstated in the imperial palaces with a revival of their squeeze and power and intrigue.

I went to Mr. MacMurray about this offer.

"I'll not advise against it," he said. "There is no valid argument against any American accepting open and admitted employment with any foreign government with which our country is at peace. But if you do take this offer, be sure to safeguard yourself. Insist upon them depositing with an American bank at least half a year's advance salary, to be surrendered to you in case their regime collapses, or in case the United States Government accords formal recognition to any other Chinese regime."

The Minister paused thoughtfully, and toyed with a white jade cat which he used as a paperweight.

"Before you make up your mind," he added, "take a careful look around and consider the present standing of all the other

foreign correspondents who, in one way or another, have accepted pay for taking sides in this Oriental dog fight."

I looked around, I considered, and then I sent to Chang Tso-lin my polite regrets at being unable to accept his offer.

By early August I had reluctantly decided that there was no way to my liking in which I could make a living in China. Cables and letters to newspapers and news agencies in the United States had brought no encouragement for any opening in the Far East field. I determined to go home, and to try at first hand to induce some newspaper or news organization to send me back, but I was bitterly disappointed at having to leave, and had a pessimistic conviction that I'd have to take a job of some kind on some paper at home—and stay there.

Then on the afternoon of August 13th, a day of blistering heat, I was called to the telephone.

"This is Frederick Moore speaking from the Hotel de Pekin. Are you busy?"

"Busy? No, unless you call packing being busy."

"I mean are you working? Are you employed?"

"Me? Oh, my, no. I can't seem to wangle any connection. So I'm going back home, for a while, at least."

"How would you like to stay on out here, for the *New York Times*?"

"Moore! How would I like it? Don't jest about sacred affairs."

"Well," Moore laughed, "will you come over here and talk to me about it?"

"You bet. I'll be there in ten minutes."

And I was.

Moore didn't dash my spirits in the least by explaining, as soon as I'd arrived, that what he had to offer was "only a part-time job."

"It will pay you only fifty dollars a week, in American money," he said, "and there is no assurance as to how long the

job will last. That depends upon you, in large part, and also upon the trend and importance of events out here."

Frederick Moore had been sent to Shanghai by the *New York Times* early in 1927, when the Kuomintang armies were converging upon China's great seaport, and when the Treaty Powers were heavily reinforcing their meager defense forces there. The *Times* wanted him to remain in China indefinitely, but, he explained, his children were then of an age when they should be in American schools, and he and Mrs. Moore were reluctant to split up the family for an indefinite period, much as he was interested in the China situation.

When he insisted upon returning to the United States, the *Times* had cabled asking him to select regional representatives for the paper, one to be based at Shanghai to cover South and Central China, and one at Peking to cover North China and Manchuria. He had already given the Shanghai post to Henry F. Misselwitz before coming to Peking to look around and select a man for North China.

Moore and I talked for about an hour, he cabled to New York that evening and on the morning of the 15th both he and I received cables from New York approving my appointment as the *New York Times* correspondent for North China and Manchuria. That was the easy and simple manner in which I obtained one of the coveted posts of newspaperdom—an appointment as a foreign staff man for the *New York Times*. And so began a pleasant connection which was to last until August of 1941.

It was a chance in the dark on both sides. The *New York Times* knew nothing about me except what Frederick Moore may have cabled, unless they checked with the *Los Angeles Times* or the *North American Newspaper Alliance*. For my part, I had never even been in New York City in my life, knew no one on the staff of the *Times*, and had scarcely seen a copy of that newspaper since I had left the United States.

My instructions, when they came from Frederick T. Birchall,

then the exceptionally capable acting managing editor, were simple and brief: Always get as near to the truth as humanly possible; tell the truth, even if it shows the United States to be in the wrong; avoid editorializing—"we'll do that on our own editorial page;" don't waste money merely duplicating what you may know the Associated Press has already forwarded; if in doubt, cable nothing, unless the reasons for the doubt constitute news—"we'd rather publish nothing than be wrong and have to publish a correction."

I can imagine nothing more ideal than to work for a newspaper which issues no more restrictive instructions than those. Never once in all the years I worked for the *Times* did the home office disapprove of any of my news reports. When I was under sustained personal and official attack I was given magnificent backing. If I thought indications made a journey advisable I was permitted to travel at my own discretion—except once, and I'll detail that tragic exception later.

Moore was a veteran of the China scene, and had been Associated Press correspondent in Peking as long ago as the first World War. In fact he had gotten a world scoop on Japan's infamous Twenty-One Demands made upon China in 1915, but the Associated Press had thrown the story into the wastepaper basket and reprimanded him for sending it—just because the Japanese Ambassador in Washington had denied the report. But that's Moore's own story, not mine. He gave me much sage advice, and sailed home, and I was left alone to make good if I could.

Then began the long, hard effort to establish myself. There followed several months of worry, for I heard nothing from New York—neither criticism nor approval. About once in ten days an American mail would arrive, with an accumulation of copies of the New York *Times* between three and five weeks old. I think I must have read everything in every issue, except the want ads, and I'll never forget the thrill of finding my name on one of my stories for the first time.

It was a simple little yarn, sent by mail, since it was not of importance enough to merit cable charges. Just a "color piece" about the Autumn Race Meeting at the Peking tracks out between the old walled city and the Summer Palace at the base of the western hills. Chinese armies were fighting one of their civil wars only fifteen miles away, and I had been struck by the novelty of the Chinese officials, foreign diplomats, foreign military commanders, and wealthy Chinese calmly enjoying the races, the al fresco luncheons, and the cocktail parties in a countryside where the air vibrated to the rumbling of guns.

Then I made a trip to Manchuria—Dairen, Mukden, the Japanese-controlled zone of the South Manchuria Railway, and on over the then Russian-owned Chinese Eastern Railway to the great city of Harbin on the south bank of the Sungari River.

Soon after my return from Manchuria I received a cable from New York asking me to investigate a famine in Shantung province. Five million Chinese were reported to be on the verge of starvation, and the *Times* had been asked to sponsor a campaign to raise a large relief fund in the United States.

The railway from Peking was supposed to run clear to Pukow, on the north bank of the Yangtsze River, opposite Nanking, but at that time much of the southern mileage was in the hands of the Nationalists, whereas the line from Peking to Tientsin, about eighty-eight miles, was dominated by Chang Tso-lin's forces, and from just south of Tientsin to the southern borders of Shantung province control was exercised by the forces of Chang Tsung-chang, the provincial warlord, who then controlled the destinies of about 30,000,000 human beings.

From Peking to Tsinan, the Shantung provincial capital, was a rail journey of only a little more than three hundred miles. I had heeded a warning to take along plenty of food, but was incredulous and heedless about the warning to carry with me warm blankets or robes. Had I not purchased a compartment in a Wagons-Lits car?

I left Peking at two in the afternoon, and found that part of one of the windowpanes in my compartment had been broken out. The sliding door into the corridor was stuck, and would not close. The door from the coach onto the open platform at my end of the car was so badly wrenched on its hinges that it stood half open. It was winter, the countryside was covered with snow, and a cold and gritty wind blew down from the frozen heart of central Asia.

The timetable said we would reach Tsinan at eleven o'clock at night, but actually we pulled in at five-twenty the next morning. By that time the wind had turned into a gale, and a hard and cutting snow was being driven almost horizontally across the station platform. Daylight was still an hour and a half away.

There were no taxis in Tsinan in those days, and I could find only one ricksha at the station. Into that I piled my luggage, and then told the coolie where I wanted to go. I chose to walk, hoping to get warm from the exercise. I had learned the Chinese name of the only foreign-style hotel in the city. Literally translated, it meant "Raw Beef Hotel," a picturesque name adopted by the Chinese because the hotel owner also ran a meat market in one corner of his building.

That was one of the times I was really scared, when I followed that ricksha coolie along the dark streets and narrow alleys of Tsinan in the darkness of the early winter morning. The longer we walked, the more I expected an ambush, robbery, or just plain or fancy murder.

Finally we reached a barred doorway, where the coolie raised a mighty uproar of shouting and pounding, and eventually I was admitted to a stone-paved corridor leading to a snow-covered courtyard. It was the hotel, and I smiled grimly to myself when I recalled that I had telegraphed in advance to reserve a room with bath. The hotel coolie led me up some stairs built onto the outside of one of the walls of the courtyard, walked through an open doorway and lighted a lamp.

I was in my bedroom, the door of which had been standing

open to the night. The wind had blown the snow over fully a third of the floor. An iron stove stood in one corner, but no fuel was at hand. Of course there was no bath, and when I asked for hot coffee or tea, first in English and then in Chinese, the servant merely shook his head and shrugged. So I kicked off my shoes, and climbed into that icy bed still wearing all my clothes and my overcoat.

There was a real famine in Shantung. Tens of thousands of penniless and hungry peasants and villagers had come to Tsinan hoping to be fed. Foreign missions, the Chinese Red Cross, the Salvation Army, and several Chinese organizations were giving each of the refugees one bowl of millet gruel a day, trying to keep them alive during the winter.

The suffering was appalling, and the refugee camps were filled with people suffering from measles, smallpox, pneumonia, and scarlet fever. Often the dead lay unburied in the alleys for many days. Most of the refugees lived under the scant shelter of little pup tents made of straw matting, and open at one or both ends. Only a few of them had any bedding; thousands slept on the frozen ground. There were no sewers.

My first day in Tsinan I wanted to go out into the countryside to survey conditions on the farms and in nearby villages. The German hotelkeeper shook his head—Tsinan had no taxis, and no cars for rent. Finally he recalled that a certain American missionary had a car, and might take me out. A coolie was sent with a note and brought a favorable reply.

The obliging missionary came for me at noon in an old Ford touring car, the kind with flapping side curtains. The wind had not died down, and the temperature was 10° above zero. In the car, besides the missionary, who drove, were his wife, who sat in the front seat, and their three children. The children were in the back seat, where I, too, sat. They were irritable and ill-behaved brats. When I lighted a cigarette, Mrs. Missionary lifted her nose in the air and observed to the wintry world:

"I'm sure no gentleman would smoke in the presence of a lady."

I saw much of the countryside around Shantung, but got to none of the places I was supposed to investigate. We drove to two villages, where I was left in the car while the missionaries called upon missionary friends. They warmed themselves, and enjoyed hot tea or coffee. I sat alone outside and shivered. Then we went to see five different families of Chinese converts. It was nearly dark when we returned to the Raw Beef Hotel.

"That," said the missionary, "will be just twenty dollars, and I think four dollars an hour is very reasonable."

If had he paid me forty dollars for making that trip I'd have felt cheated.

The *Times* did not sponsor an appeal to the American public for several million dollars to help combat that Shantung famine. The disaster had not been caused by flood nor drought nor locusts. It was manmade, brought on by misgovernment, and could be charged directly to the rapacity of Governor Chang Tsung-chang.

This amiable robber warlord, who had been a wharf coolie in his younger days, was a mountain of a man. He was nearly seven feet in height and muscular and strong. He gave a dinner for me at his official yamen, where sinful quantities of costly foods were served. There was French champagne and sound brandy. With great pride he showed me a dinner set for the service of forty people with European food. It had been made to order in Belgium, and all of it, even the coffee cups, was made of cut glass. The cost, he said with a swagger, was nearly \$55,000.

I reported the dinner, the cut glass and the champagne to the *Times*. I also reported that Chang Tsung-chang maintained a harem of nearly forty women and girls--Chinese, Korean, Japanese, two French girls, and one bedraggled female who said she was an American. When he went off to his frequent private wars, he hauled this harem along in two private rail-

way cars. Just before his latest foray he had promised his 30,000,000 hapless subjects that if he did not conquer his enemy he would come back in his coffin.

He lost the war, as usual, and did come back in his magnificent heavy coffin of lacquered Chinese hardwood. The coffin reposed on a railway flat car, and General Chang sat in it, somewhat tipsy and smoking one cigarette after another.

My report to the *Times* was that to send American money to relieve the Shantung famine would be equivalent to subsidizing this infamous fellow and his shocking misgovernment. I reported that if the distress was not relieved, the people of Shantung would probably rise against him, or at least welcome the Nationalist armies, if they fought their way that far north.

Back to Peking again, and then came Christmas, which brought me the first sign of approval or disapproval I'd had from the New York office. It was a cabled holiday greeting, coupled with a notice of a raise in pay of ten dollars a week.

I decided I'd made good, had established a permanent connection, and would be able to stay in the Far East and see the story through.

MARTIAL INTERLUDE

THE WINTER and early spring in Peking in 1928 were uneventful in a news sense, although there were frequent alarms, even mild panics, and rumor predicted all manner of dire happenings certain to accompany the coming of summer.

The Nationalists were successfully on the march northward, and although early 1928 brought no repetition of anything remotely resembling the Nanking outrages of March 24th the year before, there were isolated cases of murder, looting, and violence, and the attitude of the huge armies, excited by victory after victory, remained violently anti-foreign.

Most of the Treaty Powers took precautions in North China during 1927, similar to those taken at Shanghai. Early in 1928 the foreign defense forces scattered between Peking, Tientsin and Chingwantao totaled nearly 12,000 officers and men. These were comprised of soldiers and Marines of the United States, Britain, France, and Italy. Japanese forces at Tientsin numbered nearly 1,000 men additional.

At Tientsin the United States maintained a whole brigade of Marines, in excess of 4,000 men, under Brigadier General Smedley Butler, then at the height of his fame. Butler's force had splendid equipment, including tanks and field guns, and he was the only foreign commander in North China with his own air force, which numbered twenty planes. In addition to the Marines, the 15th Infantry Regiment was stationed at

Tientsin, as it had been for years. At Peking there was a separate detachment of about 600 Marines acting as Legation Guard.

All of these foreign military were on Chinese soil quite legally, for the Boxer Protocol permitted the Treaty Powers to maintain such forces in North China as the Individual Powers might deem necessary to assure rail communication between Peking and the sea at Chingwantao, the only deep water port of North China. Tientsin is on the narrow, silted, tidal Hai River, and vessels of more than 3,000 tons cannot navigate inland from Taku Bar, at the river's mouth.

During the Boxer Rebellion of 1900, Peking and the Legations had been cut off from the sea, and were under siege for about two months before they were relieved by a large international rescuing and punitive force, and the Powers which had been put to that trouble and expense in life and treasure were determined that such isolation and assault should not occur again.

All during the winter and early spring I made the trip from Peking to Tientsin about once every ten days, in order to keep fully informed upon defense plans and plans for the evacuation of all American civilians from North China if such a move should be considered necessary.

So serious was the situation that General Butler kept fires going night and day to keep oil for his planes and trucks and tanks from getting too cold, and almost daily drills and mobilizations were held preparatory to a rescue dash to Peking. The General told me that he could have a relief force of 1,600 men on the way to the old capital within fourteen minutes after receiving an alarm from the Legation. The highway between the two cities had been improved under the supervision of Marine engineers, and the shaky bridges had all been strengthened so that they could bear the weight of tanks. Butler's score of airplanes were ready, night and day, to take to the air on five minutes' notice.

In Peking itself all American citizens were required to register at the Legation, and were under orders to take refuge inside the walled Legation Quarter on hearing or seeing certain agreed-upon signals. The Legation Guard of Marines maintained what was nicknamed the suicide squad, a group of about forty men who were mounted on sturdy Mongolian ponies, and whose duty, in case of violence against foreigners, would be to ride to all the scattered American homes in the city and bring the imperiled civilians into the Quarter for safety.

The situation of Tientsin and Peking in winter was considered particularly dangerous, because the Hai-Ho was always blocked with ice, which usually extended for seven or eight miles into the Gulf of Chihli beyond Taku Bar. This made it impossible to get naval help in the form of light gunboats up the river, if the foreigners were in danger, and would force the landing of relief forces northward up the coast at Ching-wantao to bring them down by rail or afoot.

It is probable that some of the alarming rumors and reports were originated by the Northern Coalition of Chinese, who hoped thus to gain the support of the Treaty Powers against the Nationalists, but even so the danger was real enough, in view of what had happened at Nanking, at Hankow, and at Kiukiang.

Unquestionably the Nationalists had managed to infiltrate thousands of Kuomintang party workers, spies, and propagandists into North China. The whole of the Tientsin-Peking area was honeycombed with discontent against the Northern Coalition, with sympathy for the Nationalists, with leftist political and labor sympathizers, and with fiery anti-foreign agitators. The danger to the foreigners in Peking was very real, and except for the fact that at the crisis popular hatred turned overwhelmingly against the Japanese, Americans and Europeans would probably have had a bad time of it, and General Butler's brigade of Marines would have seen serious fighting.

During that winter and early spring I saw much of Smedley

Butler. He and Mrs. Butler lived at the Court Hotel, where I always stopped in those days, and finally our intimacy became so close that evening after evening I would dine with them at their table, and then spend the evening in their single room—I sitting on the bed and listening raptly to the General's tales of foreign service, politics in Washington, and political corruption in Philadelphia, where he once served as chief of police and vainly attempted to end municipal graft and the tie-up between vice rings and some politicians.

Butler was ready to fight in North China, if he was forced to fight to protect American lives and rights, but he liked and admired the Chinese, and sought by every means in his power, and within the proprieties of his position, to combat anti-Americanism in particular, and anti-foreignism in general. This he did with great success, without adopting an attitude of weakness or appeasement. He made a point of letting the Chinese know that his forces were kept at the peak of training and preparedness, and that they would be used powerfully if American goodwill toward China should be basely repaid with violence.

In this policy he was co-operating fully with the activities and standpoint of the American Minister, Mr. MacMurray. The two conferred often at the Legation in Peking during those months of tension and uncertainty. They agreed that they could safely handle the mass problems of the American communities at Peking and Tientsin, but were constantly worried about the many missionaries scattered in very small groups over North China.

Hundreds had sent their families to the United States after the Nanking outrages. Other hundreds had congregated in Tientsin or in Peking, but scores refused to leave their field mission stations, although the murder of many of their fellow workers by the advancing Nationalists should have shown them that by remaining in isolated spots of danger they ran the risk of embroiling the American government in hostilities with the Chinese.

The lust for martyrdom is a strange urge, and originates in many curious causes. Many of these missionaries who refused to go to places of comparative safety tried to make public renunciation of any claim upon their own government for protection, not realizing that a government cannot reciprocate and announce to the world: "If John Smith is foully done to death, we shall accept the fact in silence and immobility."

General Butler's goodwill activities finally had some embarrassing results. Tientsin's and other Chinese authorities publicly presented him with honorary umbrellas, medals and scrolls, and since they were Northern Coalition authorities this might have resulted in hostility and distrust on the part of the Nationalists when they finally arrived upon the scene.

However much the servid patriots amongst the Chinese may have resented the presence of foreign troops in North China, the Chinese businessmen of Peking and Tientsin were delighted with the situation—and with the well-paid American Marines in particular.

Business boomed. Much of the food for the brigade was bought in North China, barracks and warehouses were rented from Chinese owners, and the individual Americans spent their pay lavishly. New theaters, cabarets, restaurants, dance halls, bowling alleys, bars, billiard parlors, and discreet gambling dens were opened by the score, and they all seemed to thrive. The flashy Marine uniform dominated Tientsin's streets—dark blue coats, lighter blue trousers, white caps, and broad white belts.

Even though they trooped down from Harbin, in North Manchuria, by the hundreds, the supply of comely young White Russian dance hall girls, waitresses, mistresses, and prostitutes was never equal to the demand. Tientsin, then a city of more than 1,000,000 people, enjoyed the gayest and most hectic year it had known since the international force was there in 1900 for the relief of the beleaguered Legations in Peking.

The Marines did more than play hard, however. Most of

their time was given to working hard. In summer Tientsin is suffocatingly hot, and in winter it is windy and bitingly cold, with an average of three months skating every year. Discipline was strict, watchfulness and preparedness were never relaxed. An elaborate system of trenches and defense works was constructed along the American sector protecting the approaches to the foreign areas of the city—and this was not work that could be performed by Chinese coolie labor.

Smedley Butler spared himself less than he spared his men, and his popularity in his brigade was immense. He was a profane, quick-thinking, tough-talking teetotaler, and his officers and men felt that he knew his job thoroughly. At Christmas, 1927, Butler himself helped relays of Marines fight a huge destructive warehouse fire, and toiled in the streets for more than twenty-four hours wet to the armpits through a day and a night of devastating cold. He was in the front line when they passed the perilous ammunition stores from the blazing building, and did his own full share of praising God and damning the elements.

That winter gave me my first experience of knowing American enlisted men individually and in the mass, and it was then that I adopted a practice, never broken during the rest of my years in China, of never accepting dinner invitations on Thanksgiving, Christmas, or New Year's Day. Instead I invited all the enlisted Marines that my table would seat, and enjoyed real holiday meals with them. My rule was to invite strangers, whom I'd contact through the Intelligence Department. I'd ask the officer in charge for a list of men who were not likely to be invited elsewhere, who wouldn't be formal, who wouldn't refuse a cocktail or a highball, but who also wouldn't get boisterous and break up the furniture.

Those parties resulted in many friendships which have endured to the present, and in many which were bitterly ended by Japanese shells, bombs, and bullets on Bataan. The famous 4th Regiment, which had long been stationed at Shanghai, was

evacuated from that port to Manila just in time to be trapped in the Philippines and fight magnificently to the finish there.

When the peril to Tientsin had passed, and the American Marines and most of the other defense forces were withdrawn, Tientsin was a sad and deflated city. I went down from Peking to see the departure, and the day after the brigade had left was surprised when I was visited by a delegation of five members of Tientsin's Chinese Chamber of Commerce. They brought with them two heavy suitcases, and wondered if I would be so good as to advise them and help them collect some bad debts. Some Marines, they said, had sailed away without paying their cabaret and barroom bills.

They opened the suitcases, which were packed with chits totaling more than \$11,000 in Chinese money.

I picked up a handful of those chits: "Ten dance tickets, \$1.00"; "One whisky soda, 60 cents"; "Four beers, .40 cents."

Then I ruffled through them for the signatures—"Herbert Hoover," "Calvin Coolidge," "Smedley Butler" in a score of handwritings, "George Washington," "Carrie Nation," and even "Congressman Volstead."

OFF TO THE WARS

IT WAS April of 1928. The Nationalist armies, under General Chiang Kai-shek, were pushing steadily northward along the railway connecting Tientsin and Pukow, the southern terminus on the north bank of the Yangtsze opposite Nanking. The forces of the Northern Coalition, commanded in the field by Marshals Sun Chuan-fang, Chang Tsung-chang, the Shantung satrap, and young Chang Hsueh-liang, son of Chang Tso-lin, the warlord of Manchuria, were falling back continuously.

Then, abruptly, the struggle ceased to be just a Chinese civil war, and developed the possibilities of becoming a real international clash. This new development was caused by Japan, when on April 20th the Chinese Foreign Office received Tokyo's official notification that three companies of Japanese infantry were being sent southward by rail to Tsinan from the Japanese Concession garrison at Tientsin, and that another 5,000 Japanese troops were being sent from Japan by sea, would land at the port of Tsingtao and would then occupy the 280-mile railway connecting Tsingtao and Tsinan, the Shantung provincial capital. China at once protested this troop movement, calling it a violation of the country's sovereign rights.

The legal basis for Japan's dispatch of armed troops to Shantung went far back to the year 1898, when several German missionaries were murdered in the interior portion of the province. Germany, eager for naval and military strongholds in the Far East, and desirous of competing with Russia, Britain, and France

in the unseemly scramble which actually, under the pompous pretense of obtaining "spheres of influence," aimed at the dismemberment of China, acted forcefully. Demands were presented for the surrender to Germany of Kiaochow Bay and the port of Tsingtao, as well as a concession to build the railway from Tsingtao to Tsinan.

In 1914, after destroying a portion of the German navy and capturing Tsingtao, which had been heavily fortified, Japan simply moved into Shantung. The Treaty of Versailles confirmed Japan as heir to all the German rights and interests in the province, and thousands of Japanese civilians moved there to live and to trade. China, which had declared war on the Central Powers, justly felt betrayed, and refused to sign the treaty.

Then, in 1922, at the Washington Conference, Japan relinquished most of the former German rights, and sold the Tsingtao-Tsinan Railway to China for 40,000,000 yen, accepting in payment a special issue of 6 per cent bonds. In 1928 the entire interest on these bonds was in arrears.

Japan, in a subsequent rejoinder to China's appeal to the League of Nations, further justified the dispatch of troops to Shantung in April of 1928 by pointing out the excesses against foreigners which had accompanied the northward march of the Nationalist armies—in particular the bloodshed and atrocities which preceded the American and British bombardment at Nanking in March of 1927, and the violent seizure of the British Concessions at Hankow and Kiukiang.

This influx of Japanese forces into a province in which the anti-foreign Nationalists and the Northern Coalition were waging a bitter civil war promised dire complications. On April 29th I left Peking, with a rail ticket through to Tsinan, but when I got to Tientsin I found I could get no farther than Tehchow, on the north bank of the Yellow River. I went that far, hoping to hire a boat, a ferry, a sampan—anything to get to the south

bank. But the country was under martial law, and I was forced back to Tientsin after waiting several days.

Then came a two-day wait, while I sought to make arrangements to go by sea, or by the circuitous land route—northward to Mukden, from Mukden south to Dairen, and then by sea another four hundred miles southward to the port of Tsingtao.

I finally obtained passage on the tiny combination freight and passenger vessel, Japanese owned, called the *Tenchow Maru*. For reasons which cannot be elaborated here she was nicknamed the *Stenchow Maru*, and in that odorous little tub I tossed for twenty-four hours, crossing the Gulf of Chihli from the mouth of the river below Tientsin to Dairen. Then came another day of waiting at Dairen until I could catch a Japanese passenger ship to Tsingtao, and that voyage consumed another twenty-four hours.

At Dairen, it seemed, nothing definite was known of the status of affairs in Shantung. I thought the Japanese were lying to me when even the military there and at army headquarters at nearby Port Arthur said they had no news of any kind.

It was Wednesday, May 9th, when I finally landed at Tsingtao, where the situation was perilously tense. Japanese soldiers and marines controlled the harbor, and patrolled the streets of the city, which then had about 150,000 inhabitants. In the mountain-encircled harbor were half a dozen Japanese men-of-war, eight troop transports crammed with soldiers, and an additional eleven freighters loaded with munitions and war supplies.

Tsingtao was a city of bafflement for a newspaper man. None of the official news sources had anything except rumors. The American Consulate had received no word from the Tsinan Consulate since May 2nd, and the British Consulate told a like story. There were many Chinese officials in Tsingtao, all of the Northern Coalition party, and they either knew nothing or were extraordinarily tight-lipped.

At the Japanese Consulate-General, and at their army and

navy headquarters reticence was so extreme that I thought all their spokesmen were lying. They professed to have had no news direct from Lieutenant General Fukuda, commander of Japanese forces at Tsinan, since the morning of May 3rd. On that date, they said, fighting had broken out, and since then the telegraph wires had been down, and no trains had run between Tsingtao and Tsinan.

Yes, they admitted, they had received "incredible reports" from refugees from the interior who had arrived overland by cart or by pony, but these reports were not from Tsinan itself, and were so conflicting they could not be given out to the press of the world.

Finally I was received in audience jointly by consular, army, and navy spokesmen, and when they persisted in declaring that they had had no news for the last six days I told them I thought they were lying, and that therefore I believed I was correct in conjecturing their 2,300 troops and 1,800 civilian Japanese at Tsinan had been overwhelmed and practically wiped out. This worried all three of them, and when they asked me why I doubted their assurances I told them that certainly General Fukuda's force was equipped with field radio sets, and must have communicated with the nearest base from which reinforcements could reach him.

"But," protested the military spokesman nervously, "our field radio seems to be ineffective. It doesn't work, or has broken down. Even our carrier pigeons bring nothing."

"Thank you, gentlemen," said I, making for the door. "I'll cable that interesting piece of news at once. The field radio of the imperial Japanese army proves useless in war. A highly important bit of information."

I had been in my hotel room, typing my dispatch, less than ten minutes, when there came a knock at the door. "Come in," I called, irritated at the interruption. Nothing happened, except another knock. When I flung the door open, there were the three Japanese spokesmen, bowing formally.

"Please," said the consular spokesman, when they had all filed into the room and refused chairs, "we have come to send you to Tsinan, though it is very danger."

"*What?*" The question was explosive.

"We are sending long troop train at six o'clock this evening. They will maybe have to fight all the way. The telegraph is broken, the track is often torn up, bridges have been exploded. It is very danger, but if you wish you can go and see for your-self that we do not tell lies."

"And you must promise to obey orders," interrupted the army spokesman. "Just like soldiers. When they tell you to lie down you must lie down and be very flat in the train."

I promised to be very flat indeed. And was, time and again during the next twenty-four hours.

This was to be my first trip into a zone of actual battle, and I debated long what to take with me. I made my luggage light: a portable typewriter, a hundred sheets of thin paper, half a dozen carbons, an extra typewriter ribbon, a change of under-wear and socks, an extra dark blue shirt, two tooth brushes, toothpaste, four handkerchiefs, and six packages of cigarettes. The extra "wardrobe" and the writing necessities all packed easily into one small briefcase.

Nothing had been said about taking other newspapermen along on the military train going to Tsinan, so I told no one of the intended trip except the American Consul, and to guard against any "leak" at the local cable office I left with him a cable to the *Times* reporting my movements, which was to be sent two hours after the train had departed.

At five o'clock a serious-visaged Japanese major called for me in a military car. His entire stock of English seemed to consist of "good evening" and "please," but his gestures were expressive.

He drove me far into the outskirts of Tsingtao, instead of to the railway station. I learned later that the start was made away from the center of the city in order to avoid a gathering of

hostile Chinese crowds, but the Chinese were there in thousands anyway. They stood in a silent, menacing circle, being kept at a radius of a quarter of a mile from the train itself by gruff Japanese sentries.

The train, on its siding, consisted of thirty-two cars, of which eleven were passenger coaches. There were five flatcars loaded with baled hay, four filled with cavalry horses, and ten freight cars. Machine guns had been set up on the platforms of the passenger coaches and also on top of the loads of baled hay. There were two locomotives to pull the train, and one to push it—not all needed, but coupled up in case one or two might be disabled or derailed. Ahead of the first two locomotives was an armored flatcar with searchlights, a three-inch field gun, and four machine guns, and a similar armored flatcar made up the tail of the train.

The soldiers were already aboard when I arrived with my guide, who took me to the fourth coach from the front. There, apparently waiting for us, stood an unusually tall, slender, young-looking Japanese who, in excellent English, introduced himself as Robert Horiguchi, a Japanese newspaperman. He and I, I learned with satisfaction, were to be the only newsmen taken on the trip.

From that May day in 1928 Robert Horiguchi and I remained close friends through the years. In 1937 he was official translator and interpreter at the Japanese press conferences in Shanghai after the war against China was begun. I last saw him in Washington in the summer of 1941, when he was bound for Vichy to act as chief European correspondent for the official Domei News Agency. He was a graduate of the Missouri School of Journalism. His wife, an American girl, and their infant son were in this country at the time of the attack upon Pearl Harbor, and still are; tragic and innocent and helpless victims of the conflict which is reducing the world to ruin.

Except for Bob, that long trip inland to Tsinan would have been a bewildering and little-understood adventure, for almost

none of the soldiers or officers spoke English. Bob had a lively newspaperman's interest in every event and situation, and interpreted for me with great generosity.

There was, of course, no sleep for any of us that night. Time and again the train was under fire. Time and again it stopped to shell Chinese attackers out of cleverly contrived ambush. Often we were under desultory rifle fire when we stopped to repair tracks and damaged bridges, and then the Japanese soldiers deployed from their coaches and scoured nearby ravines and hillsides as they were swept by our searchlights. We passed five enormous conflagrations—walled Chinese towns which had been fired either by the retreating Northerners or set ablaze by artillery fire of the attacking Nationalists.

All night and half the next day our train fought its slow way through a countryside which was not only hostile to the alien invaders but which was being put to the torch and the sword by contending factions in the civil war. Ruined towns and villages, deserted farms, uniformed and civilian-clad corpses thickly strewn or lying alone along the railway embankment mutely told their story of the fratricidal strife.

And then, about eleven in the morning, when the train was in the hilly area which surrounds the city of Tsinan, the valleys and plains suddenly seemed alive with men. No soldiers were to be seen, but we passed long lines of civilians, all loaded with great packs of belongings, all panting sweatingly away from a common center—Tsinan. Later we learned that most of these fleeing thousands were soldiers who, to escape the Japanese artillery fire, had changed from uniforms to stolen civilian clothes, and then escaped from the bombardment of the walled city carrying great loads of loot on their backs.

Finally the walls of Tsinan came in sight, and then the train was creeping warily along parallel to the ancient city wall itself, expecting attack at any moment, but none came. And then at last we halted in the railway station yards on a day of unseasonable, muggy heat.

My presence was not understood, and I was detained in the station hotel, over the railway offices, for several hours until, largely through Horiguchi's intervention, I was given a military pass according me complete freedom of movement.

The streets of this city, then with a population of 400,000, were entirely deserted except for an occasional Japanese military patrol. No Chinese were to be seen—that is, no live Chinese. The dusty streets stretched away to distance shimmering in the heat. On the sidewalks, in the doorways, and often in the middle of the thoroughfares, lay Chinese dead, in uniforms and civilian clothes, of all ages and both sexes. Most of the corpses were already bloated and discolored. And there were many dead horses, their legs sticking up stiffly at grotesque and pathetic angles. Most houses showed only barred doors and shuttered windows, and nowhere did any rising smoke indicate life inside. Nearly all the shops had been broken open, and showed the disorder left by hasty looters.

After a brief survey of the business district in the foreign area, I started on the long, hot tramp through the dust to the American Consulate, where I was warmly welcomed as the first person to reach there from the outside world since two days before the fighting began. I stayed for dinner, then returned to the railway station hotel before dark, as required under the terms of my military pass. At the hotel there was no water, and no light—not even a candle was to be had—so I went to bed, but not to sleep.

Never before had I seen death from violence in the mass. As a newspaper reporter in our own cities I had often arrived with the police at scenes of murder or of fatal accidents and tragic fires. Morgues had become commonplace to me. But Tsinan, on that hot May afternoon, had shown me wholesale massacre in new and shocking forms: human flesh blasted by shrapnel, the dead too long untended in the dust or in slimy gutters, the mangled bodies of children gnawed by rats the night before.

I had been surprised at myself, and rather proud, because

during the afternoon I had not felt squeamish about the revolting sights I had seen. But lying there in the humid, sweating darkness, wearied to the point of weakness by forty hours of excitement and sleeplessness, I suddenly was seized by a violent attack of retching. I groped my way to the opaque outline of the window, leaned out, and vomited into the darkness. Then I crept into bed, and slept until the hot morning sun and bloated carrion flies crawling over my face finally combined to waken me.

Friday, May 11th, was, up to that time, the busiest day I had ever spent in my life. The wires to the coast were still down, so I could cable nothing to New York, and I spent the entire day trying to find out the truth about what became known as the "Tsinan incident." I talked with General Fukuda and his aides, with Consul-General Nishida, with the British and German Consuls, with American and British missionaries, visited the American-supported Shantung Christian College, and went again to the American Consulate. There were no Chinese news sources available. Except for servants in the consulates, no Chinese were to be seen anywhere.

The only comedy note of the whole gruesome research was afforded by Herr Schad, proprietor of that same Raw Beef Hotel (actually the Stein Hotel) where I had nearly frozen the winter before. Mr. Schad, almost bursting with indignation, led me into his bedroom, and with Teutonic devotion to detail explained the outrage he had suffered.

"The Japanese soldiers came in," he shouted, "into my bedroom, by God. And there were Chinese on the second floor of the building across the street. First I thought the Nipps would kill me, and then I was sure the Chinese would do it. The Chinese fired into the window and hit my wardrobe.

"Look!" He flung wide the doors of the teakwood wardrobe, and there hung a long row of clothing. "Forty-one suits I have here, for winter, for spring and fall, and two dozen white ones for summer. The Chinese bullets went in one end

of the wardrobe and out the other. Huge holes torn in every coat and pair of pants I own in all the world. And who will pay, I ask you? Nobody but me, and that's the God damned outrage of this kind of thing. A whole year's profit I should lose, you'll see!"

Responsibility for what happened at Tsinan from May 3rd to 10th has never been fixed. Each side accused the other of starting the fighting, but the weight of circumstantial evidence indicates that the Chinese were originally to blame.

General Fukuda was on the scene with 2,300 Japanese troops to protect about 1,800 Japanese men, women, and children. Part of the Northern Coalition armies retreated northward in great disorder, and crossed the Yellow River, which is only five miles from the city. In their retreat they dynamited one span of the railway bridge across the stream.

The Nationalists arrived in force, and there was no show of anti-foreignism. No foreigner, except Japanese, was killed or even molested during the disorders. General Chiang Kai-shek arrived with his staff about midnight of May 1st. The Japanese had enclosed two sections of the foreign area of Tsinan with barricades of barbed wire and sandbags. On May 2nd General Chiang protested against this action, and that night under General Fukuda's orders the barricades were removed. This undisputed fact alone tends to disprove the Chinese charge that the Japanese deliberately started the fighting.

On the morning of May 3rd the city was quiet, and the conduct of the Nationalist troops was excellent. Stores began to reopen, and trade was brisk. In and around the city General Chiang had slightly more than 100,000 of his Nationalist Army. At ten o'clock Japan's Consul-General, Mr. Nishida, went inside the old walled city to confer with the Nationalist authorities. The fighting broke out while he was there, and his automobile was repeatedly fired upon by Chinese when he was on his way back to his consulate—another admitted point which

seems further to disprove Chinese charges that the Japanese deliberately provoked the clash.

Tsinan is a very old city. The main and original portion is surrounded by a high old-fashioned brick and earth wall, and is approximately a mile square. Then the city expanded southward, and in the sixties of the last century, when the Taiping rebel armies approached, a new irregular-shaped wall of stone was built around the overflow section. Still later there was more expansion southward, and this is the modern un-walled foreign area. It was in this new area that most of the Japanese civilians lived, and it was there that General Fukuda and his troops were located.

The Japanese charge that at about ten-thirty on the morning of May 3rd Nationalist soldiers began looting a Japanese shop owned by a man named C. Masufusa. Thirty Japanese soldiers were sent to check the looting, were fired at by the Chinese, and returned the fire. The Chinese contention is that the Japanese opened up with machine gun fire upon a Chinese military patrol which was marching peaceably down the street.

Anyway, the shooting was begun by someone, and continued intermittently until mid-morning of May 10th, coming to a halt shortly before my train arrived. During all those days Tsinan was cut off from the outside world, which knew nothing except that a serious clash had occurred. More than 7,000 Chinese were killed. The Japanese claim that they lost only 40 killed in action, and 142 wounded, of whom 67 did not recover, but all neutral military men in China at that time believed the Japanese losses must have been much higher.

General Chiang Kai-shek, in an effort to avoid an international conflict, which would interfere with his victorious march upon Peking, ordered all of his forces away from Tsinan, but thousands of them did not obey his orders. They stayed on to fight, actuated by their rage against the Japanese.

On the night of May 8th General Fukuda delivered an ultimatum, and declared he would wait only twelve hours for a

satisfactory reply. He demanded that all Chinese forces retire approximately seven miles from Tsinan, and from an area seven miles on each side of the whole length of the Tsingtao-Tsinan Railway; that all high Chinese military officers responsible for the continuance of the fighting be punished; the disarmament, in the presence of the Japanese forces, of all Nationalist troops who had fought against the Japanese, and the prohibition of all anti-Japanese propaganda.

When these terms were not met, he began bombardment of the walled sections of Tsinan, using three-inch field guns, Stokes mortars, machine guns and bombing planes which arrived from Tsingtao at dawn on the 10th.

My last night in Tsinan I worked by candlelight over my story. Edwin F. Stanton, the newly arrived American Consul, was good enough to come to the hotel and read the pages as they came from my typewriter. At first he demurred at my suggestion that he do this favor for me, saying it would be quite improper for a neutral consular official to assist at the framing of an important news cable dealing with a clash between Chinese and Japanese. Finally, however, he agreed to my suggestion that he confine his aid merely to pointing out to me statements which he positively knew were not true, regardless of the sources which had given me supposed facts. This help enabled me to winnow out several misstatements which had been made to me by other officials with deliberate intent to sway neutral opinion with falsehoods.

It was past midnight when the work was finished—more than 6,000 words in loosely constructed prose. Ed bade me good-night, and I packed before going to bed, for the special train for the coast was to leave at six o'clock the next morning, and I wanted to be up in time to get a seat, as it was to be a refugee train, and I knew it would be jammed.

In order to avoid attack by anti-Japanese elements, or by either the Northern Coalition or Nationalist troops, which were still battling on either side of the railway right-of-way, the

locomotive and coaches were decorated the night before departure with the flags of all the Treaty Powers, except that of Japan.

The train, which started on time, carried about 125 American and European women and children, and a few white men. The rest of the refugees were Chinese. There were no Japanese aboard, except the military who were operating the train, and no guards.

All day long, with my typewriter on my knees, I worked at the writing and rewriting of my news dispatch, boiling it down into compact cable-ese, seeking to make it an absolutely impartial account of the origins and progress of the eight days of fighting.

I had known before I left Tsingtao that Washington, London, Geneva and other capitals were tense with anxiety over the unknown Tsinan situation, which carried with it the possibilities of international intervention and even of another World War, and I knew that mine would be the first neutral report on events. Horiguchi, who sat next to me on the train, and worked on his own dispatch, would naturally confine his report for Japanese newspapers to the version given to him by his own Consul-General, Nishida, and by General Fukuda.

It was another day of stifling heat and clouds of dust. Progress was slow, with frequent long halts. The train was filled with fretful children, foreign and Chinese, and occasionally some of the adult Chinese refugees who had been long under artillery fire collapsed into shrill hysterics. But finally, at sunset, the work was finished, the last word checked for value and for accuracy, and the cover put back onto the typewriter.

It was after nine o'clock when the train finally reached Tsingtao, and I went first to the hotel, to inquire for possible cabled instructions from New York, but found nothing. Then I went to the telegraph office to file my story—a telegraph office staffed entirely by Chinese.

The clerk at the receiving window thumbed over my typed

pages and seemed appalled at the bulk of my message. He took it into an inner office, after asking me to wait. The wait dragged along into twenty minutes, while I fidgeted. I wanted a shower lots of cold beer, and a big meal.

Presently the clerk and a very thin, nervous, young-looking Chinese, clad in a long dark blue silk gown, came from the inner office, and the latter invited me to come inside for a conference. When we were seated, behind the closed door, he leaned toward me and said, in a voice so low it was almost a whisper:

“We cannot accept this cable—cannot send it.”

“Why on earth not?”

“It’s a pro-Japanese version, and must be untrue.”

“You have no power of censorship here,” I rejoined hotly “and I’ll not accept this excuse.”

“Well—” He hesitated and then leaned closer. “It’s a very long cable. It’s Saturday night, and late, and we are understaffed. Besides, we have none of us been paid for nearly three months.”

So that was it—he wanted a bribe. I was too tired and too eager to get my news to New York, and get it there first, to be politic.

“What’s your price?” I asked rudely.

“Six hundred dollars, in Chinese money. Paid before we begin the sending.”

“That’s an outrageous holdup. I’ll pay you one hundred, and not a cent more.”

“But I must have money. My parents are in Tsinan. I must send them food and medicines. Make it two hundred, please.”

Realizing that I was in for a bargaining session, just as though I were buying a piece of carved jade or ivory, and wondering what the *Times* auditor would think of this entry on my expense account, I bid a hundred and twenty. Finally we compromised on a hundred and fifty dollars.

But I had only about sixty dollars in my wallet, so I pocketed the cable and returned to the hotel where I had left my travel-

er's checks. The clerk had only twenty dollars in his cash drawer, and the manager, a Swiss, had gone to bed. We routed him out, he opened the safe, and gave me the money I needed, partly in currency and partly in Chinese silver dollars.

I paid over the money, received assurances that my cable would be sent without change, and went back to the hotel for that long-deferred shower, beer and food. After I got to bed I began to worry lest the little holdup artist at the telegraph office might merely pocket my bribe and destroy my copy, but I was too tired to worry long, and learned later that he kept his word. The cable was rushed through without change.

Sunday morning, when my room boy brought me tea and an orange, there was a cable on the tray. It was from Birchall, congratulating me on my scoop and notifying me of an immediate raise of fifteen dollars, which brought my pay up to seventy-five dollars a week. I smoked a cigarette, drank my tea, and treated myself to another hour of luxurious sleep.

It was nearly eleven o'clock when I strolled over to the telegraph office to make certain that all of my copy had been sent. I found the little holdup man seated at his desk, smoking a cigarette in a foot-long bamboo holder. He gave me a cheerful greeting, and then made a noticeable effort to stand between me and three piles of flimsies on his desk. One appeared to be in Japanese, another in Chinese, but the third pile was in English. Long before this I'd learned to read type or printing upside down, and I quickly recognized the English pile of papers as copies of my news cable.

"What's all this?" I demanded, reaching around him for a copy.

His embarrassment was painful.

"Oh, this is of historical value, so I've had some copies made."

"And Chinese and Japanese translations, too?"

"Well, yes."

But I didn't mind. I knew, from Birchall's cable, that my

story was in New York, that it had gotten there first, and judged that it was already in the paper and on the streets.

When I returned to my hotel I met Horiguchi, and the Reuter, Associated Press, and Manchester *Guardian* correspondents in the lobby. The little crook had offered to sell copies of my big scoop to each of them, beginning at three hundred dollars as his price, and gradually scaling down to fifty. They all said they had refused to buy—but in the news game you never know.

THE LIFE THAT WAS

ONLY a few weeks before going to Tsingtao and Tsina for my first taste of real warfare, I had grown tired of hotel life in Peking, and had rented a cheap and modest Chinese house of more than one hundred rooms. If this sounds elaborate and expensive, it must be explained that Chinese "room" is merely a division made by the length of the cross timbers available—usually 12-foot timbers for length and 10-foot for width. These rest on upright posts, and the space between, if it is an outside or dividing wall, is filled with brick, and if an interior partition, with boards, or even with strong white rice paper.

Actually my "house" consisted of more than a hundred of these "rooms," all on the ground level, running along one of two sides of five different courtyards. The courtyards were spacious and beautiful. The one to the south was bisected by a brick walk bordered by cherry and peach trees. The second courtyard, moving northward, contained a six-sided pavilion which I used for a writing room in summer. The space I used for bedroom and bath opened upon this court. Then came a moon gate leading into the third, upon which my living and dining room faced. Back of that was a court used for a vegetable garden, and to the west of this another court upon which the laundry and servants' rooms opened. The north gate opened into a narrow alley the Chinese name for which meant Broad New Highway, and my south gate opened into a small square.

known as Elephant's Nose Water Hole. It contained an old stone-walled well to which, in the days of the glory of the Manchu dynasty, the Imperial elephants were taken morning and night for water.

Chinese houses have no provisions for sanitation, no glass in the windows, no fireplaces, and the floors are either paved with stone or with soft and porous brick. By knocking out partitions I achieved five "foreign style" rooms—they boasted wooden floors, glass instead of paper in the windows, plumbing and electric light. I also luxuriated in two fireplaces and three stoves. This sumptuous establishment cost \$35 a month in Peking currency, a sum equal to about \$12 in American money, for \$1 in American money brought \$2.90 in Chinese money at that time.

The courtyards, or gardens, made of this Chinese house a place of real beauty. Two of the courts already had grass, grown from seed imported from England. The walls were partly covered with luxuriant ivy, and there were great clumps of bamboo in various corners. In summer, pines and flowering locusts gave shade in the areas not planted to fruit trees.

At night, with huge red paper lanterns bordering the walks, and with candles burning behind the pearly-white paper windows of the unused and unmodernized rooms, my home looked like Cathay's version of fairyland.

Those were the days when a foreigner with a very small income in American dollars or in British pounds could live beautifully in Peking for almost nothing a month. My excellent cook cost less than \$5 a month, American money; my Number One Boy, a combination of butler and valet, cost a dollar less. Old Wang did my laundry, pressed my clothes, shined my shoes, and tended my vegetable garden for \$14 a month in Chinese money, and under the written contract which he asked me to sign he furnished soap, starch and blueing, while I furnished shoe polish and coal to heat the water and his irons. My private ricksha, with puller, cost me \$18.30 a month in Chinese money. The thirty cents was for the extra swank of acetylene lights.

Here I settled down in contentment to watch and report the great drama of the continuing Chinese revolution, as it effected the vast country in North China, Inner Mongolia, and Manchuria.

History was being made with extreme rapidity in those days. After the Chino-Japanese clash at Tsinan the Northern Coalition was, obviously, doomed. Not only were Chiang Kai-shek's armies and those of his powerful allies moving swiftly northward, but opposition to the Nationalists would have been interpreted as a gesture of support to Japan after the clash in Shantung.

Chang Tsung-chang, the giant warlord of Shantung, fled to Japan, and then later went to Dairen, where he lived in an old temple under Japanese protection while he plotted futile projects for a come-back. Wu Pei-fu had been hopelessly defeated, and his armies were scattered. He retired to a picturesque spot in the Yangtsze Gorges in Szechuen province. Sun Chuan-fang also no longer rated as a real military power. There remained only old Marshal Chang Tso-lin, the Manchurian satrap, and the armies under command of his son, "the Young Marshal," as Chang Hsueh-liang was called.

Chang Tso-lin ordered all of his armies to retreat into Manchuria, and Japan issued a stern warning that the Nationalist forces must not pursue him. Manchuria's peace and security must not be disturbed by civil war, was Tokyo's virtual ultimatum. On June 4th, 1928, as his special train was passing under a viaduct on the outskirts of Mukden, his capital—a viaduct guarded by Japanese soldiers—the Old Marshal's private car was bombed. He died a few hours later, and the Young Marshal succeeded him. From June until late December there were negotiations between Mukden and Nanking, and finally on December 29th the Kuomintang party flag and the Nationalist flag of China were hoisted at Mukden, and optimists declared that China's unification was complete.

The last week of May and the first few days of June brought about an extraordinary situation in Peking. There were two sets

of fears, and two grave dangers. The first fear was that the ancient capital, with more than 1,000,000 inhabitants, might be looted by the retreating forces of the Northern Coalition. The second fear was that the victorious Nationalist troops from South China might attempt a massacre of the Americans and Europeans, similar to that at Nanking in March of 1927.

Finally, after parleys conducted with both factions by the foreign legations, it was agreed by the contending generals that Chang Tso-lin should leave 5,000 of his best-disciplined troops inside the walls of Peking, to maintain order until the victors could take over. The terms were that Chiang Kai-shek's soldiers should not enter the city, but that possession was to be taken by General Yen Hsi-shan's troops, from Shansi province, which lies just to the west of Peking. Picked forces were trained for this task, which was made up in the main of very young and very old soldiers, most of whom had rarely seen a white man. They had been especially instructed not to molest foreigners.

The agreement was that on a given day the Shansi forces were to enter Peking by the south gate, and that at the same hour the Northern troops were to march out of the northeast gate. They were to be accorded honors of war, were to retain their arms, and were to be permitted to board a special train which would take them, without molestation, to Manchuria.

This arrangement suited no one except the legations and Yen Hsi-shan, who was delighted to achieve control of the great city. Yen kept his part of the bargain, and his troops behaved in an exemplary manner. But Marshal Feng Yu-hsiang's Nationalist forces surrounded and disarmed the evacuating Northern soldiers, while Feng camped his immense army in Peking's southern environs.

Then came Pai Chung-hsi and Li Tsung-jen, doughty generals from far southwestern Kwangsi province, and they actually marched into the northeastern portion of the old walled capital. Chiang Kai-shek came with only a sizeable bodyguard, and all

the victorious commanders met at Sun Yat-sen's temporary tomb in an old marble temple in the Western Hills, nine miles away, to report victory to the spirit of the dead revolutionary leader. The slender commander of the Whampoa Military Academy had come far since I had last seen him in Canton two years before.

The whole Chinese situation, it seemed to me, indicated the certainty of a prolonged series of civil wars. The Nationalist group was no longer the unified, fervent group of patriots who had marched northward from Canton in June of 1926. There had been the serious split and armed conflict with the left-wing or communist portion of the party and army. Chiang Kai-shek's Nanking regime had finally cold-shouldered the supporters of the more radical portions of Sun Yat-sen's political doctrines. The Kuomintang was no longer the party promising agrarian reforms or freedom to labor to organize unions.

Military and international diplomatic success had brought strange adherents. Many generals and provincial warlords who had suddenly pretended to espouse the principles of the Kuomintang were really not patriots at heart, but were old-time conservatives asking only that Nanking leave them in undisturbed control of their own armies and their own taxable areas. Some of these generals had their own mercenary armies of a quarter of a million or more men, and it was certain that these hired fighters were not even aware of the Kuomintang principles but marched under Nanking's flag merely because they were commanded to do so. The self-seeking warlords, it seemed obvious, would continue their allegiance to Nanking only so long as the new government, pretending to centralized authority, left them undisturbed. They were willing to give lip service and lip loyalty, but nothing more, or such was my conviction about them.

With such an unstable internal condition, it seemed to be a certainty that China's foreign relations were bound to become the football of domestic politics. Nanking would have to defy

the Treaty Powers and seek to abrogate the so-called "unequal treaties," so that if any of the provincial warlords attempted rebellions, or if a group of them were to attempt a widespread revolution, Nanking could smirch the rebels with pro-foreign labels. The Treaty Powers were then reluctant to surrender extraterritoriality, the concession areas or any of their special privileges, and Nanking's best chance for domestic popularity was to insist upon these surrenders.

Although not believing that the era of civil wars and disorders was at an end, the Treaty Powers became convinced that the Nationalists had a better chance of establishing a genuinely stabilized central government than had any other faction. In this situation they did not want to relinquish all special rights wholesale, but were forced to grant enough to give Nanking sufficient prestige to discourage incipient rebellions.

The United States made the first decisive move along this line, and Minister MacMurray and T. V. Soong, then Finance Minister, signed a new tariff treaty within seven weeks after the Nationalist capture of Peking. This granted China entire tariff autonomy, and other nations quickly followed suit.

The utter disorganization then existing in all government departments at Nanking cannot be better illustrated than by revealing here for the first time how this tariff autonomy treaty happened to be signed on July 25th by Finance Minister Soong in the American Legation garden in Peking, instead of by Dr. C. T. Wang, the Foreign Minister, in Nanking.

Mr. Soong happened to be lunching with Mr. MacMurray on July 23rd, and during their talk voiced the wish that the United States might agree, before too long, to grant China tariff autonomy. Mr. MacMurray could scarcely believe he had heard aright.

"But, Soong," he exclaimed, "I notified your government eighteen months ago that my country was ready to enter into negotiations for the granting of tariff autonomy."

"Impossible," Soong replied. "We've never heard of it."

"But the offer was made on January 27th, 1927," MacMurray insisted. "We've wondered, here and in Washington, why no reply was ever received."

The next day, July 24th, the American Minister sent a telegram to Foreign Minister Wang at Nanking, reiterating the willingness of the American government to grant China tariff autonomy. That night Nanking telegraphed formal credentials naming Finance Minister Soong special plenipotentiary with powers to negotiate the new agreement. The brief treaty was written the next afternoon, in MacMurray's garden, and signed immediately.

Instances of this kind of disorganization and ineptitude multiplied all during the summer, and I became more and more convinced that even though Nanking enjoyed the prestige given by foreign recognition and partial support, the warlords would again make trouble.

Under international law foreign governments should have sold arms and munitions only to Nanking, or if to local generals, only with Nanking's permission, and all the Treaty Powers, with one exception, lived up to this obligation. That one exception was Japan, which before the autumn of 1928 was making semi-secret deliveries of war supplies to Yen Hsi-shan and other warlords of North China. Most of the deliveries were not made directly from Japan, but through Manchuria, by way of Korea and the South Manchuria Railway, or by sea from Dairen to Tientsin. Japan did not want Nanking or any other authority or faction in China to become too strong.

Life and work in Peking were nearly ideal just then, and continued to be ideal until I moved to Shanghai in August of 1929. Never before had I engaged in reporting and writing of such interest and importance. Intrigue, ambitions, drama, and suspense became part of everyday life. The United States, Britain, Japan, Soviet Russia, and to a lesser degree other European powers, were all not only concerned spectators of this

titanic struggle, but were often sly and secret participants in the shifts and stratagems of what, to the outside world, seemed to be largely the selfish struggle for power of rival Chinese factions.

For nearly a year I had been taking daily lessons in conversational Chinese, and by midsummer of 1928 I had become fairly proficient. The number of my Chinese friends multiplied, my love for the beauties of old Peking deepened, my salary was being increased at frequent intervals without my asking, I had developed a great liking for Chinese paintings, bronzes, ivories, and jades, and was continually adding to my collection. My work necessitated many trips into all parts of North China, Manchuria, Korea, and even occasionally to Japan. American interest in the Far East was increasing rapidly, and often the Sunday issue of the *New York Times* would contain from five to seven and sometimes even eight columns of material I had sent on by mail. The great prestige of the *Times*, and the freedom for movement and investigation which the management granted to me, made accessible many unusual sources of news and background information. I could imagine no more ideal life for a newspaperman, and I still think of those Peking days with a nostalgic ache.

The social life in the Peking of those days has probably never been duplicated, and will certainly never be restored. Aside from the Legation Guards there were only an average of 2,600 Americans and Europeans in the huge city. Foreign money went very far, and much of the entertaining was on a lavish scale. The Peking Club, the French Club, the German Club, and the Golf Club out on the Hill of the Eight Sacred Treasures, were all delightful places. The Race Club, with its track a few miles outside the city walls, was gay. Almost anyone could afford to rent a small abandoned temple in the Western Hills as a summer retreat. In the fall the duck and goose hunting was superb, and the pheasants and quail were so thick they

damaged the grain crops. Every winter there was about three months of ice skating.

There was little commercial activity for foreigners at Peking, and for this reason the foreigners and the lives they led differed greatly from those at Shanghai or Tientsin. In Peking the foreign colony was made up largely of the diplomatic personnel, military officers and their wives, missionaries (who kept much to themselves), and a surprisingly large number of people who had retired on small incomes and had chosen the old capital because of the charm of the life there. There were also occasional students of Chinese history or of Chinese art and a few adventurous explorers like Roy Chapman Andrews and Sven Hedin.

With the coming of late October cold I found my Chinese house too damp and chilly for comfort and moved into what was called the Postal House on Legation Street, the main thoroughfare of the Legation Quarter. This consisted of a huge L-shaped hall, large living room, large dining room, a small study which I used as an office, two bedrooms and two baths, kitchen, pantry, ample quarters for the servants, and a small courtyard.

That winter brought troubling evidences that various attempts were under way to undermine my position with the *Times*, and to shake the confidence of the executives of the newspaper in the correctness and unbiased nature of my reporting.

The triumph of the Nationalists had brought about a sharp division of opinion amongst most foreigners in China. In general the missionaries and the educators, particularly the Americans and the British, were starry-eyed optimists who believed that there would be no more civil wars, and that the Nanking regime was composed of only high-minded and scrupulously honest men who had thoughts for nothing but China's welfare. The foreign businessmen, and most of the diplomats, believed the peace could not long endure, and were coldly realistic concerning both the ability and probity of many of the Chinese

who had been catapulted into high positions by the Nationalist military successes.

I did not know it at the time, but even in the winter of 1928-29 there was a well-organized cabal working against me. When I finally went to New York in 1930, I was shown stacks of letters from missionaries urging my dismissal and accusing me of an utter lack of understanding of Chinese affairs. One letter carried sixty-seven signatures—many of them the names of men and women who had been professing to be my friends. This letter called me a “diehard,” a “hopeless conservative and reactionary,” and hinted broadly that I was probably taking money from interested parties for “garbling the news about China’s marvelous progress.”

Early in 1929 one of these meddlers, instead of having me fired from my job, lost his own sinecure which paid him five thousand dollars a year, American money, and lavish traveling expenses.

I had gone to C. R. Bennett, then manager of the Peking branch of the National City Bank of New York, for information about an irrigation and famine relief project in the arid lands far northwest of Peking. Mr. Bennett, who was one of the trustees, had given me all the information I sought, and I wrote a 1,500-word article which I mailed to the *Times*. The article appeared in a Sunday edition about four weeks later.

Soon after that edition of the *Times* reached Peking Mr. Bennett telephoned to me one morning and asked me to go to the bank about a matter of importance. When I was ushered into his private office he was pacing the floor, and was obviously angry.

“How could you distort the information I gave you about two months ago, and write it up so as to antagonize the Chinese authorities with whom we must deal?” he demanded.

“I distorted nothing,” I replied hotly. “I wrote just what you told me, and used only accurate quotations from the reports you gave me to read.”

Bennett yanked open a drawer in his desk, and waved a copy of the Sunday *Times* at me. I saw many paragraphs of my article marked with blue pencil brackets.

"Every paragraph marked here is either a gross error, or a deliberate falsification," he charged.

"Who says so? You?"

"No, John Earl Baker, the secretary of our organization. He's just been in to make a formal complaint. I've called a meeting of the trustees, and we'll probably cable a protest to the *Times*."

"Have you read these marked paragraphs?"

"No, but Baker says—"

"Well, please read them now," and I sat down in a manner that showed I intended to wait.

Mr. Bennett looked at me, sat at his desk, and began to read. After a few moments he looked at me with a dazed expression.

"Why, the man must be crazy. So far I haven't found a single error."

He read on, and finally folded the paper and rose, offering his hand.

"I'm sorry I bothered you. There isn't a single misstatement in this whole article. In fact, it is an excellent summary of the situation. I'll phone the bishop and other trustees that our emergency meeting is called off. And I'll have to investigate Baker's motives for this attack."

The next morning Mr. Bennett telephoned again, seemingly in a greater state of agitation than the day before. Would I please come to the bank at once—and hurry?

Again I found his pacing his office floor, and his face was flushed and angry-looking.

"I hate to be put into a position where I have to apologize to a man," he began.

"What the hell have I done now?"

"You? Nothing. I'm apologizing to you. And I'm cabling an apology to the New York *Times*."

The day before, it appeared, Mr. Bennett had summoned

Baker, who refused to explain his charges against me, but sulked in silence after accusing Bennett of personal favoritism toward me.

Then the incredible occurred. Baker took the night train for Kalgan, but before he left Peking he cabled to Adolph Ochs, publisher of the *New York Times*, repeating his verbal charges against me, and recommending my dismissal as a man unfit to represent a great American newspaper in China. And he phrased the charges as coming from his organization, not from himself as an individual, and signed the cable "John Earl Baker, Secretary."

Mr. Bennett had found a carbon of the cable in his morning mail.

The trustees met that morning, cabled to Mr. Ochs a complete disavowal of Baker's charges, explaining that he had acted without authorization, and declaring that the article in question contained neither misstatements, errors, nor bias.

When Baker returned from Kalgan three days later he found upon his desk a copy of the cable the trustees had sent, together with a sharp letter demanding an explanation of his unprecedented action. Baker's reply was to send in his resignation, which to his surprise was promptly accepted. A week later he wrote to the trustees graciously offering to take back his five thousand-dollar job if they would guarantee him "liberty of conscience." His offer was rejected.

It was incomprehensible to me why I and my news reports should arouse such violent controversy and bitterness. Minister MacMurray never criticized any of my work, and the charges of unfairness, inaccuracy, or bias never came from the people who were my news sources.

Equally incomprehensible, even now, was the continuing faith in me and my work shown by Frederick T. Birchall, acting managing editor of the *Times*, and by Mr. Ochs. The *Times* not only backed me fully, but did not even refer to me any of the scores of infamous charges made behind my back. Such

backing would have been understandable had I worked long for the *Times* in its New York office, and had I been personally known to the chief executives of the paper, but up to that time I had never even been in New York City, and had never met any *Times* man except Frederick Moore, who gave me my job.

OFFICIALLY AN OUTCAST

IT WAS the 17th of June, 1929. I was host at a luncheon party at my home in Peking—a luncheon given for Frederick Moore who was again in China, but not as a representative of the *New York Times*. Amongst the other guests at this stag affair were the American Minister, MacMurray, and Major John Magruder, then U. S. Military Attaché of the American Legation, now General Magruder, stationed in Chungking.

To my annoyance I was summoned from the table just as the fish was being served. My Number One Boy said there was a telephone call, and that it was urgent. It was the local representative of Reuter's, the British news agency.

"What comment have you to make on Nanking's demand for your deportation?" was the question which greeted me.

I had heard of no such demand, and said so. Reuter's man then read me his news dispatch from Nanking, saying that Dr. C. T. Wang, then Minister for Foreign Affairs, had sent a note to the American Minister demanding my deportation on charges that my news dispatches had consistently been biased, unfair, malicious, and untrue, and so framed as to jeopardize the continuance of friendly relations and good understanding between the government of China and that of the United States.

When I returned to the dining room and broke the news to my guests, all of them, except MacMurray, were startled. The American Minister had had no foreknowledge of the demand made that day, but both he and I knew that the then

Chinese Minister at Washington, the late Dr. C. C. Wu, had made a personal and private demand upon Mr. Ochs that the *New York Times* transfer me from China to some other country.

The C. C. Wu attack had been made about two months before the Chinese government moved officially and publicly. Dr. Wu had called upon Mr. Ochs by appointment in New York, and had made atrocious charges against me. Mr. Ochs, with great courtesy and patience, had replied that certainly if any one of the charges was true the *Times* would not only withdraw me from China but would no longer keep me in its employ. Dr. Wu was asked to return at his pleasure with proof of his charges, and said he would do so.

In less than a week he went again to New York, and again demanded that Mr. Ochs send another correspondent to Peking. When Mr. Ochs asked for the promised proof, Dr. Wu became exceedingly haughty and angry, pounded upon Mr. Ochs's desk, and said that no proof would be submitted—that his word as China's diplomatic representative would have to be sufficient.

Mr. Ochs kept his patience, and pointed out that the *Times* could not bring itself to ruin the career of a man by dismissing him under serious charges, unless proof were brought, and unless the accused were given a chance to defend himself. Dr. Wu became even more angry, and his reply was abusive, whereupon Mr. Ochs also lost his temper, ordered the Chinese Minister from his office, and told the elevator control man on the fourteenth floor, in the Chinese Minister's presence, not to again permit Dr. Wu to leave the elevator on that floor of the building.

The outcome of this violent scene no doubt further incensed some of the Nanking leaders against me, with the result that the Chinese government made its demand for deportation upon the American government. Under extraterritoriality, the Chinese government could not itself physically kick me out of the country. The United States District Court for China might conceiv-

ably have ordered my deportation if, after a hearing, it decided my presence was "undesirable."

There were many things which Nanking could, and did, do. The Chinese telegraphs were ordered not to handle any of my outgoing messages, whether they were news dispatches or personal telegrams. This meant that I could no longer send news from Peking, or any other interior city of China, but did not debar me from cabling out of ports where foreign-owned cables landed in foreign concession areas. Nanking also ordered all central government and provincial officials to decline to receive me, or to permit any government employees to give me any news. Socially, too, I was to be ostracized—no Chinese connected with the government was to enter my house or office or to invite me to any public or private functions.

The next day a group of eighteen or twenty American newspaper men arrived in Peking, on a semi-official tour of the Far East. I was notified by letter that invitations issued to me to attend official Chinese functions to be given for this group had been withdrawn. My own invitations for a large cocktail party for this group had already been out for a week or more, and my mail was immediately flooded with notes of formal regrets from all Peking Chinese officials whom I had invited.

The affair soon degenerated into something approaching low comedy. Some of the visiting Americans refused to go to any of the official Chinese dinners and receptions since I had been barred. Others appeared briefly, for the sake of politeness, and then hurried to my home. Day and night for nearly a fortnight I was host to at least some of the visitors, and my bills for Scotch and for beer mounted and mounted.

With that visiting group came Herbert L. Matthews, New York *Times* man, whom I had never met before. Poor Herb! Instead of spending an enjoyable time in Peking, he made three round-trips by rail between the old capital and Mukden, each time taking with him my cables of news and explanation of the deportation move—cables which I could not file out of China,

but which the Japanese accepted with something akin to glee, and were only too glad to send out over their own lines along the South Manchuria Railway from Mukden to Dairen, from Dairen to Tokyo by cable, and then on across the Pacific.

The heat just then was atrocious, the Chinese trains were still dirty and decrepit as a result of the war the year before, and the trip each way took about fifteen hours. Matthews' vacation in the Orient was ruined, but the assistance he gave to me is still warmly appreciated. I learned a year later that his own confidential cabled version of my difficulties was all in my favor.

The American government declined to deport me from China, and the *New York Times* not only reiterated its refusal to transfer me to some other country, but acted quickly and decisively in a manner which told me, and told Nanking, that I had the paper's unqualified backing and confidence.

For a year or more there had been a marked difference in tone and in point of view between my dispatches from North China, and those sent by the *Times* man whose headquarters were in Shanghai. It had become painfully obvious that one of us must be wrong about conditions and prospects in China, and the *Times* had come to appear a little ridiculous because of publishing two sets of dispatches from the same country which differed so markedly.

Within ten days after the deportation demand had been made by Nanking I received, through Matthews, word that the *Times* was recalling to New York the correspondent they had been keeping at Shanghai, and that I was to transfer from Peking to Shanghai, where I would have access to foreign-controlled cables, and that I was being put in entire charge of all news from China and Manchuria. Later, the message said, I was to organize a staff of scattered correspondents, all of whom were to work under the direction of my Shanghai bureau.

Nanking had asked for war with a great American newspaper, and the *Times* had immediately taken up the challenge.

While I was packing and preparing to leave Peking, hostili-

ties broke out in North Manchuria between the Chinese and Russia, as a result of the Manchurian authorities seizing the Russian-controlled telegraph line along the Russian-owned Chinese Eastern Railway and Russian-owned steamers on the Sungari River. The *Times* cabled me to go to North Manchuria before proceeding to Shanghai, and this I did, reporting on the comic opera "war" in which the Russians put the Manchurian forces to flight on the plains near Hailar by bombing them from low-flying airplanes. The Chinese complained to the world that Russia used high explosive and poison gas bombs. Actually the Russian flyers stampeded the Chinese by "bombing" them with heavy paper bags, some filled with soot and sand, and some with very rotten cabbage!

There were other comic opera elements to that campaign. The Chinese in North Manchuria, obeying Nanking's order that I must be ostracized, would not permit me to ride in the Wagons-Lits coach in which other foreign correspondents went westward from Harbin, would not permit me to stay at the same hotel with them in the frontier town of Manchouli, and even ordered the other newsmen not to sit or talk with me in the dining car. They did, however, come often to my compartment for beer and cigarettes, and for the airing of caustic jibes against the frantically angry Chinese.

After the jaunt to Manchouli all of the foreign correspondents returned to Harbin and cluttered up the old Hotel Moderne which must have been a place of splendor just after the Russo-Japanese war a quarter of a century before. It was still famous for good food, but, except for the café, was shabby and dirty in more ways than one. The carpets of the corridors were worn through in many places, the rooms and bathrooms were filthy with accumulated grime, and the bedsprings sagged.

Streetwalkers and cabaret girls had the run of the place day and night, and were evidently in cahoots with the hotel clerks or other employees. In those days I was never in my room more

than five minutes before there would come a series of telephone calls.

"This is Vera," or Natasha or Shura as the case might be. "You are American? You like pretty Russian girl, yes?"

And they were pretty—some of the younger girls were radiantly beautiful. But they were dull, and they were greedy, and most of them used perfume instead of soap. As a class they were indifferent and inexpert harlots, but as mistresses (once their affections were genuinely aroused) they were ardent. And usually unfaithful.

Harbin, with its thousands of impoverished White Russian families, was for years the great reservoir from which the cabarets and high class bawdy houses of all East Asia drew their recruits. The girls all wanted to get to Shanghai, and if not to Shanghai then to Tientsin. After a few prosperous years, during which most of them ate and drank too much, and lost their looks, they degenerated into port followers of the American and British fleets. In winter they would flock to Hongkong, and to Manila if they could get there. In summer they would follow the ships northward—to Tsingtao, to Chefoo and other places where the navies of the white men went to escape the heat. Some of them ended up as concubines of wealthy Chinese.

Harbin in the twenties was very gay, very busy, and strangely eastern European in aspect and way of life. Not only were there thousands of White Russian families there, but Soviet citizens and officials of the Russian-owned Chinese Eastern Railway also made Harbin their headquarters in very large numbers. There were also Russians playing both ends of the game, and these were known as "radishes"—red outside for the sake of jobs, and white inside by political conviction.

Harbin not only had gay clubs, but even enjoyed its own opera in the winter, and amongst the White Russian refugees were many singers and musicians who had been persons of note in St. Petersburg before the first World War. Harbin even boasted orchestral music of high merit.

Harbin, that August of 1929, offered a typical example of how China fought me, and of how Japan courted me. The Chinese censors in Harbin would not permit me to send news dispatches from Harbin. When the Japanese learned of this ruling, Japan's Consul-General offered to send my dispatches to his colleague at Changchun each night in his official pouch. The dispatches were then sent out from Changchun over the Japanese-owned South Manchuria Railway telegraph system. Of course I availed myself of this accommodation—it was the only manner in which I could get my news out of Asia and on to New York.

Chinese officials would not receive me or give me any news. But Japanese officials went out of their way to give me the news as they saw it, and since Japan even then had spies and agents all over China gathering news which Nanking was trying to suppress, I was able to score many an important scoop. Of course I was careful to verify all news of Japanese origin before I cabled it to America, but in justice to the Japanese officials in China in those days I must record that only twice before 1937 did any of them ever try to foist upon me false news that would have been injurious to China and helpful to the Japanese cause.

I marvel now that I did not become rabidly anti-Chinese and equally rabidly pro-Japanese during the years when Nanking continued to endeavor to have me deported and carried out every possible brand of petty persecution.

It was during this stay in Harbin, which stretched into several weeks, that there occurred the only case of perfidious betrayal by an American officer or official which I ever suffered during my years of foreign service. The offender was a young Marine lieutenant who specialized in intelligence work, and was then assigned to Harbin to work under the American Consul-General, George Hanson.

Advance word had come to me of a forthcoming move of first-rate military importance near the town of Hailar, to the

west of Harbin, and I'd obtained a reservation on a train leaving within less than two hours. If I could get out of town without any of the other correspondents knowing of my movements, it meant a fine news scoop, for trains westward departed only once every twenty-four hours. I felt that Mr. Hanson should know of what was happening, and gave my information to the young Marine lieutenant, telling him it was exclusive and important, and was to be given to our Consul-General in confidence only after my train had departed.

An hour later, when I descended to the hotel lobby, on my way to catch my train, there stood Mr. Hanson, the young lieutenant, and nine American correspondents, all with their luggage and all ready to catch my train to Hailar. The young lieutenant, on leaving my room, had passed my news on to the other correspondents.

In my surprise and anger I gave him a terrific tongue lashing then and there, and have never spoken to him since. His only defense was that he thought my exclusive news was so important that he felt "all American newspapers should have it."

During all my years in China I made it a practice always to give my exclusive information to the nearest high American official, unless the news itself had been given to me in personal confidence. I daresay the Japanese would therefore have classed me as a government agent or spy, had I fallen into their hands after their attack on Pearl Harbor, even though I had not been employed by the American government, and never received any pay for my intelligence services. In Tokyo and in Shanghai and Manila, early in 1942, they tortured several American newsmen, seeking to force them to sign confessions that they had acted as government information agents, but of course none of them signed.

My feeling was that my government was entitled to any important news that I might secure, and I gave it to government representatives without any thought of bargaining for return

favors of any kind. Scores of times I handed on information of the greatest importance, some of it so important that at first it was received with incredulity. If my informants had specified that their identity must be kept unknown I never betrayed them, even though often pressed to reveal their names. My attitude was that if the *New York Times* had enough confidence in me to take my news without verification, representatives of the government should do likewise, and that if I chose to risk my professional reputation for reliability by having news appear in the *Times* under my name, that fact alone should merit belief in my credibility.

Certainly during all those years the credit balance was overwhelmingly in my favor; I gave American officials and officers vastly more information than they gave me. It was often amusing, when in Washington in later years, to find that some of the intelligence officers had studiously avoided ever using my name as the source of any of their information, but had built up reputations for themselves by letting it be understood that the "inside dope" they forwarded in many a coded and sensational report had been obtained by their own efforts.

When the fiasco of the Soviet-Manchurian war came to an abrupt end, I went to Shanghai to establish a new home and a new office, with sub-correspondents at first only at Peking (then changed to Peiping), Nanking and Hongkong. The atmosphere I encountered there was curious and mixed. The British and Japanese were extremely friendly, the Chinese in the main unapproachable except for those few like Hu Shih and Lin Yutang who were above politics, and among the Americans I found a curious mixture of hostility and tentative friendliness.

The hostility, I learned quickly, was partly based upon sympathy with the *Times* correspondent whom I succeeded. Many people, especially other American correspondents, thought he had been unfairly dealt with, and were disposed to blame me because he had lost his job. Others, who were on the Nanking

bandwagon, sincerely believed that the days of civil wars in China were at an end, and that a brilliant era of peace and progress had begun. They suspected sinister motives or influences when I continued to write of the widespread disloyalty and unrest among many of the regional warlords and of what seemed to me to be the certainty of years of continuing civil strife.

The diehards and imperialist-minded group welcomed my arrival warmly, and seemed to think that just because Nanking had tried to deport me, that I must naturally have become bitterly anti-Chinese. One amusing evidence of this estimate of me and of the situation is that I became the only person ever voted into membership in the exclusive old Shanghai Club without having met all members of the balloting committee after a six-month period of probation. Balloting on my name had to be postponed twice because I was out of the city; the third time I was voted in with cheers on the astonishing theory that "if he's good enough for Nanking to want to kick him out of the country, he's surely good enough to belong to the Shanghai Club." Such were the spasmodic reactions of the old China hands to Nanking's continuing efforts to abolish all the old special treaty rights enjoyed by Americans and by most Europeans.

At the American Club I was nearly blackballed, partly because of sympathy for my ousted predecessor and partly because of opposition to the tone of my news dispatches.

At the Intelligence Office of the 4th U. S. Marines my name was anathema in 1929 and 1930. That office was then under direction of Lieutenant Evans F. Carlson, who later as a lieutenant colonel distinguished himself during the raid upon Makin Island and at Gaudalcanal. Carlson instructed his staff to ignore me entirely, never to come to me for information, and not to take any of his releases to me. He even intimated to his men that I was probably in the pay of Japan.

At one time I amused myself by speculating upon his prob-

able panic if I should let him know about my knowledge of this, and threaten him with a suit for slander, but I kept the information to myself.

Perhaps Carlson's attitude was merely a pale reflection of the hostility shown to me by the late Admiral Mark L. Bristol, at that time Commander-in-Chief of our Asiatic Fleet. I had never liked the Admiral and he knew it, and my analytical articles on the China situation differed entirely from his absurdly optimistic forecasts of the firm establishment of internal peace and harmony.

Bristol came to China with a magnificent reputation. He had achieved a splendid success as High Commissioner to Turkey, and he came to the Far East with the fixed idea that China's 450,000,000 would compose their differences and rise to order and power with the same rapidity with which the incomparably fewer Turks had accomplished such a transformation. In the Admiral's opinion, everyone who disagreed with him was either a rascal or a fool.

I had been highly critical of what I considered his offensive conduct when he first arrived in China. He visited Peking, and Minister MacMurray gave an afternoon reception and cocktail party at which he met the foreign correspondents. As we were leaving, Bristol, with a patronizing condescension put his hand on the Minister's shoulder and said to us:

"It's nice to have met all you men. I hope to see you often. Perhaps, now, with the assistance of Mr. MacMurray, I can work out a sane and successful American policy toward China."

MacMurray's flush of embarrassment was a painful thing to see. That little speech of Bristol's alone gained the Minister many new friends, and created many watchful critics for the Admiral.

In the spring before I was transferred to Shanghai, Bristol was guilty of the most outrageous action I have ever known an American naval officer to take against an American newspaper man. I was the victim, for already at that time the Admiral

was a violent partisan supporting the Shanghai correspondent of the *Times* whose news clashed so violently with what I was sending out.

I had gone from Peking to Hankow, at New York's orders, to cover an incipient rebellion against Nanking. All telegraph lines were down. In emergencies like that American naval vessels were permitted to handle news dispatches by ship wireless, but they never did so while other facilities were operating.

The commander of the gunboat at Hankow courteously agreed to give my dispatches the same treatment he was giving the dispatches of other Americans there—that was to transmit them to the flagship at Shanghai, which in turn would send them ashore to the Commercial Pacific Cable Company's office for transmission to New York. The British gunboat at Hankow was giving the same assistance to British newsmen there.

When I got downriver to Shanghai I found, to my amazement and chagrin, that my news had all been stopped on the flagship. This meant that I had wasted ten days of time and several hundred dollars of *Times* money, and had given the paper no coverage at all.

From a friend on his staff I learned that Admiral Bristol himself had held up all of my news, while he had let all the dispatches from the other correspondents go through without change.

Immediately I wrote a letter to the Admiral, asking him under what authority he had done this, why he discriminated against the New York *Times*, and why he had arbitrarily exercised a strangling naval censorship at a time when the United States was at peace.

His reply, scrawled across the bottom of my letter in red pencil, said merely: "You got only what you deserved—Bristol."

Clearly an affront of this kind could not be accepted in silence. I made formal complaint to our Consul-General in Shanghai, Edwin S. Cunningham, took the letter back to Peking with me

to show to Minister MacMurray, and then sent it to New York, after cabling about the incident. The *Times* made representations to the Secretary of the Navy, and Bristol received a sharp reprimand from Washington.

His revenge was to state loudly in Shanghai's clubs, and at many dinner parties, that Abend was undoubtedly a rogue, that the *Times* would regret keeping him employed, and that the American government should certainly agree with Nanking's demand for my deportation. Had his authority in China equaled his authority in Turkey, I'd undoubtedly have been kicked out of the country.

Bristol left the China station about the time I arrived in Shanghai from Manchuria. As a final gesture he invited my predecessor to travel with him to Europe by way of Siberia, and the invitation was accepted.

It is difficult, after the lapse of so many years, to understand the height of feeling over Chinese affairs by foreigners in China which made possible all this turmoil over the fate of one newspaper man. In general, however, attitudes on "the Abend case" were largely determined by the selfish interests of the individuals concerned.

Most of the standpat diehards and businessmen, who saw their safety and their monopolies threatened by a resurgent China which would be able to abrogate the unequal treaties and abolish extraterritoriality, condemned Nanking and vociferously backed my cause. To them, anything that Nanking might attempt seemed outrageous; their minds were closed.

However, the so-called forward-looking groups, including business circles which considered the old treaty days certain to end soon and who were therefore supporting all of Nanking's moves, condemned me and supported the Chinese government. Most of the Protestant missionaries also condemned me and backed Nanking. They felt that they had to support Nanking in all things, or be driven out of the interior again, as they had

been driven out by the advancing Nationalist armies in 1926 and 1927.

Not until I got to New York in the spring of 1930 did I realize the perfidies this whole struggle had nurtured. In the *Times* offices I was shown more than 130 letters from Americans in China urging my dismissal or deportation. Many of them were signed by persons who pretended to be my supporters and friends. If any of the nearly 300 Americans who sought my ousting read this, it will be the first time they have known that I have been aware of their duplicity for more than thirteen years, for never by either word or manner did I subsequently betray my knowledge of their double-dealing.

When Nanking's official moves against me came to nothing, the Chinese government resorted to unofficial agencies. For instance, I have in my files the following letter from Arthur Hays Sulzberger, then the aide of Mr. Ochs, publisher of the *Times*, and now himself the publisher. It is dated November 11, 1929, and shows how magnificently the *Times* gave me backing:

DEAR MR. ABEND:

Mr. Ernest K. Moy, American director of the Kuo Min News Agency, called on me the other day for the purpose of making a complaint against you. I am afraid that I did more talking than Mr. Moy and as a result his letter, which I enclose, is rather voluminous.

Briefly, what I told Mr. Moy was that if there were errors in your dispatches, the Nationalist Government had itself to blame by placing restrictions upon you—it was your duty to furnish the news to the best of your ability and if they limited that ability, it was their own fault. I said what of course you know—that we would not tolerate a correspondent who aired his personal grievances, but that this was not proved by one error, or two errors, or for that matter, a series of errors, but rather by a point of view. This personal note we believed could be determined and further, that we had found nothing in your work that would cause us to lose confidence in you in any way.

The upshot of the conversation was the receipt of the enclosed letter, which takes up more specifically the particular matter Mr. Moy wished to complain about.

It is very difficult dealing with a situation of this kind at great length. Permit me to say that in sending these letters to you it is with no thought of your justifying yourself to us, but rather so that you may be informed of what is being said. If you desire to make any reply to me which you would care to have me pass on to Mr. Moy, please let me hear from you. At the same time, I would appreciate your returning the enclosures. With best wishes, I am

Faithfully yours,

ARTHUR HAYS SULZBERGER.

Moy never knew that I was aware of his attack upon me. About two years later he returned to China, invited me to several dinners, and was cordiality itself. I reciprocated, and came to have a very sincere liking for both Mr. and Mrs. Moy.

Had Nanking succeeded in driving me out of the country, the effect would have been to help to muzzle all foreign correspondents. They would have been constantly apprehensive of similar intimidating attacks, and many of them would have hesitated to tell the truth.

Nanking was making a determined effort to muzzle not only foreign correspondents who would not take its money or adopt its views, but also to silence all criticism of the foreign-language newspapers published in China. Half-hearted moves were made to secure the deportation of the late Charles Dailey, who represented the Chicago *Tribune* in Peking, and George Sokolsky, who wrote editorials for the British-owned *North China Daily News* of Shanghai. Time and again, and often for days on end, the *North China Daily News*, the French-owned *Journal de Pekin*, and the British-owned *Peking and Tientsin Times* of Tientsin were denied the use of the mails, and all copies circulating outside the foreign concession areas were seized and burned.

There were, of course, some Chinese, even in the govern-

ment, who sympathized with me, as did many Chinese newspaper men who dared meet me only in secret.

Before I had been many weeks in Shanghai I learned that Nanking's "case" against me rested upon two main counts. One was an item sent by mail from Peking in November, 1928, and published in the *Times* on December 9 of that year. This item offended by including an editorial from a Peking newspaper which violently attacked Madame Chiang Kai-shek in particular and the Generalissimo incidentally. The paragraph which did the damage was the following:

... Even in the bazaars in Peking it is a commonplace when grievances are discussed to end the discussion with what has almost become a proverb: "If Mei-ling were at the bottom of the Yangtsze, then China would suffer less."

This item, curiously enough, originated quite innocently in the American Legation. Twice each week, at the morning news conferences, it was the custom to give the American correspondents translations from the Chinese-language press of North China. This attack upon Madame Chiang was in one of those releases.

My defense was that since it had been published in a newspaper published in Peking, which was then nominally under Nanking's authority, and since no move or complaint had been made against the Chinese newspaper or its editor, the item was privileged news matter, and had an importance as showing the growing feeling against Nanking which pervaded all North China at that time.

In fact this animosity against the Generalissimo and against Nanking culminated about sixteen months later in what became known as the Feng-Yen rebellion, which cost Nanking more in blood and treasure to suppress than did any other of the many rebellions which occurred between the Nationalist triumph and the beginning of the Sino-Japanese war in July, 1937.

One of the involvements which caused the dissatisfaction resulting in this Feng-Yen rebellion was the fact that Japanese

troops, after their fight at Tsinan, described in an earlier chapter, remained in Shantung for more than a year. Marshal Feng Yu-hsiang had expected to be made overlord of Shantung as his reward for supporting the Nationalists, and later charged that the Japanese stayed there at the request of General Chiang Kai-shek in order to keep his (Feng's) armies out. This was never proved. General Fang Chen-wu, another ex-supporter of Chiang Kai-shek, was in communication with Feng Yu-hsiang, as was the Young Marshal, heir to the assassinated overlord of Manchuria, Marshal Chang Tso-lin.

On April 25, 1929, the *New York Times* published a long cablegram under my name, the following paragraph of which particularly aroused the ire of Nanking, and formed point two of their case against me:

General Fang Chen-wu's overtures to Marshal Feng coincide with Marshal Chang Hsueh-liang's declaration that though the Nationalist principles afford China's only hope, the nation has been betrayed by the present Nanking leaders who are termed "rotten to the core." "A clean sweep is the only remedy for such intolerable conditions," Chang declares.

Chang Hsueh-liang, who as late as December, 1936, again turned against Chiang Kai-shek and engineered the Sian mutiny which made the Generalissimo a prisoner for a time, was high-pressured into denying that he had ever sent this message to Marshal Feng. In fact more than six weeks after my cable was published, on June 15th, to be exact, Chang Hsueh-liang sent the following telegram to Nanking's Foreign Minister, C. T. Wang:

I do not know the foreign correspondent Hallett Abend. It is quite apparent that he circulated all these rumors to throw dust into the eyes of the public in the hope of enabling him to fish in troubled waters.

Of course the Young Marshal had known me very well indeed since September, 1926. I had often been his dinner guest,

and he had many times talked over Chinese politics with me. I still reiterate that he did attack Nanking in a written communication to Marshal Feng, and that publication of this fact was made with his foreknowledge and consent. If he is alive today he is still Chiang Kai-shek's prisoner, and has been imprisoned for more than six years. But in 1929 Nanking chose to believe him instead of me.

Before I had been long in Shanghai it became apparent to me that Nanking really believed Chang Hsueh-liang had attacked the central government, and knew that my dispatch was perfectly true and correct.

Kwangson Young, then Nanking's chief information agent in Shanghai, and the official foreign press contact man, sent for me one day. When I called at his office he made the astonishing proposal that Nanking would withdraw all deportation proceedings, restore my telegraphing and cabling privileges, and welcome me to the capital, if only I would reveal how and when and through whom I had gotten word of Chang's message to Feng Yu-hsiang.

Of course I refused to entertain such a proposal, and hotly denounced Kwangson Young for trying to use government deportation proceedings in an effort to force a foreign correspondent to reveal sources of confidential information with the idea of using such information for the elimination of a regional warlord who secretly opposed the Central Government.

Years later, as in the case of Ernest K. Moy, Kwangson Young and I became good friends. I last saw him in Manila in October, 1941, where he was Chinese Consul-General. We lunched together, and discussed the Japanese peril.

Kwangson Young did not get away before the Japanese conquered the Philippines. He has never been heard of since the invaders marched into Manila, and the supposition is that he is either dead or dying of slow torture in some Japanese concentration camp.

A TRUCE AND A PERFIDY

THE HOSTILITY and intrigue were still continuing when, late in March of 1930, the *Times* cabled me permission for home leave. I had been away from my family and my country for more than four years, and was eager to go. Moreover I had never been in New York, had never met any of the executives or staff of the *New York Times*, and I was pretty well tired out.

Those who imagine that a job as a foreign correspondent in an alien land is mostly a series of cocktail parties, official and diplomatic dinners, and an occasional scoop should revise their ideas.

The job in China required hard work and unending vigilance. I had to be on the job seven days a week the year through; Christmas and other holidays included. The *Times* publishes seven days a week, and my competitors and the great news agencies fed news out in a constant stream. A scoop is a fine thing, but to be scooped is a humiliation.

In China there was the difficulty of the language. I had taken a lesson a day for three years in order to become fairly proficient at conversation. There were the foreign-language newspapers to watch for clues and views. There was a daily mass of news and editorial translations from the Chinese- and Japanese-language newspapers. It was necessary to keep in daily touch with all of the American authorities. The Japanese diplomats and naval and military attachés were increasingly impor-

tant as news sources. Other consulates often had news from the interior, as did the Protestant mission boards and the Shanghai headquarters of the Catholic church in China.

Travel, in those earlier days, was always wearying and usually primitive, except on the Japanese-owned railway in Manchuria. No one thought of starting upon a journey without a can of insect powder in his luggage. Often travel was dangerous; trains were derailed by bandits, or fired upon in the night. Anti-foreign mobs occasionally heaved stones through the car windows at interior stops. Ships were often pirated by outlaws who had come aboard as third-class passengers.

Add to these things continuing government and personal hostility, and the fact that I was debarred from access to all of Nanking's official news sources, then my statement that the job had been wearying will be well understood.

I sailed early in April in the old *President Lincoln* of the Dollar Line, landed at Los Angeles, spent a week there with my mother, then went on to New York and Washington. Back in New York, the *Times* asked me if I'd like to go back to China by way of India and spend some time in India covering the crisis there of the spring of that year. I eagerly agreed to this curtailment of my supposed six months' leave. Steamer passage to London was purchased, and the London bureau was requested to reserve a seat for me on a plane bound for Karachi.

Then the Feng-Yen rebellion broke out in all its fury in China, another man was sent to India, and I hurried across the continent to Vancouver to catch the *Empress of Asia* back to Shanghai, where I landed just sixty days from the time I had sailed away.

So busy had my enemies been that my return was greeted with genuine surprise, even by my friends. The story had been spread by word of mouth, and even published, that the *Times* had decided I should not return to China as their representative—that I had been discharged in disgrace because of my

“malicious misrepresentation” of conditions under the Nanking regime.

My return and my subsequent activities in organizing a string of sub-correspondents all working under my Shanghai office, all paid by me from Shanghai, and all sending all their telegraphed and mailed news to me for revision and editing before it was relayed on to New York, soon dispelled all of these rumors, and within two months resulted in the first tentative overtures for peace from the Chinese government.

Yulo Tang, Loy Chang, and T. W. Kwok, all of whom worked in the Shanghai Bureau of the Chinese Ministry of Finance, were the personable and diplomatic young men assigned to break the ice. We lunched together at the American Club, and they asked if I would care to call upon T. V. Soong, then Finance Minister, to talk over not only my own “case,” but also the general conditions within China, and methods by which I could have access to authoritative Chinese news sources.

I was delighted, of course, and the first call upon Mr. Soong since 1926 in Canton was a genuine pleasure. It marked the beginning of a friendship and a relationship of mutual confidence which has lasted to this day. I still esteem Soong’s mind as the finest in China and his patriotism as of the highest order. His abilities as Finance Minister quickly raised him to world stature, and his keenness as an international diplomat is not second to his ability as a governmental financier.

During our first long talk there were no recriminations on either side. Mr. Soong and I agreed that the best way to allay the prejudice nourished against me in Nanking was for us to have a private understanding whereby I could have access to dependable Chinese news and views for about a year. At the expiration of such a period, we believed, the record of my cables alone would refute the charges of prejudice and willful misrepresentation.

At the close of the interview Tang, Chang, and Kwok were instructed that I should be permitted to call at their office daily,

and to telephone to them at will for information. If they did not have it, they were to try to get it for me from Nanking. At frequent intervals I was to have the privilege and pleasure of calling upon Mr. Soong himself for general background discussions, and he agreed that if his three able assistants were unable to obtain any of the information I sought, he would try to get it for me himself.

Outwardly and officially there was to be no change in my status. The ban against my using government telegraphs continued in effect, I was still not to go to Nanking, and all government officials except Mr. Soong and his three assistants were still forbidden to give me news or to associate with me. The arrangement with the Finance Minister was to be known to no one except the American Consul-General in Shanghai, the American Minister, and to the managing editor and publisher of the *New York Times*.

The arrangement worked splendidly, as did my agreement with Mr. Soong concerning my forthcoming first book, *Tortured China*. I wrote to him a summary of the book, then about to be published in New York, and again stressed the fact that if Nanking were to find it one-sided in presentation, Nanking had only itself to blame, since during the whole period when I was gathering the material and writing I had been barred from access to all of Nanking's officials. The book reached China in late summer of that year, was gratifyingly acclaimed by the foreign-language press, and was passed over in silence by the Chinese press and government spokesmen. Had it appeared earlier, before my agreement with Soong, it would doubtless have loosed another avalanche of abusive attacks.

The Feng-Yen rebellion dragged its bloody progress into late summer of 1930, and casualties were enormous on both sides. At one time Chiang Kai-shek's armies, and the very existence of the Nanking regime, were in great peril. Wang Ching-wei, now head of Japan's puppet government at Nanking, was civilian head of the rebel coalition, and set up a shadow govern-

ment at Peiping—again renamed Peking by the rebels. Finally the unreliable young Manchurian prevaricator, Marshal Chang Hsueh-liang, who had been in correspondence with both sides, moved his huge armies from Manchuria down into the Peiping Tientsin area south of the Great Wall, and Feng and Yen were undone.

Feng Yu-hsiang fled into the Kalgan area, northwest of Peiping, and Yen Hsi-shan went back to his native province, Shansi, beyond the mountains west of Peiping. From there he was flown to Dairen, the Japanese port in South Manchuria, and moreover he was taken there in a Japanese army airplane. Wang Ching-wei fled to Paris. Again the country was declared to be unified and pacified, and again Nanking sent its officials and administrators into North China.

My handling of the news of this rebellion was precisely what it would have been had there been no understanding with Mr. Soong. I went to Peiping while the rebels were still strong and successful, and cabled out Wang Ching-wei's diatribes against Nanking and against Chiang Kai-shek. The important thing was that when I returned to Shanghai I was able to get Nanking's side of the story at first hand, and therefore was in a position to give readers of the *Times* both sides of the controversy.

The daily contact with Yulo Tang, Loy Chang, and T. W. Kwok resulted in the growth of some of the warmest friendships made during my years in China. Chang and Kwok are now in Chungking. Yulo Tang was assassinated in the spring of 1931 when he gave his life by heroically interposing his body between that of Mr. Soong and a murderous gang who sought to shoot down the Finance Minister just after he had left his train at the North Station in Shanghai. The bullets designed for Mr. Soong found their marks in Yulo, and he died a few hours later in a Shanghai hospital.

After the collapse of the Feng-Yen rebellion the main "spot news" value of this Finance Ministry connection was the fact

that it enabled me to keep in constant touch with the progress of the bitter campaign against the Chinese communist armies, whose forces were then penned inside Kiangsi province. This prolonged civil war, which lasted without intermission until December, 1936, was another evidence that those who had predicted unity, peace and progress for China as early as 1928 were far from the mark.

Years later, upon my return to the United States to reside, when I was traveling widely on lecture tours, I found that this Chinese communist problem was most misunderstood of all Far East problems.

The Chinese Communists are not now, and have not for many years, been "Communists" in the Soviet Russian meaning of that term—not in the Lenin-Trotsky meaning, or in what is now called communism under Joseph Stalin. The so-called communist movement in China is an agrarian movement, a labor movement; it is a party organized against the tenant-farmer system of China, and against the exploitation of labor by what, before this war, was China's growing industrialism and capitalism. For years Chinese Communists have received neither cash nor munitions from Soviet Russia; even before Hitler attacked Russia in June of 1941, when regular shipments of munitions were being made into China over the long desert road through Sinkiang, these munitions went to the Chinese government, not to the Chinese Reds.

The question of my relationship with the Nanking government remained unchanged until early April of 1931. Then the American Minister, Nelson T. Johnson, received an intimation that if he, personally, would hand to Dr. C. T. Wang, China's Minister of Foreign Affairs, a letter of apology or regret signed by me, the case would be dropped, and my telegraph privileges be restored. Mr. Johnson agreed to do this, but stipulated that there must be no publicity concerning his action as intermediary.

Of course I refused to apologize for anything, maintaining

that my disputed cables had been truthful, fair, and not inspired by malice. The *New York Times* gave me full backing in this stand. Then the *Times* cabled to me a suggestion for compromise—that I write a letter expressing regret over the controversy, and regret that the Chinese government had objected to my manner of handling the news. These regrets, it was stressed, were to be coupled with a reiteration of the correctness of the disputed items and coverage.

Nanking agreed to these suggestions, and then agreed to Minister Johnson's stipulation that if he acted as go-between, and handed C. T. Wang my letter, no announcement of his part in the affair was to be made to the press.

The letter was written, Mr. Johnson took it to Nanking and handed it to Dr. Wang at a meeting previously arranged for. Dr. Wang accepted the letter, with appropriate remarks, and I was notified that the case was at an end.

That evening, during a mild party held to celebrate the conclusion of the vexatious dispute, I was interrupted by the delivery of a "rush" cable from New York, which read like this:

Associated Press telephones us Reuter carrying item you've apologized Nanking admitting false unfair reports stop please rush cabled explanation if you acted contrary our wishes suggestions which were no apologies but express regrets only that Nanking taken offense.

An unopened envelope of the Reuter Shanghai news service was at hand, and in that, sure enough, was found an item announcing that not only had Dr. C. T. Wang broken faith with the American Minister by announcing delivery of my letter by him, but that his office had declared I had apologized and "expressed regrets for unfair and false reports" on my behalf and on behalf of the *New York Times*.

Then there was hell to pay. First I forced Reuter's to a world-wide correction, but had to threaten a £10,000 libel suit to win my point. Three days later I sent the following letter to China's Foreign Minister:

SHANGHAI, CHINA May 1st, 1931.

*To His Excellency Dr. C. T. Wang,
Minister of Foreign Affairs,
Nanking, China.*

YOUR EXCELLENCY:

Under date of April 28th, 1931 the local office of the Waichiaopu issued a communication for the press which reads as follows,

“Nanking, April 28th,—The American Minister, Mr. Nelson T. Johnson, personally handed to Minister C. T. Wang yesterday the *New York Times* China Correspondent, Hallett Abend’s letter expressing sincere regrets in behalf of himself and *The New York Times* on unfair and false news reports concerning China which caused the National Government to demand Abend’s deportation in the Summer of 1929. The expression of regrets were accepted and the incident has now officially been closed. Arrangements are being made to restore Abend’s press facilities.”

This is an unfair and false news report of the contents of my letter, which your files will disclose insisted emphatically that there had been nothing untrue nor unfair in the disputed dispatches. My letter, handed to you by the American Minister, insisted that the situation in the North had been reported with “realism and fidelity.”

Acting on cabled instructions from *The New York Times* I am hereby requesting the Foreign Office at Nanking to immediately issue an official correction of the distortion of facts contained in the communication for the press which is quoted above.

The New York Times asks me to inform you that unless this is done they will be regretfully compelled, for their own protection and to keep the record of the case authentic, to publish in parallel columns the text of my letter to you and the official version given out here by the Waichiaopu on April 28th.

I remain, Sir, respectfully yours,

HALLETT ABEND

I gave copies of the foregoing letter to all newspapers in Shanghai, and also to all foreign correspondents and to the American and European news agency offices. The Nanking

Foreign Office made no direct reply to my letter, but gave out a statement for publication saying:

Mr. Abend forgets that the National Government alone is entitled to say whether the offense committed by him has or has not been expiated. . . . The Ministry of Foreign Affairs is perfectly within its rights in interpreting Mr. Abend's expression of regret as having been registered for the above-mentioned unfair and malicious reports irrespective of any interpretation which may be placed thereon by Mr. Abend or his supporters. . . . Therefore, when Mr. Abend expressed regrets to the Foreign Ministry, the National Government considered and still maintains that his regrets were expressed for past unfair and false reports.

The *New York Times* retorted to this absurdity by cabling to me, at great expense, their whole treatment of the case, with a request that I secure its publication in every possible newspaper and magazine, irrespective of language, published in China, Hongkong, the Philippines, and Japan. All except those publications supported by Nanking were glad to receive this material, which was broadcast from Shanghai all over the Far East by mail, cable, and telegraph.

On the *New York Times* editorial page of May 19th, 1931, the whole controversy was given this treatment, under a two column headline reading as follows:

THE NEW YORK TIMES REPRESENTATION IN CHINA

A Statement and Correspondence Setting Forth the Record
Regarding Past Dispatches.

The New York Times was advised in April last by Mr. Hallett Abend, its correspondent in China, that he had received intimations that the Chinese Government would welcome an adjustment of the controversy which in the Summer of 1929 had resulted in a request to the American Government to permit his deportation on the ground that his dispatches had willfully misrepresented the situation in China — a demand upon which this government declined to take any action

whatever. For the purpose, Mr. Abend reported, the Chinese Government would like to have from him, for its records, a letter regretting the controversy.

Mr. Abend was instructed by cable that *The New York Times* had no objection to his writing a letter expressing regret that a misunderstanding had occurred and reiterating the well-known desire of *The Times* and its correspondent to send from China only truthful and well-authenticated statements of any situation which had arisen or might arise. Mr. Abend notified *The Times* that this was the principle upon which he was proceeding.

Through the American Minister, Mr. Nelson T. Johnson, Mr. Abend's letter was presented to the Chinese Minister of Foreign Affairs on April 28. The letter read as follows:

Shanghai, April 16, 1931

Dr. C. T. Wang, Minister for Foreign Affairs, Nanking, China.

YOUR EXCELLENCY: It is with pleasure that I learn from other officials of the Chinese Government that you have consented to receive from me my version of the events which in the Summer of 1929 caused your government to ask that I be deported from China. A letter of this character would have been addressed to you long ago, except for the fact that Dr. Kwangson Young, formerly of your ministry, assured me that it would not be received or considered.

This request for my deportation and the order canceling my privilege of using the Chinese telegraphs were based upon general charges of unfairness and prejudice in reporting upon the political and military situation in China, and several specific items were quoted and were classed as untrue or unjustified.

Reports were immediately prepared and submitted to the American Minister to China and to the *New York Times* setting forth when, where and from whom and in whose presence the material for the challenged items was obtained. These reports satisfied both my government and my employers that proper care had been used and that what had seemed like reliable information had been secured from sources of supposed integrity.

Permit me to point out to you that the items which your govern-

ment found objectionable were gathered and written when I lived in Peiping, or while I was traveling over Northern territory. At that time, in that area, practically the only Chinese sources of official information were those which were not in accord with your government. In general, official sources were allied with or secretly sympathetic to the leaders who last Summer again plunged the country into civil warfare. My dispatches, gathered under these circumstances, naturally reflected the feelings of the area in which I then lived and worked, and I submit that the tragic struggle of 1930 is ample proof that I reported the situation with realism and fidelity.

I have always regretted the Chinese Government's objections to these items and I am authorized to say that the *New York Times*, too, has regretted the resulting misunderstanding, but I wish to reiterate that the items were not inspired by prejudice nor by an intention to be unfair. My instructions from my head office in New York have always been to "lean over backward in being fair" and whenever possible to obtain official versions of current events and all contentious issues.

Until September, 1930, I was debarred from all official news sources, but after that date I maintained daily contact with one of the ministries of the government. Early in this year a file was made of clippings of all my dispatches from Sept. 1, 1930, to January, 1931, and this file was found by one of the Nanking ministries to be a fair, truthful record of events of that trying period.

I am ready today, as I have always been, to maintain close news contact with any departments of the Chinese Government which will open their doors to me and to embody in my news cables the government's version of events or official interpretation of the issues raised by unsympathetic factions or critics.

When I filed the dispatches which so deeply offended your government, I was not reporting on the situation in China as a whole. The *New York Times* then had another representative in Shanghai to "cover" news from and about Nanking. My assignment was Peiping, North China and Manchuria.

Today my responsibility is to report on events throughout all China. My headquarters are in Shanghai and I employ several sub-correspondents, who report to me here. Modification of the rigor of your government's attitude to me would be greatly appreciated, and

I believe that if the official channels of information are opened to me, the results would be beneficial to the Chinese Government as well as to the *New York Times*.

I am, Sir, respectfully yours,

HALLETT ABEND

Although it had been Mr. Abend's understanding that the Chinese Government had no desire to make any public statement of its reconciliation, the following "announcement for the press" was immediately issued by the Chinese Foreign Office and was repeated in substance in communications to various news agencies here and abroad:

"Nanking, April 28.—The American Minister, Mr. Nelson T. Johnson, personally handed to Minister C. T. Wang yesterday *The New York Times* China Correspondent Hallett Abend's letter, expressing sincere regrets in behalf of himself and *The New York Times* on unfair, false news reports concerning China which caused the National Government to demand Abend's deportation in the Summer of 1929. The expression of regrets was accepted and the incident has now officially been closed. Arrangements are being made to restore Mr. Abend's press facilities."

The news agency despatches received here caused *The New York Times* immediately to inquire of Mr. Abend if it was true, as represented, that he had admitted sending "unfair false news reports" from China. Mr. Abend replied that it was not true. He was thereupon instructed to request the Chinese Government to correct the official statement of the incident and presently reported that he had done so in a letter which said:

"This is an unfair, false news report of the contents of my letter, which, as your files will disclose, insisted emphatically that there had been nothing untrue or unfair in the disputed despatches."

No correction has been forthcoming and Mr. Abend reports the Chinese Foreign Office as replying that "There are two sides to the question and they still hold their original views on the matter. The Ministry, however, regards your case as closed, so please come up to arrange for registration."

That the record may be clear, *The New York Times* publishes this correspondence.

In its editorial columns, on the same page and in the same issue, the *Times* had this to say:

WAYS OF A PRESS CENSOR

The correspondence published elsewhere on this page requires little comment. An attentive reader will catch its significance. But every case of press censorship of this kind, with all its vagaries and insincerities, should be kept on record. The sum of the matter is that the Nationalist Government in China came to feel that it had made a mistake in demanding the deportation of the correspondent of *The New York Times*. It sought means of restoring his status and according him the usual facilities, but when he wrote a letter regretting the misunderstanding, an official communiqué issued from the Chinese Foreign Office declared that he had admitted sending "unfair, false news reports concerning China." That statement was palpably unwarranted by anything our correspondent had written. He immediately called the matter to the attention of the Foreign Office, and strongly intimated that it had been guilty of issuing unfair and false reports about his letter. To this the Foreign Office cheerfully replied: "There are two sides to the question." So there are. One is the side of simple truth, the other of evident falsehood. By reading the published correspondence anyone can see who took which side.

So, officially, closed the deportation case, but the war against me was carried on for another eight years in various underground channels.

In the spring of 1932 word was brought to me that if I cared to write a letter to Madame Chiang Kai-shek, asking permission to call upon her informally at Nanking, she would be glad to receive me. Immediately I wrote the suggested letter, and received a reply from her secretary, an Englishwoman, naming a day and hour when I should come to tea.

I had imagined a twenty-minute call, but this was prolonged to more than an hour, for without announcement General Chiang Kai-shek walked into the room, shook hands cordially, and seated himself to enjoy a cup of tea and a sandwich. Ma-

dame, as usual, acted as interpreter. There was no crying over spilt milk on either side. I had not seen the Generalissimo since the Canton days of the early summer of 1926. He had gained immensely in confidence and in poise. That hour led to a gradual growth of confidence on both sides, and finally to a valued friendship and to many intimate contacts in the crucial years ahead.

But even this new and known association did not silence all of my enemies, and a faction in the Foreign Office struck at me again, unsuccessfully, in 1934, when I was out of China and making a trip around the world.

I arrived in London in September of that year and went to the Chinese Embassy there to call upon Quo Tai-chi, who had been my good friend for several years. To my regret he was not in London. He had gone to Switzerland to attend some League of Nations hearing, so I left my card and a note saying that I was leaving for Paris within a week.

As I started to leave the Embassy building, I noticed that the basement was occupied by the Chinese Consulate-General, so I descended the outside steps, and obtained a Chinese visa permitting me to re-enter the country at any Chinese port.

About ten days later I sauntered into the Paris offices of the *New York Times* on a fine autumn morning, only to be met with an urgent cable from New York saying that the Chinese Foreign Office in Nanking had cabled instructions to all Chinese consulates all over the world to refuse me a visa for re-entry into the country. Later I discovered that this revival of open antagonism was flimsily based upon a news dispatch sent to me by my Hankow sub-correspondent, and forwarded to New York under a Hankow dateline. It had been approved by the Chinese censors at Hankow and at Shanghai.

Undeterred by this new move, I continued to enjoy my vacation in Europe, and returned to China by sailing from Genoa to Egypt, thence to India, Ceylon, Sumatra, Singapore, Java, the Philippines, and Hongkong. The morning my ship docked

at Shanghai the American Consul-General, Edwin S. Cunningham, was at the dock to welcome me, as was Douglas Robertson, whom I had left in charge of my office while I was away.

The Chinese immigration official took one look at my London visa, glanced uncertainly at Mr. Cunningham, and then stamped my passport with an approval for entry without making any comment.

Again in 1939, when I was in the United States on short home leave, an attempt was made in a Chinese-owned English-language newspaper to revive deportation proceedings against me, but this passed without any effect, except that I received a personal letter of apology from Dr. H. H. Kung, the Finance Minister in Chungking. The offending paper was generally believed to be owned by Dr. Kung and the Kuomintang Party, although published by an American company incorporated in one of our Atlantic coast states.

Curiously, during all this long period of intense and mysterious hostility towards me, I was subjected only twice to physical attack.

The first occurred in Peiping, and may have been engineered by a footpad instead of having political inspiration. I was in my ricksha about 9 o'clock one dark night, rounding a corner near the Peking Union Medical College, when two shots were fired at me. Both bullets whined close overhead. Luckily, my loyal ricksha puller did not drop the shafts and leave me afoot to face my attacker in that otherwise deserted street. Instead he jumped from a slow trot to the speed of an express train, and whizzed me around a sharp corner on one wheel. There was no pursuit.

The second attack was after my return from Europe in 1934, and occurred in the North Station in Shanghai. My friends Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Parker had telegraphed me that they were arriving from Peiping on an early morning train, and I wired back that I would meet the train, and hoped they would be my house guests. Presumably the assassins gained knowledge of

my movements from that telegram, for I'd told no one, not even my chauffeur, that I'd be at the North Station at seven o'clock in the morning.

As I walked into the main waiting room and past the information desk I noticed a group of very tall Chinese off to my left. It was a cold winter morning, and I had my hands deep in the pockets of a long camel hair overcoat.

As I walked past the group, all dressed in rather shabby faded-blue coolie clothes, they parted, and the tallest one of the lot leapt at me with an eight-inch dagger raised in his right hand. Without time for thought I got my left hand out of my overcoat pocket, sprang to meet the attack, and grabbed him just above his right wrist. Then I jerked his hand down, and back of me, at the same time throwing him off his balance by throwing my whole weight backward.

Experts at that kind of thing have since told me it was a wonder I did not fall onto the tightly clutched knife, and sustain a stab wound in a kidney or under my shoulder blade. Instead, when we fell, the Chinese lost his grip of the knife, and then we struggled on the mosaic floor while a huge crowd gathered. I'd lost my hat and my glasses, and there was a great scattering of silver coins from the pockets of both of us.

Then the police rushed up—three kinds of police. There were first the uniformed Railway Guards, then the Chinese Metropolitan police (the railway station was just outside the International Settlement), and finally the Blue Shirts appeared. These latter were a kind of pro-fascist gendarmerie with headquarters in Nanking.

My assailant was handcuffed and led away after much note-taking and many apologies. I gave my business card, with my name and address in both Chinese and English, to each of the policemen.

By the time the train came I'd regained some composure, and greeted Peg and Rod without telling them what had occurred. But I was badly shaken by the experience, and could

eat little breakfast. Not until we were having pre-luncheon cocktails did I tell them what had happened—and they were greatly relieved. They said they thought I'd acted "strange and strained" at the station, and they'd begun to think they were unwelcome guests.

That afternoon I recounted the affair to Mr. Cunningham, and he at once telephoned to General Wu Teh-chen, Chinese mayor of Greater Shanghai, demanding a private interview the next morning. I went with the Consul-General, and we each put on our most solemn face for the occasion, besides being rigged in morning coats, striped trousers and top hats.

Mayor Wu, who was very friendly, was terribly embarrassed by Mr. Cunningham's formal protest and demand for an investigation, and promised to unearth all possible details. Two days later he called at the American Consulate and with a perfect poker face declared that "no such an event could have occurred, because it did not show on any written police report."

I was present at this second interview, and was amazed at Mr. Cunningham's rage and loquacity. He told General Wu that the American government had no doubt concerning the instigators of the attack. He issued a strong warning (later repeated to Nanking on paper), to the effect that the Chinese government had better henceforth guard me carefully. He emphasized that the American government would be extremely skeptical and hard to satisfy if I "happened to be the victim of anything that might look like an accident," and specified automobile collisions, being run down in the streets, or being hit by a brick toppling from the cornice of a building.

Mayor Wu, a delightful gentleman and a sincere personal friend to both Mr. Cunningham and to me, was in a painful predicament. He knew his lame excuses were not believed, but he had had no alternative except to pretend that nothing had happened.

He changed the subject by making a plea that nothing about this attack and protest be cabled to the *New York Times*, or

given out to the press in China. I agreed to this readily, but specified that Minister Johnson and Colonel J. C. Beaumont, commander of the U. S. Marines in Shanghai, must be informed, and that I would also send a confidential report to the *Times* by mail.

Many of the best stories a foreign correspondent gathers are amongst those which never appear in the newspapers.

Finally even the Foreign Minister, Dr. C. T. Wang, and I became good friends. He was subsequently named Ambassador to the United States, and then a mutual friend came to me and suggested that it would be a gracious thing if I would give a farewell dinner for Dr. Wang before he sailed from Shanghai. I did so, including amongst the guests an American admiral, a colonel of Marines, the Consul-General, and several Chinese notables. We enjoyed many courses, including boned stuffed quail; and there were many toasts, too, from the initial cocktails, through sherry, red wine, champagne, and old brandy.

Dr. Wang retired from public life, and became a banker in Manila. I last saw him there in October, 1941. He, like Kwang-sen Young, is presumed to be dead, for he has never been heard from or of since the Japanese army marched triumphantly into the capital of the Philippines.

INTOLERANCE AND DECEPTION

ONE OF the greatest blunders the foreign authorities in China made during the period immediately following the capture of North China by the Nationalist troops was to consent to Chinese censorship of incoming and outgoing cables and wireless messages.

In theory it was quite right and proper to grant the Nanking government this right. Even though most of the cables finally landed in the International Settlement or the French Concession at Shanghai, it was China's correct legalistic contention that the cables ended on Chinese soil, that therefore censorship was a basic right of the Chinese government, and that a continuing denial of this right was an impairment of sovereignty.

The trouble with this situation was that most of the censors were incompetent political appointees or else persons put in office because of relationship to higher officials. Most of them knew nothing of news or of propaganda values, and many of them knew no foreign languages at all. This resulted in insufferable delays while dispatches were translated into written Chinese for scrutiny by the censors. These gentry, in most cases, were left to operate on their own, and had few if any instructions from competent heads of government in Nanking.

Most of the minor officials of the Kuomintang party were newly drunk with power, were laughably inflated with idea of their own importance; and the fact that China was being governed under a one-party government helped to breed in

tolerance. The one-party system also resulted in all manner of shabby tricks and devices designed to cover and conceal shocking sins of commission and omission, and many a minor official descended to downright lying in an effort to convince the Chinese people and the governments of the rest of the world that the new Nanking regime was staffed by supermen of transcendent ability, virtue, and probity. Those who dared to try to tell the truth, or who presumed even mild criticisms, were at once labeled "dangerous to the State," or "traitors."

T. V. Soong, then Finance Minister, battled this censorship situation vigorously, but never with permanent success. Time after time I prepared confidential memos for him, some of which were submitted to General Chiang Kai-shek and to Madame Chiang, but they could not be forever intervening to discipline or dismiss appointed censors, and in the main the evil went uncorrected.

Once, however, T. V. Soong acted decisively and successfully enough to tide over a crisis. This was when the Japanese attacked and bombed Chapei in January of 1932. On the evening of the first day of the fighting, I learned from cable company officials that Chinese censors would be installed at midnight. I telephoned to Mr. Soong, told him what was about to happen, and urged:

"Please don't let them do this. This Japanese attack is the biggest news story in the world just now. The cables are already loaded to capacity. There are no foreign correspondents here who will report this affair to China's detriment. Censors will delay the outflow of news, which should be incessant and unhampered. If censors are permitted to hinder news cables, remember that the newspapers of America and Europe will be forced to depend upon Japanese versions, which are going out in enormous volume night and day, and which the Chinese can neither censor nor check."

At that time, and for many years thereafter, there was a Japanese-owned cable running from Hongkew to Nagasaki. It

was supposed to handle nothing but messages in the Japanese language, but actually handled traffic of all kinds, and of course Chinese censors were barred, although the Japanese army and navy had men in the office who scrutinized all filings.

At different times when the Chinese censorship became too fantastic and foolish to be endured, I was often offered the privilege of sending my news cables over this Japanese-owned line to Hugh Byas, *New York Times* man in Tokyo, for forwarding to New York, and I availed myself of this outlet many times—but not during the fighting of 1932.

In Shanghai for years there was so little unity of operation that while an American correspondent might have a message cleared for transmission to New York by wireless, the same item filed by a Britisher for a London newspaper would be killed in toto. The censors refused to understand that London newspapers would get the item anyway, merely by having it cabled across the Atlantic. Other exasperating stupidities were that while military censors might approve news messages from Peiping or Tientsin direct to New York, those same messages, if telegraphed first to a Shanghai news bureau like mine, might be stopped by the Shanghai censors of outgoing cables.

Then the censors all over the country began writing in words not contained in the original messages, and charging for them. For instance, if Manchoukuo were mentioned, the censors would write in “the so-called government of Manchoukuo.” If Emperor Kangteh were mentioned, the censors would change it to “that Japanese puppet Pu Yi.”

To add to the difficulties of correspondents, the Chinese censors for years remained steadfastly anonymous. No correspondent might call upon them to ask why certain kinds of news might not be sent. No set of general instructions to correspondents was ever issued. We had to work in ignorance of official regulations, if any such existed, and were forced to submit our cables to men unknown to us for revision, for garbling, for approval, or for destruction.

Naturally this absurd situation, against which even T. V. Soong and the harassed Generalissimo were powerless, led to a great deal of news bootlegging. Hundreds of times I myself sent messages eight hundred miles south to Hongkong by trustworthy officers on large liners, or by friends, and many times if no ship happened to be going southward I sent my messages in the same way eight hundred miles north to Dairen, thence to be transmitted by Japanese cables.

Some of the Chinese censors were undoubtedly in the pay of the Japanese. More than once I submitted to T. V. Soong documentary evidence of the suppression by the censors of cables which would have been advantageous to China and damaging to Japan, but where this evil was stamped out at one office it was renewed at another. I have known the Shanghai censors to kill an official announcement given out by a Cabinet Minister at Nanking, an item which the Chinese government wanted to have circulated abroad, and a few hours later to pass without change a violent attack upon Nanking given out by some disgruntled warlord or politician living in hiding in the foreign area of the great seaport.

News censorship in China was inextricably involved with that department of the Nanking government which was entrusted with "censorship" of the utterances, writings, and conduct of all Chinese. This was a sort of Gestapo for control of the mind, which made its own rules as it went along, and frequently denied correspondents the use of the telegraphs, confiscated and destroyed newspapers, magazines and books, and even ordered the arrest and execution of Chinese who offended the heads of the one-party Kuomintang dictatorship of the country.

The most flagrant instance of persecution for independence of thinking and writing was that of which Dr. Hu Shih, later China's Ambassador to the United States, was the victim. Dr. Hu has often since then said that the *New York Times* saved his life, and this is true.

In 1929 Dr. Hu was lecturing at a small university at Woosung, at the mouth of the Whangpoo River below Shanghai. His home was in the comparative safety of the International Settlement, but the university was in Chinese territory. It was known that Dr. Hu's lectures, and his articles in a magazine, the *Crescent Moon*, were angering many high officials at Nanking. His friends, foreign and Chinese, urged him to abandon his university lecture course, because to continue it involved leaving the foreign-controlled area every day and driving for miles through Chinese areas where he was exposed to arrest by Nanking's representatives, but he scouted all idea of danger, and continued fearlessly with what he felt was his duty.

Dr. Hu, at that time leader of what was called China's "literary renaissance," ranked as one of the world's great philosophers and original thinkers. He had never joined the Kuomintang party, and was not even a member of the party when he was made Ambassador to the United States, an official post which he held until late in 1942.

The first official sign of Hu's very real peril came with the issuance of the following official document:

The State Council is in receipt of a letter from the Training Department of the Central Party Headquarters which reads as follows:

"We are in receipt of the petition of the Shanghai Party Headquarters referred to us by the Standing Committee of the Central Party Headquarters to the effect: 'That recently whenever Hu Shih published any of his writings it contains usually a great deal of misleading opinions; it is therefore commended that he be duly punished.'

"We find that Hu Shih has expressed such misleading opinions recently, especially in the three articles, 'Rights of Man and a Provisional Constitution,' 'When Are We Going to Have a Constitution?' and 'Knowledge is Difficult, Action is Not So Easy Either,' published in the *Crescent Moon* magazine.

"He showed in these articles that he is totally unacquainted with the nature of the present society, and that he has a very erroneous

understanding of the ideology of our party and the doctrine of our leader. He furthermore overstepped the limit of discussion and indulged in a meaningless quibbling.

"The ideology of our party is all embracing, and it does not grudge the study and examination of the members of the Party or those who are not members, as only in this way can it be better understood and disseminated.

"But Hu Shih, although he is the President of a University, not only has misinterpreted the ideology of our party, he has also violated the limit of scholarly discussion by incorporating unwarranted attacks of a vicious character. It is certainly an undignified action on the part of a university president and it has the evil effect of misleading such of our people as have not yet gained a firm belief in our ideology. This cannot pass uncorrected, lest it should give encouragement to similar conduct.

"We therefore ask the State Council to instruct the Ministry of Education to warn Hu Shih of his highly undesirable conduct.

"We also suggest that the Ministry of Education should instruct the presidents of all our universities to instruct in turn the professors and instructors under their charge to study carefully the ideology of our party, lest they should commit themselves to disseminating false interpretations."

We, The State Council, hereby instruct the Executive Yuan to instruct, in turn, the Ministry of Education to carry out these instructions of the Training Department of the Central Party Headquarters.

Even after this document was issued, and Hu was formally summoned for a hearing, he continued to ignore friendly warnings, and finally he was arrested. His peril was very great, and I concerned myself actively with the case. When I learned that he had secretly been condemned to death, and that the date for his execution had been set, I wrote a cable giving a summary of the case, which I sent to Hongkong for dispatch to the *New York Times*.

I told the *Times* that I thought the only way to save the life of this great and good man was for the *Times* to publish an

editorial about the case, strongly condemning this persecution, to cable the editorial to me, and to authorize me to spare neither money nor effort in trying to secure publication of the editorial in every newspaper and magazine published in the Far East.

Here is the editorial, which appeared in the *New York Times* on August 31st, 1929:

Head and shoulders above his political contemporaries in intellectual stature, Dr. Hu Shih has been one of the soundest and most constructive leaders in modern China. This is why his denunciation by the Nationalist Party and the demand that he be subjected to severe punishment are of more than ordinary significance. A philosopher of distinction, courageous and honest in thought and speech, he has for the most part kept aloof from politics, and as father of the so-called Chinese "renaissance" has confined himself to endeavoring to modernize Chinese thought and educational processes.

It is not because of personal political ambitions that he is now condemned, but because, true to his habit of plain speaking, he has dared to suggest that all is not so rosy under the Nationalists as they would have the outside world believe. In particular, he has questioned the soundness of some of the economic doctrines put forward in the name of the late Dr. Sun Yat-sen. His crime is not so much that he disagrees as that he tells the truth.

The friends of Dr. Hu Shih—and there are many of them in the United States, where he studied—have wondered that he has escaped so long the muzzle of Nationalist dictators. Shortly after he returned to China in 1927, when anti-foreignism was the order of the day, Hu Shih had the courage to speak out, contrasting Western civilization with that of China, and insisting that there is more spirituality in the much-denounced materialistic civilization of the West than in the "spiritual" civilization of the Orient, with its squalor, its cruelty, its utter disregard for human life, and its fatalism. This was little short of high treason to one of the most carefully cherished illusions of the Orient.

Last winter he again insisted on this same point, and in a foreword to a book by the Commercial Attaché of the United States in China he called on the Chinese people to stop deceiving themselves and to face the fact that reforms are imperative and must come from within.

He denounced the corruption and inefficiency of the politicians, and denied the popular thesis that all China's woes are due to foreign "imperialisms." These articles are resented not only because they were true, but because he was not "playing the game" of white-washing China's weakness and placing the blame for everything on foreigners.

It is bad enough when the Chinese attempt to muzzle foreign correspondents. But when they seek to punish one of their own—a man whose record of services to modern China will be remembered long after the names of his persecutors are forgotten—they arouse the fear that their intolerance knows no limit. If their victim were only a politician the incident would be accepted as of but local significance. If he were a troublemaker it might be explainable on the ground of the present unsettled conditions. But as the leader of China's reform literary movement, and as China's most distinguished thinker, he should be heard—not suppressed—when he ventures to tell his fellow citizens the truth.

I blanketed the Far East with this editorial. Copies in English were given to all English-language newspapers and magazines in Shanghai and telegraphed to Peiping, Tientsin, Hankow, Nanking, Canton, and Hongkong. The English version was cabled to the English-language newspapers in Japan and in the Philippines. Translations were made into Chinese and delivered to, mailed to, or telegraphed to all Chinese-language newspapers in China, and to Bangkok, Manila, Java, and Singapore. Translations into the Japanese language were cabled to a dozen of the most influential dailies in Japan.

Four days later Hu Shih was unconditionally released, and resumed his lecturing and his writing without any curb on his criticisms of the Kuomintang. The incident did not advance my popularity with the clique in Nanking who were seeking my deportation.

BOOK II. JAPAN MARCHES

NO ONE WOULD BELIEVE IT!

AFTER the flurry over the Nanking dispute died down, the summer of 1931 lapsed into the monotony of small news, excessive heat, and dull routine. I was by that time well adjusted to the life of Shanghai, which, however, was never as congenial to me as had been life in old Peking.

Comfortably settled in an apartment on the sixth floor of a building just behind the grounds of the British Consulate-General, I had a magnificent view of the Bund and of the Whangpoo River. My office was on the second floor of a building next door. I'd acquired an excellent cook and other competent servants, my scattered news staff was functioning capably, and Douglas Robertson had briskly taken up the job of assistant in my Shanghai office. Membership in the Shanghai Club, the American Club, the Royal Air Force Association, and in the club owning the Kiangwan and Seekingjao golf courses furnished a variety of social contacts and ample outdoor exercise.

There seemed to be no really big story forming for the immediate future. I had made long trips to Tientsin and Peiping, through Shantung province, southward to Hongkong and Canton, and inland up the Yangtsze River as far as Chungking in Szechuen province. Warlord domination continued in many parts of the land, and the campaign against the Communists in Kiangsi dragged along bloodily but undecisively. I planned a trip through Manchuria in the early autumn, at harvest time.

Then, on August 3rd, came what seemed a routine telephone message, asking me to call at the Japanese Consulate-General. Had I been endowed with the gift of prophecy I'd have realized that this was the prelude to Pearl Harbor, which was bombed ten years, four months, and four days later.

At the Japanese Consulate-General a moderately high Japanese diplomatic official discussed trivial affairs for a while, then arose and began to herd me toward the door. I was puzzled, and could not imagine why he had asked me to call. He walked with me down the long, shabby corridor, and out into the street—then clear up to the corner. Standing there, looking around uneasily, he leaned forward and whispered:

“If you want a really good story, go north. Go to Manchuria right away. Look around.”

“But why?”

“I can't tell you, but go!” He seemed almost overcome with panic at his daring. Then he clutched at his courage.

“We are going to take Manchuria before snow flies,” he said hoarsely, and then turned and hurried back to his building without once looking over his shoulder.

How long I stood there just gaping after my informant I do not know. It must have been a considerable time, for suddenly I was recalled from the realms of amazement and speculation by the squabbling of nearly a dozen ricksha coolies who had gathered around me importuning a fare. But I chose to walk, rapidly at first, then more and more slowly. When I reached the middle of the Garden Bridge, over Soochow Creek, I stopped, leaned on the railing, and gazed unseeing down the muddy Whangpoo.

What to do? This was too big a thing, and too improbable, to confide to the American Consul-General without investigation. True, my informant was a fairly high official, and he had never given me any misleading information. But to “take” Manchuria? Japan belonged to the League of Nations; so did China. Would America and Britain stand by and permit a

gigantic territorial theft of this kind? And would Soviet Russia remain quiet?

I walked on, toward the office, there to take counsel with Robertson. On what pretext would Japan act? True, she had been complaining in ever more indignant notes that China was breaking various treaties, was building railways parallel to the South Manchuria line. There had been some rioting and bloodshed over a drainage and rice field project conducted by Korean farmers—who were Japanese subjects. A Japanese army captain, illegally surveying a district far to the northwest of Mukden, had been reported missing, and then had been found brutally slain. But to “take” Manchuria, an area about one-sixth the size of the United States, with about 30,000,000 inhabitants?

An hour later Robertson had gone to buy two tickets to Dairen on a Japanese coastal ship due to depart the next morning. I had written a carefully guarded cable message to the *Times*, conveying something of what the Japanese official had told me, and proposing an extensive survey trip through Manchuria, Korea, and North China, and asking for a guarded reply to be sent to me at the Yamato Hotel, Dairen, forty-eight hours later. This cable I put in with a letter addressed to my Hong-kong sub-correspondent, asking him to file it from there, for I feared a leak in Shanghai, and then I hired a launch and went downriver to give the letter to a friend of mine who was an officer on a British ship scheduled to sail southward late that afternoon.

When I arrived at Dairen about noon on August 6th I found the expected cable from New York. It said: “Survey trip OK but do not make any personal prophecies.”

As it turned out, no personal prophecies were necessary. Japanese military and civilian officials did all of the forecasting that was needed, and they did not mince words. They made it alarmingly evident that Japan’s “patience was at an end,” that the Empire would “endure no more affronts” but was prepared

to "act decisively" to end what was called "China's double-dealing."

I found this outspokenness everywhere. At Port Arthur the heads of the Kwangtung Army, then quartered there, were openly preparing for military action, and said so. All up and down the South Manchuria Railway there was feverish activity. Great stores of supplies were pouring into the railway zone, in which, under the settlement after the Russo-Japanese war, Japan was permitted to keep a maximum of 15,000 troops. My estimate was that already about 40,000 troops were scattered from Dairen to Changchun, and from Mukden down to Antung, on the north bank of the Yalu River, which separates Manchuria from Korea.

At Mukden, at Changchun, at Harbin, at Dairen, and at Antung all Japanese officials were excitedly frank about Japan's intentions to strike a heavy blow in order to drive Chang Hsueh-liang's armies out of Manchuria. The fact that he had hoisted the Nationalist flag and sworn allegiance to Nanking seemed to the Japanese an unforgivable affront. They charged that this was done to prevent Japan from gaining any redress of her wrongs. Complaints made to Chang Hsueh-liang's headquarters at Mukden were referred to Nanking, they said, and complaints made at Nanking were shuttled to Mukden. Baffled and enraged, the Japanese knew no alternative except to have recourse to the use of force.

Even at Seoul, the administrative capital of Korea, there was no reticence. General Ugaki was then Governor-General of Korea, and he talked as frankly as the ordinary sword-rattling major or colonel on the Manchurian side of the line.

It was quite impossible to ascertain any Chinese reactions to this tense situation. There were no Chinese officials in all of Manchuria who dared to talk. Chang Hsueh-liang, the Manchurian warlord, was in Peiping, a patient in the Peking Union Medical College hospital, where he had rented a whole wing with several score rooms. He was undergoing a prolonged con-

valescence from typhoid fever, so it was said; actually he was a broken-down skeleton of a man, trying various cures for the drug habit, for he had been taking opium, morphine, and heroin in enormous quantities. His entire entourage was in Peiping, and the local administrators left in Manchuria could only wait in quaking silence for whatever blow might descend.

American officials in Manchuria, consuls-general and consuls, were not apprehensive. They believed that Japan was only bluffing, that China would yield to the bluff, and there would be no outbreak of hostilities. I could not agree with them. On the way back from Seoul, on the extended railway sidings on the Korean side of the border, I had seen long lines of military trains—flatcars loaded with field guns covered with canvas, cars loaded with baled hay for the cavalry, food and munition cars, and even a Red Cross train to care for wounded.

Day after day I filed long and important cables to the New York *Times*, and the Japanese censors on the South Manchuria Railway telegraph lines deleted nothing. I quoted one officer and official after another concerning Japan's intentions, and envisioned front-page stories day after day.

When those August issues of the *Times* finally reached China I found I had not scored a single front-page headline. Some of my most important cables had not been used at all; some appeared far back in the paper—page 15 or 16, for instance—and some were wedged back between the financial news and the want ads! The New York office, possibly after consulting the State Department (this is only surmise), apparently also believed that Japan was only bluffing, and decided not to help the bluff by playing my scoops prominently under scare headlines.

I felt shockingly disappointed and let down.

Robertson and I continued our Manchurian and Korean survey for nearly a month, and made a thorough job of it. We finally went on into North China, and reached Peiping the night of September 3rd.

The next morning, September 4th, I called upon Nelson

Johnson, then still Minister. His elevation to the rank of Ambassador came later. I took with me a bulky file of carbons of my cables from Manchuria and Korea, told him the gist of them, and also told him many things which my informants had not permitted me to cable. He was courteous but I could see that he was incredulous and not really interested. I surmised then what I later learned to be true, that the State Department had paid so little attention to my cabled reports published in the *Times* that they had not even cabled to the Minister in Peiping for verification or denial of the reported dangerous tension in Manchuria.

It was several months before I saw Mr. Johnson again, and then he apologized gracefully.

"I'm sorry, but I simply thought you were talking through your hat," he explained. "I did not become interested or alarmed until September 17th, when Dr. J. C. Ferguson arrived in Peiping after a trip through Manchuria. He repeated many of the things you had told me on September 4th. I cabled nothing about all this to Washington until September 17th, after Ferguson had left my office."

The "Manchurian Incident" occurred on the night of September 18th.

After my courteous rebuff by the American Minister I felt completely baffled and helpless. Talks with Japanese consular and military officials in Peiping and in Tientsin served only to confirm my convictions that the Far East was on the verge of a catastrophic explosion.

Finally I turned to W. H. Donald, the Australian adviser who later gained prominence as a trusted member of General Chiang Kai-shek's staff. In 1931 he was adviser to the Young Marshal, Chang Hsueh-liang. I could see that Donald was impressed with my story, but he said he doubted if I could see the Young Marshal, who was still in the carefully guarded wing of the hospital.

Finally, however, an interview was arranged. I was shocked

to see the sickly, emaciated, drug-blurred individual that Marshal Chang had become. When I'd first known him, in the autumn of 1926, he had been a husky, red-cheeked young military commander. In 1931 he was obviously a physical and mental wreck.

Briefly I told him what I had found in Manchuria, what the Japanese threatened, and asked him what he would do to try to save Manchuria for himself and for China. I could see that he understood less than half of what I said. Finally I left the carbons of my cables with Donald, who promised that Marshal Chang would give me an exclusive, quotable statement.

When the statement was finally prepared, it was not worth the cabling charges. It was merely a string of platitudes about desiring to live in peace and neighborly regard with Japan under arrangements which would do justice to both sides. But I cabled it along anyway; it was the only expression of Chinese reaction I'd been able to obtain.

I wanted to go back to Manchuria and be on the scene when the inevitable clash occurred, but the *Times* cabled that I should hurry back to Shanghai, and then go to Nanking, to report the arrival there by air of Colonel and Mrs. Charles Lindbergh.

The Lindberghs were then just starting upon what was to have been a round-the-world trip by air. They headed for Asia by way of Alaska, the Aleutian Islands, the Kuriles, and Japan, and their first landing in China was to be at the new national capital, Nanking.

Even though the American Minister to China could not be interested in the prospect of an immediate Japanese aggression into Manchuria, T. V. Soong appreciated the perils of the situation to the full, and presented the facts to the Generalissimo.

This matter of informing Nanking about my findings in Manchuria illustrates graphically the ethical plight in which a foreign correspondent often finds himself. I had gone to Manchuria and Korea on a Japanese tip; Japanese officials had been

frank in their talks with me. How much could I, with propriety, tell to the Chinese authorities in Nanking? Had I permitted my sympathies to sway my decision, I'd have told Mr. Soong everything, but clearly, I felt, I could not tell him things highly placed Japanese had communicated to me in confidence and not for publication.

My final decision, and it afforded a measure and a rule which I always followed thereafter, was that I could with perfect propriety hand Mr. Soong all the carbons of cables I had sent from Manchuria. None of these cables contained any confidential information, and all had presumably already been published in New York, and would have been accessible to the Chinese government if they had cared to spend the money to have them cabled back from America.

Mr. Soong took my reports very seriously—so seriously that when the Japanese attacked on September 18th he was not caught entirely unprepared, nor was he surprised. But there was little that could be done in advance, because of Chang Hsueh-liang's condition. Also, Chiang Kai-shek was preoccupied with his campaign against the Chinese Communists, and the government as a whole was overwhelmed with work entailed by the terrible Yangtsze floods, which by that time had made more than 30,000,000 people homeless.

So there I sat fuming in Nanking, waiting for the continuously delayed arrival of the Lindberghs. Even after they arrived, and the cream had been skimmed from that story, I was not permitted to go to Manchuria. The Japanese struck on the night of September 18th, and daily thereafter I'd cable to New York asking permission to leave the Lindberghs to the Associated Press and to go north to Manchuria. My cables were all addressed to Frederick T. Birchall, who had been acting managing editor since I joined the *Times*. The replies were all the same, "Stick with Lindbergh," and were signed "James." I had not yet been notified that Mr. Birchall was shifting to the position of head of the European staff of the *Times*, and

that Edwin L. James, formerly head of the London Bureau, was being made managing editor.

Lindbergh was a hard customer to handle. He had developed a dislike for publicity and for newspapermen; he was rude and abrupt and overbearing in manner, and to the correspondents in Nanking seemed to have what we called "a damned swelled head." But we all liked and admired his wife—and felt sorry for her. The Lindberghs offered their services to China to survey the flooded regions of the Yangtsze Basin from the air and even to land food and medical supplies for isolated walled towns and cities. It was a dangerous and a highly useful service.

Those dragging September days in Nanking were amongst the most vexing and uncomfortable I ever experienced. Half of the city had been under water for months. It stank. Back waters of the flood were thick with rotting corpses. I stayed at the old Bridge House Hotel, the lower floor of which was under water, and the approach to which was hip-deep for ricksha coolies. There were mosquitoes in swarms, and fat carrion flies crawled over everything. The heat did not break. The food was atrocious. And the Japanese armies kept spreading out over Manchuria.

Finally the Lindberghs flew upriver, and made their base of surveys at Hankow. Interest in their routine died down, and at last I returned to Shanghai intending to sail almost at once for Dairen. By this time it was early October. But again the Lindberghs delayed me, for they suffered an accident, were spilled into the Yangtsze, and their plane was so badly damaged that the flight to Europe had to be abandoned.

There were no facilities at Hankow for handling a seaplane such as the Lindberghs used. The United States had no aircraft carrier in the Far East. The British offered the Lindberghs the hospitality of their navy carrier, H.M.S. *Hermes*, which anchored at Hankow, and the famous visitors not only stayed aboard when not flying, but enjoyed the accommodation of

having their plane serviced on the decks of the British vessel.

One morning, when the plane was being launched, a wingtip touched the water and the plane all but turned over. Colonel and Mrs. Lindbergh were dumped into the dirty, swift river, and the plane was badly bashed. The Lindberghs were rescued with life preservers and boat hooks.

This excited the *Times*, and they cabled to me: "Rush photos Lindbergh mishap."

It sounded easy. Actually, however, the *Hermes* at the time of the accident was about six hundred miles upriver from Shanghai, and was anchored nearly in the middle of a swirling flood about six miles in width. Obviously if any photographs existed they must have been taken from the decks of the *Hermes* itself. There was no way of getting to Hankow, except by slow river steamer. No commercial airlines existed in China at that time, and Hankow and Shanghai have never had direct railway connection.

Then came word that the *Hermes* was coming downstream to bring the Lindberghs and their damaged plane to Shanghai, and the night before they were due cables announced that Mrs. Lindbergh's father, Senator Morrow, had died.

At dawn I was outside the mouth of the Whangpoo, in the flooding Yangtsze, bobbing around in a launch waiting for the *Hermes*. I knew she would have to anchor to wait for the turn of the tide. Other newspapermen had the same idea, but I was first aboard, and first to see the commander, a delightful Scot with a feeling for the value of a dollar.

"Yes, there are pictures," he drawled, seeming highly amused by some secret of his own. "I've confiscated all the films, and they are in my private safe. There's a regulation against taking pictures when a plane is being launched, so legally those films do not exist. I had planned to sell the lot for about \$500 in Chinese money, and put the cash into the ship's amusement fund, but Colonel Lindbergh tells me that in your amazing country the set would be worth about \$5,000 in American

money. That's my price, and it will bring more than £1,000. I'm going to use the money to endow what I'll call the *Hermes-Lindbergh Memorial Bed* in some hospital in England—a bed for the wives and children of men of the British Navy."

I was stunned at the price, and so were the other American correspondents who came clambering aboard the carrier—representatives of the Associated Press, United Press, New York *Herald Tribune*, and Chicago *Daily News*. We all thought that Lindbergh and the *Hermes'* commander were just a little bit crazy.

And I decided that the *Times* was a little bit crazy, too, when they answered my cable by snapping up the offer, stipulating only that the pictures were to be exclusive to them for worldwide sale for a period of six weeks, that they be furnished three sets of prints, and be permitted to use for publicity purposes the price paid and the use to which the money would be put. The agreement was made. The *Times* was not so very crazy, it turned out; they more than doubled their money on the deal.

Then came the embarrassing comedy of making payment. I was running the China bureau on a limited letter of credit, under which I could draw a certain maximum every month for all salaries and expenses. But there was only about \$500 left to draw upon at that date. So I cabled the *Times* to rush me \$5,000 by cable. This was on a Saturday, and the reply was that the money would reach me Monday. I took this down to the *Hermes*, and was handed three sets of the pictures, about thirty-two prints to a set, which showed the progress of the accident and rescue like frames cut from a motion picture roll.

I mailed them all immediately; one set to New York, one to the *Times'* San Francisco office, and one set, via Trans-Siberian, to the *Times'* photo bureau in Berlin.

On Monday the Bank of China, to which cabled remittances always came, said they had received only \$500. I said there must have been some mistake in transmission or in decoding. They checked with New York; no mistake—the sum transmitted

was \$500. I cabled the *Times*—the treasurer's office had made the blunder.

I took these explanatory cables down to the *Hermes'* commander, who served champagne cocktails and said he was sorry the money had not come because he had intended to sail for Hongkong the next morning—however, the sailing could be postponed for twenty-four hours.

The next day no money came. Investigation proved that it was a bank holiday in New York—Columbus Day, or something like that. Again I went to the *Hermes* with apologies and explanations. Again I was served champagne cocktails. Again the sailing was postponed.

The day after that was the Chinese National Holiday, October 10th, called "the Double Tenth." The banks were closed. It seemed to me that the commander was less cordial than before when I went again with apologies and explanations. But he served cocktails again—gin, this time.

The day after that—no money at the Bank of China, or any other bank. I carried the *Times* and my own accounts at the Shanghai branch of the National City Bank of New York, and in desperation went to the manager with my sheaf of cables. He was Charles R. Bennett, my friend of Peking days.

"Mr. Bennett," I began abruptly, "I want to borrow \$4,000 in American money."

Bennett looked quizzical, and a little startled.

"What ship is leaving?" he asked, with a smile.

"The *Hermes* wants to leave, but won't until I pay the commander \$5,000, and I've only \$1,000 on hand."

Bennett immediately agreed to advance the loan, and ordered the draft made out in my name. I was to endorse it over to the British commander. We smoked and talked politics until a clerk brought him the draft.

"There you are," he said, chucking it across his desk toward me. "It's a lot of money for photographs."

I picked up the draft, expressed my thanks, and put the draft in my wallet.

"Good-by, and good luck," said Bennett, picking up a sheaf of papers, and seeming obviously eager to get on with his job.

"Don't you want me to sign anything?" I asked, trying to look innocent, and not amused.

"Good God, of course! Hey, come back here," as I pretended to make a dash for the door.

There were champagne cocktails again when I finally took the whole \$5,000 to the commander, and the *Hermes* sailed southward the next day. But the *Hermes*-Lindbergh hospital bed was never endowed. The men of the crew whose films had been impounded brought suit before the Admiralty in London, questioning the right of the commander to confiscate their property. After a lapse of nearly two years I received a formal letter from the Admiralty informing me that the money had finally been distributed amongst the men who took the photographs. Five thousand dollars in American money is a lot of cash to a handful of enlisted men in the British Navy.

With the *Hermes* finally paid off, I was at last free to sail for Manchuria, and did so. I did not get back to Shanghai until two days before Christmas.

Even by mid-October the *Times* was not greatly excited over the Manchurian story. The American government had protested, Britain had protested, and China had appealed to the League of Nations. The Japanese Foreign Office in Tokyo, the Japanese Ambassadors in Washington and London, kept giving out assurances that as soon as peace and order had been restored the Japanese troops would be withdrawn into the South Manchuria Railway zone.

Our State Department and London's Downing Street were privately assured that soon "the liberals, the intellectuals and the financiers" would get control of affairs in Japan, and then the "violent-minded militarists" would be discredited and controlled. America and Britain were privately urged not to "take

any steps which might excite the militarists to anti-foreign demonstrations."

Apparently Washington and London believed these assurances and pleas. The League of Nations did nothing except name a commission to go to Manchuria and investigate.

Disillusioned about Manchuria, Washington and London seemingly remained willing to believe the fable time and again when it was offered during succeeding crises—the amiable fable that soon "the liberals, the intellectuals and the financiers" would control the militarists.

This stale Japanese lie was accepted during the Shanghai fighting in 1932, and again when Japanese armies swept down near Tientsin a few summers later. It was repeated, and believed, at the time of the Marco Polo Bridge incident, which began the interminable anguish of the war in China in July of 1937, and it was believed in December of that same year, after the day of gleeful carnage when the Japanese sank the U. S. gunboat *Panay* and two Standard Oil tankers in the Yangtsze, and shelled the British gunboats *Ladybird* and *Bee*.

We listened to and believed fatuous Japanese excuses from September 18th, 1931, until the morning of December 7th, 1941—nearly ten years and three months of credulous folly. And as a result of our credulity, on December 8th, 1941, dirt was being shoveled into the graves of more than 3,000 young American sailors, flyers, soldiers, and Marines who had been treacherously bombed and machine-gunned to death the day before during the attack upon Pearl Harbor.

PATTERN FOR CONQUEST.

By the time I got back to Manchuria, aggression was getting into its stride. The army was on the march, and Japan's long-planned campaign for the domination of all of East Asia was well under way.

Except for one very important military defeat at Taierchuang in China in 1938, and several important reverses around Changsha following that, Japan was to continue victoriously on the march until April of 1942—a period of ten years and six months more. In April, 1942, Bataan capitulated, Burma was effectively conquered, and the southward expansion had spent itself on the island of Timor, only a few hundred miles from Australia, and on nearby New Guinea.

On the night of the "Mukden Incident" the population of the Japanese Empire, which then consisted of Japan proper, Korea, Formosa, and hundreds of Pacific islands, was about 100,000,000. By April of 1942 Japan would be ruling 405,000,000 human beings, one fifth the population of the globe, and the white man, except only for the Russians in Siberia, would have been successfully chased out of all of Asia lying east of the eastern borders of India.

In a military sense it has, indeed, been a "glorious conquest." Nothing like it has been achieved in a like period of time since the days of Genghis Khan. The memory of this titanic exploit will be cherished in Japan for generations, and those who imagine that mere defeat will chasten the Japanese and turn

them from their worship of militarism are wrong. There will have to be imposed upon the Japanese people at least a generation of a new kind of education before they will, even in defeat, give up thinking of this extraordinary achievement with anything but pride.

Even when the Japanese youths of today are old men, most Japanese will not consider that decade as a disgraceful record of greedy aggression and barbaric slaughter; they will still nourish the idea that from 1931 to 1942 they trod the paths of glory. And they will hug tight the conviction that since they were able to do it once, they will eventually be able to do it again.

All Japanese have always denied the authenticity of the famous Tanaka Memorial, but it is nevertheless a valid document. So far, the Japanese have followed that grandiose plan for expansion almost paragraph by paragraph, and even Tokyo's leaders would scarcely expect to have the rest of the world believe that they have followed a document forged in some other country under Tanaka's name.

It has never been possible for me to decide whether the Japanese are not only utterly humorless but also stupid, or whether they are superb actors. Or whether, perhaps, they think all the rest of the peoples of the world are stupid.

When I got up to Manchuria after mid-October of 1931, the same Japanese who in August had been so frank in saying that they intended to attack the Chinese and take over Manchuria, took me out to the new military cemeteries at Mukden and at Changchun, showed me the graves of Japanese soldiers, and then with perfectly sober faces detailed how the "perfidious Chinese" had "wantonly" attacked them without warning.

The Yamato Hotel in Mukden was headquarters for the foreign correspondents that autumn and early winter. At one time there were more than eighty of us stopping there, nearly half of whom were Americans. Next in numerical strength were the British, then Germans, Italians, and French, with a few Swiss for good measure. Of course Japanese newsmen out-

numbered all the whites put together, but few of them put up at the foreign-style Yamato, preferring the Japanese-style hostleries, which were also very much cheaper.

In addition to the newspapermen, nearly every nation of any real power also had military and naval attachés in Manchuria at that time, and the Yamato became one of the greatest rumor factories in the world. Competition for fresh news was extremely keen, and scoops were difficult to obtain. One set of men, whose newspapers wanted only sensational and lurid reports, kept the more conservative reporters busy denying fabulous tales. Some of the sensation-mongers, who never got farther from the Yamato bar than the bar at the Mukden Club, cabled reports about being at "the front" with the Japanese, suffering with them in trenches while the temperature was 40° below zero, going hungry with them when no rations arrived.

In Mukden at that time was one American official who had an almost Lindbergh-like aversion to newspapermen, and who personally lied to me time after time, blandly denying that he knew anything at all about specific cases involving abuse of Americans or invasion of American missions by Japanese troops, when I knew definitely that he had all the papers concerning such cases in his desk.

Like so many of his kind, though, this particular official liked to pump news out of American correspondents and then send it on to Washington as his own material. One day I caught him in a particularly flagrant lie, and then lost my temper.

"You've been denying me access to news for weeks," I burst out, "and at the same time getting all the confidential news you could worm out of me. You've lied to me time and again, and I'm sick of this kind of treatment. Some day I'm going to get even with you, whether it takes weeks or months. I'm going to put over a scoop on you that will bring a State Department reprimand down on your stupid head, and after that maybe you'll treat American newsmen decently."

By great good fortune my chance to teach this martinet a lesson came within three days, and I made the most of it.

An American Catholic missionary, one of the Maryknoll brothers, had been kidnapped by Chinese bandits, and the bandits threatened to kill their prisoner unless the Japanese ransomed him by handing over 100,000 silver dollars, 100,000 rounds of rifle ammunition, and a miscellaneous collection of articles like cameras, films, and radios. The life of the missionary was in real danger, and interest in his fate was running high, particularly in New York. The Japanese were deeply concerned, because the kidnapping had occurred in a zone they pretended to have "pacified," and Washington was pressing Tokyo to settle the case.

The third night after my unpleasant scene with the American official my telephone rang after eleven o'clock. I was in bed reading. It was Major Watari, press relations officer of the Japanese army, and he gave me the news that the missionary had been ransomed by paying over \$14,000 in silver to the bandits, and that the rescued man would reach Mukden next morning at ten o'clock.

When I asked Watari if the American authorities had been notified, he said no, and when I asked if any of the other correspondents had the news he replied that he was just going to telephone to all of them, but had called me first because my name headed his alphabetical list.

"Listen, Watari, this is important," I pleaded. "Don't tell another soul about this until we have met in the bar for a nightcap. I'll explain my attitude then, and meanwhile I'll promise you not to try to scoop the other correspondents. I'll not write a news cable about this until after we've had a drink together."

Watari and I met in the Yamato bar ten minutes later, and I explained why I wanted a clear scoop on this item—as a lesson to this particular American official. The Major didn't like the man, either, and readily agreed to tie up the news so

effectually that no one would know of the ransom and rescue until after the priest reached Mukden the next morning.

I typed off my cable with malicious delight, and made it a long and colorful and detailed report. The *New York Times* had its scoop, and the American government did not know of the rescue until copies of the *Times* were unfolded in the offices of the State Department in Washington.

The next day at noon my telephone rang. The obviously shaken American official said he was downstairs, and could he come up?

"I'm very busy," I said. "Ring me again in twenty minutes."

Then I poured myself a whisky and water, and sat back enjoying myself. My phone rang again before the twenty minutes had expired.

"I'm still very busy. No, don't come up. I have a confidential caller here just now. I'll try to meet you in the bar in thirty minutes."

I waited forty minutes in my room, and then went downstairs and sauntered into the bar.

I've rarely seen anyone so pitifully chastened. Where had I obtained the news? When? Was I certain it was authentic?

"The State Department feels I should have reported this before it was given out for publication," he finished pathetically.

I refused to give him any of the information he asked for. But I talked—a lot. I recalled, incident by incident, the shabby treatment he had meted out to me and to many other American correspondents and wound up with the blighting charge: "Why, you're worse as a news-source to your own fellow nationals than even the British here are."

Then I fished from the inside pocket of my coat four pages of cable blanks.

"Here," I said, "is the carbon of a cable I filed at eleven-fifteen this morning. The priest got here at ten. I interviewed him, and this whole story is already in New York, and New York, at my request, has telephoned the whole text to our

Washington Bureau, and the Washington Bureau has taken it to the State Department. You are at liberty to cable any or all of this as an official report—and I don't give a damn whether or not you credit me as the source of your information."

I chucked the carbon copy across the table at him, and got up and walked out. After that he was a marvelous source of information.

Conquest can never be a pretty nor a clean job, but certainly the Japanese managed the conquest of Manchuria in a much better fashion than they did the conquest of coastal China begun in 1937. In Manchuria, of course, there was slaughter, there was intimidation of the civilian population, there was some ruthless confiscation of property, and there were economic injustices. These things seem to be inseparable from militarism in its active phases. But in Manchuria in 1931 and 1932 the conduct of the Japanese military forces was incomparably superior to what it was in the Yangtsze Valley in 1937 and after. It was about as decent a job as conquest can be.

This fact I have always attributed to two factors. First, in Manchuria the Japanese were hesitant; they were not yet certain what the reactions of America and Europe would be. At first they moved experimentally. But most important was the fact that the conquest of Manchuria was carried out by the regular standing army—a disciplined force. In 1937 most of the troops used in the Yangtsze Valley were one-time conscripts recalled hastily to the colors. They were men who had done their terms in the army under Japan's conscription law, and who had been back in civilian life for varying periods of years. Most of them were reluctant to leave their farms, their shops, or their jobs. And most of the officers in the Yangtsze campaigns were reservists long out of uniform, or violent members of the "younger officer" group who had been retired as punishment for participation in various political assassinations, or in affairs like the 1936 mutiny in Tokyo. These men, back in power, misused it, of course.

The general conduct of Japanese troops in North China in 1937, in the Peiping-Tientsin area for instance, was vastly better than the conduct of those in the Yangtsze Valley—and for the same reason. Seasoned regulars were used in North China, not the newly recalled riffraff shipped to central China by the hundreds of thousands.

It was fascinating, in the autumn and winter of 1931-32, to watch the various Japanese military and political moves. Chinese resistance was feeble and regional; there seemed to be no general overall plan for the Chinese campaigns. Some generals quietly sold out to the Japanese, while others fought stubbornly, although cut off from supplies and lacking even money to pay their troops. Chang Hsueh-liang stayed in Peiping, and was too inert-minded to pay any heed to the advice and offers of help from Nanking, so it was only natural that many of his commanders made the best deals they could with the invaders in order to protect themselves and their troops.

Week after week the Japanese kept up the pretense that they were in Manchuria merely to restore peace and order. Whenever there was a growing concentration of scattered Chinese troops, the Japanese would charge the Chinese with "insincerity" and with a refusal to co-operate in restoring order—and would then launch smashing offensives. These offensives were always excused as necessary for "self-defense" or to protect railways or strategic lines of communication.

Immediately after September 18th there began a real stampede of wealthy and politically important Chinese. They all headed for Peiping, their main desire being to get south of the Great Wall and into China proper. Most of them took with them only such money as they happened to have in their homes, pitiful little bundles of jades and paintings, the jewelry and furs of their women.

Many of the "old families" were fortunate because they owned homes and farms in or near Peiping and Tientsin—inheritances from the days of their forefathers who had enjoyed

connections with the old imperial court in the days of Peking's declining power and glory. These people could live. But the Manchurian Chinese who owned nothing south of the Great Wall were in bad straits.

The Japanese military immediately confiscated all the property of those who had fled southward as refugees. Then they widely advertised that properties would be handed back to those who returned to Manchuria and assisted in re-establishing "order"—by which they meant Japanese-dominated regimes. Some great estates were held intact for more than two years, in the hope that their owners would finally return. The properties of those who openly denounced the Japanese were usually sold, and the proceeds simply vanished into the pockets of the Japanese officer class. These seizures did not at all benefit the imperial Japanese treasury.

In many cases important Chinese were unable to get away. The Japanese simply surrounded their homes with sentries, and permitted no one to leave the grounds. Pressure was then brought to bear upon these men, who were actually prisoners, to announce themselves as supporters or organizers of various local "peace maintenance societies" or "co-operative guilds." The Chinese-language press, of course, was grabbed at once, and the newspapers were then edited by Chinese traitors under Japanese surveillance. These papers helped to fool the populace by printing long lists of prominent Chinese alleged to be wholeheartedly supporting the Japanese moves and organizations.

With control of the railways, the telegraphs, the great Mukden arsenal, the mint, the Chinese banks, and the press, the Japanese became very powerful within less than a month. Then they began a much-needed job of reorganizing the debased Manchurian currency—and this job was handled in such a manner that the paper money in the hands of Chinese generals resisting them rapidly lost all purchasing power.

During this chaos of turnover all schools were closed, except a few institutions owned and operated by foreign missions, and

gradually the activities of these institutions were first curtailed and then stopped entirely. All Chinese colleges and schools were seized at once, and have never been reopened. In fact the Japanese in Manchuria have copied their policy developed earlier in Korea—education beyond the equivalent of sixth-grade schools in the United States is impossible for the native peoples to obtain. The only exceptions are a few unimportant institutions completely staffed by Japanese, and a hand-picked crowd of potential Quislings who are sent to Japan each year for university education. These groups have averaged fewer than six hundred annually.

Military expansion was handled cleverly and warily. After it became evident that the United States and Britain would do nothing more than file protests, Russia became the great question mark. The Soviets owned the 1,000-mile long Chinese Eastern Railway, crossing North Manchuria from west to east. On the west this joined the trans-Siberian system, and on the east continued on across the Maritime Provinces to Vladivostok. It was the wide Russian gauge, and constituted Moscow's short cut to the Pacific. The main line, nearly 1,000 miles longer, followed the north bank of the Amur River opposite the great northward bulge of Manchuria.

General Ma Chen-shan became China's hero in these early weeks of the war, for he organized the most determined resistance shown against the island invaders. Finally he made a famous stand on the north bank of the Nonni River. When his resistance was finally broken General Ma unwittingly played up to Japanese plans by retreating northward along a Chinese-owned railway which crossed the Russian-owned line, and then ended at the walled city of Tsitsihar.

Pursuit of General Ma's forces gave the Japanese their excuse to cross the Soviet-owned Chinese Eastern Railway, and after they had captured Tsitsihar they held an important strategic position north and west of Harbin, which they outflanked. With the coming of spring they began extending this

railway northward to the south bank of the Amur, thus giving them a position from which they could threaten the cutting of the whole trans-Siberian railway system.

Eventually the upshot of these shrewd moves was the Soviet sale to them of the whole 1,000-mile Chinese Eastern system. The Japanese renamed it the North Manchuria Railway, and changed the gauge from the Russian broad measure to standard gauge, like that used in the United States, and like that of the Japanese-owned South Manchuria Railway. This enabled them to move freight, troops, and war supplies without the necessity of reloading from one type of car to another.

Then, early in 1932, they stirred up trouble at Tientsin, where serious fighting broke out. The one-time "Boy Emperor of China," last of the Ching or Manchu dynasty which had ruled China for two hundred and seventy-five years prior to the 1911 Revolution, had been living in retirement in the Japanese Concession at Tientsin, where he was known as Mr. Henry Pu Yi.

When the Tientsin situation became really precarious, the Japanese virtually kidnapped Pu Yi from their own Concession there, hurried him to their seaport of Port Arthur, and then on the South Manchuria Railway to a famous hot springs resort. Shortly thereafter he emerged as the Japanese-supported "Chief Executive," and was later proclaimed as the "restored" Emperor of Manchuria under the title of Kangteh.

This conquest was not accomplished without setbacks and various incidents of tragi-comedy which caused Japan tremendous loss of face.

The most outstanding instance in which the Japanese were embarrassingly duped was the affair of General Ma Chen-shan, of Nonni River fame. General Ma was finally decisively defeated, after which he ostensibly turned traitor against China, deserted his retreating army, and espoused the cause of the Japanese. He was rewarded by being made Minister of War of the new Empire of Manchoukuo.

Then, when he had become really trusted and very powerful, General Ma arranged his coup. He fled from Changchun, renamed Hsinking, or "New Capital," with about 1,500,000 silver dollars. Previously he had shipped great quantities of rifles, field guns, and ammunition to the northwest, and these were successfully seized by his secret adherents. He got away with all of the swag, fought a retreating action of considerable strategic brilliancy, and finally disappeared into Outer Mongolia, where the Japanese dared not pursue him because Outer Mongolia is a Soviet "protectorate" and theoretically the Mongolian People's Republic. Eventually General Ma and a band of ragged followers reappeared in China's far northwest Suiyuan province, and he has fought against the Japanese many times since.

While he was still fighting in Manchuria he was Japan's avowed Public Enemy Number One. Once, when nearly cornered, he dressed a mangled corpse in one of his own uniforms, left his sword and some personal but unimportant papers beside the corpse, and then made a successful getaway. The uniform, sword and papers were ceremoniously taken to Tokyo, and even presented to Emperor Hirohito as proof that "perfidious General Ma" had finally been killed in battle.

The day after this presentation General Ma triumphantly announced his actual whereabouts, and emitted a rude Oriental sound equivalent to the Occidental raspberry. Japanese discomfiture was almost pitiful to behold, and there were several cases of *hara-kiri* in expiation of having deceived Emperor Hirohito and made him ridiculous.

Gradually Chinese resistance deteriorated into scattered bands pursuing guerrilla tactics, and as time passed the number of the guerrillas diminished from an estimated 150,000 to 100,000 and then to 60,000. Difficulties of smuggling munitions, money, and supplies to these forces, located in trackless mountains, became more and more grave. But the guerrillas are active in Manchuria to this day, and their collective number has never

fallen below 30,000. They raid towns, tear up railway tracks, dynamite bridges, and occasionally wreck Japanese troop trains. Now and then they attack and annihilate small scouting parties of Japanese soldiers, and even raid airfields and burn planes and hangars.

By the time Japan had made her military and economic conquest of Manchuria virtually complete, many optimists in the Far East believed that half a century or more of peace was assured. They argued that it would take the Japanese at least fifty years to "digest and develop" the magnificent territory they had acquired. Here, they argued, Japan had a new area of more than 500,000 square miles, an area which could support about 70,000,000 people, but which had a population then of only about 32,000,000. Surely, these optimists told themselves, the Japanese lust for aggression and expansion must be well sated.

But this, it seemed to me, was only false and wishful thinking, or thinking deceived by adroit Japanese propaganda. Japan wanted the rest of the world to think that Manchuria would satisfy her. She ardently desired formal international legalization of her position there, and even after withdrawing from the League of Nations worked hard and hopefully toward this end. It was Tokyo's hope and plan to have the great powers eventually accord formal recognition to the new puppet state of Manchoukuo, to have them establish legations or embassies in Hsinking, and to make trade treaties with the puppet government headed by Kangteh.

But even had Japan's hopes of this kind been realized, her policy of expansion would not have been abandoned. Manchuria was, from the first, meant to be only a springboard for further conquests—first all of North China down to the Yellow River, then Shantung province, then the Yangtsze Valley. Only unexpected events hastened the rapid expansion of this program.

There was no secret about this lust for further expansion and

aggression. As early as December, 1931, General Honjo, then commander of all Japanese forces on the Asiatic mainland, told me quite frankly that Japan could not rest without control of the Peiping-Tientsin area, and ownership of the important Peiping-Suiyuan Railway, running for more than 400 miles northwestward from the one-time capital into Charhar and Suiyuan provinces, through an area rich in enormous iron ore deposits. And the Peiping-Tientsin area would not be "safe" unless Japan controlled all of China north of the Yellow River, he added.

This statement of General Honjo's was specific. He illustrated the situation by drawing various circles on a huge wall map hanging in his private office at his headquarters in Mukden, and then permitted me to cable an interview to the *New York Times* which he himself approved before it was filed for transmission.

But this plain warning of more aggression to come, like all my warning stories about the intended inroads into Manchuria, was not believed either in New York or in Washington. It, too, was shunted onto one of the deep inside pages of the newspaper, and the State Department paid no attention to it.

DIRTY YEN AND ITCHING PALMS

HUNCHEs," we call them, in the newspaper profession. They are strange things, and to me, at least, cannot be explained. Some people never have them, and some people persistently have the wrong kind. There was one luckless correspondent in Shanghai who seemed always to guess wrong. When we heard he had gone south, the rest of us, gathered at some club or bar, would say we'd better start north, just on speculation. And we were not entirely jesting either. Perhaps newspapermen, as a class, are superstitious. I'm not—except maybe about hunches.

In January of 1932 there was brisk military and political activity in Manchuria and in North China. Fighting continued around Mukden, around Tsitsihar, and westward. Pu Yi, former "Boy Emperor" of China, was obviously being groomed by the Japanese for some kind of an exalted puppet role. There were disturbances, and some fighting around Tientsin, and the anti-Japanese movement, given new force by events in Manchuria, was creating a dangerous situation all over North China. Obviously, the thing for a foreign correspondent to do was to stay in the north.

But my hunch was to go south. I felt an overpowering pull toward Shanghai, and finally, against my better judgment, on January 20th I engaged passage southward from Dairen on a Japanese-owned coastal ship. We sailed at noon on the 23rd, and by dinner time that evening I was secretly exulting over

having followed my hunch, and over the fact that none of the other correspondents were going southward at the same time.

The afternoon's grist of wireless news picked up by the ship confirmed my hunch as valid. Tension at Shanghai was mounting hourly. Chinese hoodlums had stoned Japanese school children and Japanese Shinto priests on the streets. The anti-Japanese boycott had reached the stage where Chinese mobs looted Chinese-owned shops selling Japanese-made goods, and burned the offending merchandise in the streets. The government at Nanking, which had been attempting to exercise authority since General Chiang Kai-shek and his supporters had resigned, was powerless. There was a hint from Tokyo that Japan would make stern demands.

It was late on the afternoon of the 25th when the little ship turned from the Yangtsze into the Whangpoo. The wind was sharp and the sky gray and lowering. The approaching crisis seemed to make the air electric. Never before had I seen so many warships in the river. Most of them were ugly, sturdy-looking Japanese destroyers, all painted a forbidding gray-black. These Japanese naval vessels were docked or moored every quarter of a mile along the Whangpoo, and the deck guns were uncovered and trained on the shore. All Japanese-owned river front property was guarded by Japanese marines. As we moved slowly upstream we could see the shoreward wire barricades, and the machine guns ready for action.

The next day whirled past in a swirl of work. The tension heightened. Never before in Shanghai had both Chinese and Japanese high civilian and military officials been so accessible. Apparently each side anticipated a clash, and each side wanted to put its case before the world through the newspapers before the clash occurred.

On the morning of January 27th, our second day back from Manchuria, Douglas Robertson and I called at the office of the Japanese Military Attaché, and were met with cordiality. We wanted to inquire about the latest Japanese set of demands

on China. Major Takahashi, the assistant to the Military Attaché, met us with smiles made dazzling by a solid row of gold crowns on all of his upper teeth. The major, a dapper officer, was smooth shaven, bowlegged, tallish for a Japanese, and spoke halting English. He served a strange mixture of refreshments for ten o'clock in the morning—hot tea, cheap brandy, raw fish, salted rice wafers, oranges, bananas, and hothouse grapes. The “information” he dished out made up as weird a combination as his edibles and beverages.

We laughed off the waste of time and returned to the *New York Times* office. No sooner had we taken off our hats and coats than the telephone rang.

“This is Major Takahashi speaking. I like see you this evening. Maybe half-past five? It is important.”

“Half-past five will do, yes. Would you like to come here, or to my apartment, where we can have a highball and talk in comfort?”

Takahashi said he'd come to the apartment.

I commented to Robertson that I hoped the major would be more communicative than he had been an hour before, and plotted that if he had said nothing worth while by six o'clock Robertson was to bring the call to a close by reminding me of a dinner engagement which did not exist.

Takahashi arrived on time, and seemed to be embarrassed to find Robertson present. He was served the promised highball, but had no news to tell us. The talk had to do only with affairs in Manchuria during the last four months of fighting there. At five-forty I offered him a refill of his drink, but he refused somewhat fussily. Suddenly he jumped to his feet, and advanced toward me, right hand outstretched. I, thinking my boredom about to be ended, arose with alacrity, and holding out my right hand, said something hypocritical about being sorry he had to rush away. Then the major dropped his verbal bombshell.

"This," he said, "is for you, for you to be friendly about what our country is doing."

I saw that in his outstretched hand he carried a thick roll of currency, apparently Japanese yen, which were then worth nearly fifty cents each, American money.

I put my hands in my trouser pockets and parried. To this day I don't know why I struggled so hard to control my rage, except that the bribe attempt occurred in my home, where I had the feeling of being a host.

"Oh, Major, I wouldn't try that sort of thing," I said in a half-jesting tone.

"Yes, please; take it," he insisted.

"It's a mistake to try this sort of thing," I continued, hoping he wouldn't realize my voice was shaking with anger. "You and I both know about correspondents who have been bribed. The fact soon leaks out, and then nobody pays any attention to what they say or write. They are soon of no value to their owners or to themselves."

"No, please take. It is present," he pressed me.

Then I let go of the control of my rage.

"You'd better get out—fast," I said to the major. And to Robertson—"Please ring for the boy to get this chump's hat and overcoat."

No more words were exchanged. The major did not wait to put on his coat, but bowed himself out. I didn't even bow, and I'm afraid I remember banging the door, hard, as he headed for the elevator.

Dinner was forgotten. I paced the floor, and Robertson joined me in my indignation. Suddenly I remembered that Henry W. Kinney was in Shanghai, and I telephoned to him at the Cathay Hotel, only two blocks away. I asked him to come to my apartment at once, and when he said he could not, that he had an important dinner engagement, I insisted brusquely.

"This is more important," I said. "It involves your employers in a nasty mess."

He said he'd come at once.

Kinney's position was peculiar, and often uncomfortable. He was an American, a former newspaperman, one-time superintendent of the public school system of the Territory of Hawaii. He had written a novel, and other books. For some years he had held the position of publicity chief and foreign contact man for the South Manchuria Railway. This was an aboveboard connection with the Japanese, a job anyone might have held without loss of self-respect.

So far as I know, the Japanese never asked Kinney to do or say or write anything unethical or un-American. I never knew any foreign correspondent in the Far East who ever charged Kinney with giving them false information. We all considered his job semi-official, in view of the fact that the Japanese government and the imperial house owned control of the railway. He retired a few years ago, and took his Japanese wife and half-Japanese son with him to live on the island of Tahiti.

Kinney was genuinely appalled when I told him about Taka-hashi. He plainly considered the man a clumsy bungler, and promised that he would make such investigations as he could, but intimated that the Japanese army would not welcome any probes by a civilian, particularly a foreigner. When he left, he asked me not to divulge what had happened to anyone, but I refused to make any promises. He also assured me that he did not know of any other Japanese attempts to corrupt representatives of the American or European press.

Robertson and I sat up late that night, working over letters. The longest one was to Edwin L. James, the new managing editor of the *New York Times*, giving all details of the Taka-hashi episode, and saying that copies would be given next morning to the American Minister, Nelson T. Johnson, to the American Consul-General, Edwin S. Cunningham, and that a copy would be taken by me personally to Mamoru Shigemitsu, then the Japanese Minister to China, with a demand for an investigation and an apology.

Shigemitsu, who was Japan's Ambassador to Britain when Japan started the war in the Pacific and was Foreign Minister in the summer of 1943, was to lose a leg a few weeks after this episode. He was a victim of a bomb planted by Korean revolutionists under a reviewing stand when the Japanese held a victory parade at Hongkew Park after the Shanghai fighting, which began the night after Major Takahashi's call at my apartment. In that same bomb explosion Admiral Nomura, Ambassador to the United States at the time of Pearl Harbor, lost an eye.

The next morning Robertson and I first registered the letter to Mr. James, then personally delivered copies to Mr. Johnson and to Mr. Cunningham, after which I telephoned and asked for an appointment with Shigemitsu, whom I liked and admired. At that period he sincerely deplored Japanese policies in Manchuria, and was aghast when the fighting broke out in Shanghai. Several years later, apparently believing that nothing succeeds like success, he became an ardent supporter of expansion and aggression, and was rewarded by becoming Ambassador to the Court of St. James's.

Shigemitsu, when I first talked to him on the telephone, pleaded a day solid with appointments, as I'd felt certain he would, in view of the Shanghai crisis, but when I told him this was a serious matter which I was also reporting to American officials and to the *New York Times*, he set an appointment for eleven o'clock.

I asked Robertson to go with me to see the Japanese Minister, for I wanted a witness along. We were cordially greeted, and then I asked Shigemitsu to read the carbon of my letter to New York.

Before he had read half of the first page his face reddened darkly, and he reached for his desk phone. What he barked into it in Japanese I do not know, but it was probably a summons for the major, because I identified the word "Takahashi" three times.

Shigemitsu's embarrassment was extreme. He finished reading my letter report, folded and unfolded it several times in silence, cleared his throat, and said:

"Abend, I assure you that I had no knowledge that a thing like this was about to happen. I haven't known that our army was doing things like this. I don't know where the money comes from, but I'll try to find out. I assure you Legation funds are not used in this way. I now offer you, as Japanese Minister, the apologies of my government, and they will later be sent to you in writing. More than that, I promise that Takahashi himself will apologize on behalf of the army."

I arose, bowed formally, and said that I would feel satisfied after Takahashi had made his apologies. Then Shigemitsu made a request:

"I ask you, as a friend, to do me the favor of not communicating news of this to Mr. Johnson and to Mr. Cunningham, and please do not send this letter to the *Times*."

"I'm sorry," I said, "but your request has come too late. Johnson and Cunningham have already received and read their copies, and the letter to the *Times* is already in the post, registered. I was certain you'd ask this, and I deliberately made it impossible to meet your request by delivering and mailing the other copies before I came here."

That afternoon, about half-past four, Robertson and I were working feverishly in our office, trying to clear our desks before going out to the flagship to have cocktails with Admiral Shiozawa, when in burst Ling Pao, the Chinese cook, excited almost to the point of incoherency.

"One Japanese man have come apartment side next door," he blurted out.

"Well, tell him to come over here."

"Have catchee; just now have bring."

Ling Pao stepped aside, and there was Major Takahashi, who bowed stiffly and came in. The cook withdrew and closed the door.

After one swift glance at the major I motioned to Robertson not to rise. Neither did I, nor did I reach for my coat, but sat tight in my shirtsleeves, rolled back to the elbows, and with cravat loosened. Robertson was in similar disarray.

Takahashi, who had evidently come to make his apologies, had not dressed in his uniform, and I interpreted this fact as a studied insult, for I was demanding an apology from him as representative of the Imperial Army. Instead, he looked ridiculous in ill-fitting splendor—morning coat, ascot tie and pearl, striped gray trousers, patent leather shoes and gray spats, and on his horizontal right forearm he stiffly held a silk hat.

“Well?” I demanded, not taking my pipe from my mouth.

Takahashi bowed low, so low that his back, neck, and head made a right angle with his stiff legs. He held this pose for a few seconds, and then straightened slowly, and began to speak what was obviously a memorized piece.

“I have come to say I am very sorry,” he singsonged slowly. “I thought I was doing something good for my country and for my Emperor. I was wrong. Excuse it, please.”

Still irked by the fact that the major had come ostentatiously dressed in civilian clothes, I swung my feet up onto my desk, pulled long and hard on my pipe, blew the smoke toward the ceiling, and began to talk informally.

“That’s all very well, to say you’re sorry,” I began, “but now I want to make you realize what you tried to do. You see I draw my pay from the *New York Times*. I owe them honesty and loyalty, and always to report as near the truth as I can find. You draw your pay from the Japanese government, and owe Japan honesty and loyalty, and truthful reports of anything that affects the empire’s safety or policy. Now how would you feel if I offered you a handful of money to send false reports to Imperial Army Headquarters; in other words, to betray your country?”

Poor, foolish Takahashi! He had not thought of it in that light, it seemed. He visibly paled to a chalky, yellowish white.

His eyes closed for a few seconds, and he seemed to sway drunkenly on his heels. Then his eyes snapped wide open, and he bowed again to the horizontal line.

"I am sorry. I did not understand," he whispered. And then he bowed himself out, backward.

This is only a sample of the sort of thing the Japanese army attempted to do time and again in China, and their bribery attempts were doubled and trebled after the invasion of China began in 1937. Sometimes they seemed to have succeeded; at other times they were rebuffed with vehemence.

These clumsy attempts to use money to influence foreign correspondents were probably to be expected. Certainly the Japanese press as a whole was more venal and corrupt than any press in the world, with the possible exception of that of France. The army probably argued that since most Japanese newsmen were not averse to padding out their inadequate salaries with a handful of dirty yen, Americans and Europeans would not be squeamish.

The curious thing about this Takahashi business was that his failure with me, and my reports to Shigemitsu and to the highest representatives in China of the American Government did nothing to prevent his rapid advancement in the Japanese army. In fact the episode did not deter him from attempting other bribes at the same time in Shanghai. He went to one European correspondent, openly asked him his average income, and then said that if the correspondent in question would sign a letter promising to continue newspaper work for three more years, and to write and cable only articles favorable to Japan, he would be subsidized with a fund, the income of which would give him a lifelong income equal to his salary at that particular date. Shigemitsu received a furious protest over that affair, too.

Soon after the Shanghai hostilities Takahashi was promoted to lieutenant colonel, and then to full colonel. A year or so later he was sent to Berlin as Military Attaché to the Japanese

Embassy, and then he became a major general. I expect to see his name in the headlines any day, as commander of a large Japanese force fighting against the Americans in some important sector. In Japan you can't keep an unscrupulous man down.

Japan used enormous sums of money both in the Far East and in the United States for purposes of corruption of this kind. Any list of prosecutions in our federal courts during the first year after the attack upon Pearl Harbor will show that many Americans were indicted upon charges of accepting large sums of money from the Japanese government in payment for propaganda services. In Great Britain the lists were just as long.

I still nourish one rankling regret about that Takahashi affair; I should have snatched the roll of dirty yen out of his hand, counted it, and thrown it back in his face. Now I'll never know what sum he offered; I'll never know how cheap or how costly they thought I'd prove to be.

Several years later a different sort of proposition was put up to me by the Japanese government, through Yackichiro Suma, at that time their Consul-General in Nanking. Suma and I had been good friends for many years, and one day when he came down to Shanghai for a visit he asked me to call on him and to come alone. This stipulation aroused my curiosity. It had for years been my habit to have Robertson go everywhere with me, so that I'd have a witness in case somebody decided to try to deny the accuracy of any quotation I might include in any of my dispatches.

Suma opened our talk by telling me that Kinney was about to retire from his position with the South Manchuria Railway.

"We want an American for the place," he said, "and we'd prefer an able and experienced newspaperman. This new position will be partly under the South Manchuria Railway, and partly under the Foreign Office. It will require much traveling every year—to the United States, and to most of the important European capitals. There will be nothing secret about this position; the person who gets the job will be known as a For-

eign Office adviser. We'll furnish a suitable villa at Hoshigaura Bay, near Dairen, and there will be an unlimited expense account for traveling and for a secretarial staff. It would be a great favor if you'd help us by making a suggestion."

I sat silent for quite a while. The demands were high; obviously a man of distinguished ability was needed and a man of unquestionable integrity. Finally I made my choice.

"I should think Arch Steele would be your obvious choice, if he'd take it," I said.

Steele had come to the Far East intending to make only a short stay, to break his proposed trip around the world. He went to work for me, first in Manchuria, then in Nanking, and then Peiping. He finally left the *Times* for a connection with the Chicago *Daily News*. I had the highest regard for his ability and for his innate integrity.

Suma, when I suggested Steele's name, gave me a curious and half-amused glance from his heavy-lidded slanting eyes.

"We had hoped," he said slowly, "that you would suggest Abend for the place."

I was stunned with surprise. For at least a whole minute I simply gaped at Suma. Then I asked him how much salary they proposed to pay. The sum he named made me gape anew. Then I asked for time to consider the whole proposition.

That night I sat up late writing letters. First, I wrote to my mother in Los Angeles, setting forth the personal angles of the proposition. I told her my misgivings about Japanese policy on the Asiatic mainland, my fears that eventually the United States would have to go to war with Japan. I pointed out that I might be instrumental in helping to preserve the peace. I was quite frank about the difference that acceptance or refusal would have upon our joint economic status, and upon our future security.

Then I wrote a long letter to Arthur H. Sulzberger, of the New York *Times*. I pointed out that with the fabulous salary the Japanese offered I might easily save \$150,000 within the

five-year term contract which they offered. I asked what security I enjoyed under the *Times*' old age and pension plans, and stressed the fact that I was the sole support of a widowed mother who might survive me.

In the end I refused what I termed "the only chance I'll ever have to get rich quick." A year later the Japanese were invading North China, were smuggling goods along the beaches north of Tientsin, and were obviously embarked upon a long-term attempt to subjugate all of China, which would certainly eventually involve them in war with the United States. I was genuinely glad, then, that I had had sense enough to refuse Suma's tempting offer.

THIRTY-FIVE THOUSAND DIE

A FEW hours after seeing Minister Shigemitsu the hunch that had taken me southward seemed to have turned very sour indeed. Japan, with her hands full in Manchuria and in North China, was supposed to be trying to restrict the new disputes to Shanghai, and to wish to avoid having the anti-Japanese movement spread all over the Yangtsze Valley where much of her vital trade with China was centered.

Late on the afternoon of January 28th it seemed as though she had succeeded in these supposed designs, for the demands which I had discussed with Major Takahashi the morning before—demands brusquely couched in the terms of an ultimatum—were accepted without reserve by the Chinese authorities and signed by the Chinese mayor of Greater Shanghai.

As I shaved and changed to go out to the Japanese flagship for cocktails with Admiral Shiozawa, I gloomed more than a little over having left Manchuria. I had expected a hot story on the crisis from the admiral, but now that prospect seemed spoiled, and I foresaw listening to nothing more stirring than a defense of the demands which Japan had crammed down China's gagging throat.

The appointment had been made the day before, and the hour set was five o'clock in the afternoon. No one else was there except Douglas Robertson, the admiral, and myself, and we enjoyed cocktails and caviar in the admiral's private quarters.

Admiral Shiozawa showed a marked lack of enthusiasm over

the abject surrender of the Chinese authorities, and finally said sourly that their acceptance of the Japanese demands was "beside the point." Then came the informative bombshell.

"I'm not satisfied with conditions in Chapei," he said, measuring his precise English very slowly. "There are 600,000 excited Chinese in the Chapei district of Shanghai, and most of them are violently anti-Japanese. About 6,000 helpless Japanese civilians have their homes and shops in Chapei. I hear a rumor that the Chinese policemen are deserting their posts, and that there is danger of rioting and looting. At eleven o'clock tonight I am sending my Marines into Chapei, to protect our nationals and to preserve order."

"But the Chinese will resist," I blurted out. "There will be fighting, unavoidably."

"Well," said the admiral, twinkling, because I knew as well as he that it was not only in the United States that there was rivalry between the army and the navy, "you see the army had to protect our interests in Manchuria. There is no Japanese army in Shanghai, so the navy will have to take over a similar job here."

It seemed to take an intolerably long time to prepare the admiral's barge to take us ashore, and I've never enjoyed two more cocktails less than those which Shiozawa pressed upon me while I waited. Here was a story of first-rate importance. It was probably exclusive, and I was itching with impatience to get it on the cable in time for the last edition of the *Times* in New York.

Once ashore, I filed the story in "takes" of five lines each, and when finally I had three hundred words sent out I called the American Consul-General, Edwin S. Cunningham. He was appalled, not at what I considered the certainty of major hostilities at Shanghai, but at the idea of inaccurate and alarmist news getting to the American public.

"It must be all a mistake," Mr. Cunningham said over the telephone. "The Japanese Consul-General called here in person

only half an hour ago, and assured me that when the Chinese accepted Japan's written demands the whole crisis ended. There is no disorder in Chapei—no rioting or looting. I urge you strongly not to cable such an unnecessarily upsetting news story to the United States."

I told Mr. Cunningham regretfully that the story had already been cabled, and that I would not cancel it because I thought a direct and quotable declaration of intention from Admiral Shiozawa was too important to be suppressed. Besides I added, I knew that the navy was fretting because the army had won all the "glory" in Manchuria.

"Let's compare notes at a quarter past eleven," I concluded.

During the next few hours I made my own battle preparations. I arranged to hire a taxi on a twenty-four-hour-a-day basis for an indefinite period. I told T. V. Soong by telephone of the interview with Shiozawa which I had cabled to New York. After a hasty supper, Robertson and I arranged a deep pile of cable blanks with carbon papers in place to save time and assure three copies of every news cable sent.

At that time from my apartment on the sixth floor of a building on Yuen Ming Yuen Road, I could command a fine view of the river, of part of the Bund, and of the Garden Bridge and the buildings of the Japanese Consulate-General, a short distance below the confluence of Soochow Creek and the Whangpoo. At ten o'clock a drizzling rain began to fall. At ten-fifty Robertson and I, wearing hats and overcoats, were leaning out of the front windows, straining our ears, and gazing toward Hongkew, which was the portion of the International Settlement across Garden Bridge which Japanese forces were assigned to protect. The taxi was waiting in the street below.

The great clock in the tower of the Custom House boomed eleven strokes, and then silence descended over the great city. One minute passed; then two, three, four.

At precisely five minutes after eleven there were two rifle shots in quick succession. Robertson and I hardly breathed.

A few seconds later machine guns began to rattle and cough. We waited no longer, but dashed for the door. We didn't even wait for the slow elevator, but clattered down flight after flight of white marble stairs, piled into the waiting taxi, and ordered the chauffeur to drive across the creek, past the Post Office building, and on down North Szechuen Road.

Since that night of January 28th, 1932, the Japanese have progressed amazingly far in the arts of fighting. They would not commit today the blunder they committed then, when they sent companies of Marines marching across the boundary of the International Settlement into Chapei with two men of each squad carrying flaring torches. The Chinese sharpshooters began picking them off with deadly accuracy, and soon some of the streets leading toward the North Station, Shanghai's principal railway depot, were strewn with dead and wounded.

The strongly revolutionary, rabidly anti-Japanese Nineteenth Route Army was quartered in Chapei that night, and refused to give ground. Within ten minutes after the start of the hostilities Chapei was as dark as a coal pit, and even after the Japanese doused their ridiculous torches the invaders were strongly silhouetted against the glow of lights from the undarkened streets of the rest of the International Settlement. If Admiral Shiozawa believed the Chinese would run in panic before the advance of his Marines, as the Chinese near Mukden had fled before the advance of the Japanese army in September of the preceding year, he was hideously mistaken.

By eleven-fifteen Marines with machine guns mounted on their motorcycles began roaring up and down most of North Szechuen Road and its tributary streets shooting out all the lights and spraying bullets into even second- and third-story windows of the buildings on both sides. For some reason they ignored the first four blocks of this main thoroughfare south of the Post Office, and the stretch from Soochow Creek and the Post Office to North Honan Road remained brilliantly lighted and open to traffic.

By eleven-thirty the din of the conflict had risen to such a height that it was heard all over the International Settlement and the French Concession, and then began one of the most bizarre developments of this incredible battle in the heart of a great city.

Automobiles began arriving by the dozen, drove as far as the lighted portion of North Szechuen Road extended, and then stopped to disgorge chattering, laughing groups of American and European men and women in evening clothes. These people had come from theaters, from hotels, and from private dinner parties, attracted by curiosity concerning the "skirmish." They stood around the sloppy streets, smoking cigarettes, occasionally drinking liquor from bottles and enjoying sandwiches and hot coffee procured from nearby cafés which had not yet closed their doors.

"What's going on?"

"Why?"

"Who started it?"

"Hope the Japs will teach the cocky Chinese a good lesson."

"Yeah, Japan is saving the white man the job of bringing the Chinese to reason."

Thus imperialist-minded Shanghai stood about and gossiped and conjectured, while just across the width of Honan Road Japanese Marines were hastily constructing barbed-wire barricades and throwing up sandbag shelters.

Once Robertson and I ventured down a side street heading toward the North Station, the lights of our taxi full on. Rounding a corner our headlights revealed about a score of Japanese crawling forward on their bellies, dragging a machine gun.

"Lights out, you fools," one of their officers shouted, rising to his feet. At that instant Chinese snipers on nearby roofs and from adjacent windows poured a volley into the Japanese revealed to them by the lights of our car. The officer flung both arms wildly into the air, gurgled strangely, and crumpled into a quiet heap. Another Japanese shot out one of our lights with

a revolver just before the chauffeur darkened our car. We backed and turned, skidded in the muck and slush, and raced back to the lighted portion of North Szechuen Road, where the full-dress audience was still enjoying itself in spite of the occasional ping and whine of bullets ricochetting from nearby buildings. It was like a grim fantasy; there seemed to be no sense to the whole show.

From then on Robertson and I took turns standing watch at the "frontier," and taxiing to the office to write and file one dispatch after another. All night long we worked thus in half-hour relays, and the carbons piled up thick and deep on the desk spindle. Our cook stayed up, and kept hot coffee, cold beer, and sandwiches ready from hour to hour.

This was the beginning of a four-day period during which neither of us went to bed, and during which we had our clothes off only long enough to take a shower. After the first day we worked in two-hour relays, the man off duty always snatching a brief nap on a couch. After the second twenty-four-hour stretch coffee and beer had no effect; we kept going on sandwiches and scrambled eggs, and an occasional absinthe frappé.

A little before seven o'clock that first morning I drove again down North Szechuen Road to let Robertson get back to the office to write his bulletin, and we stood a moment together on the sidewalk comparing notes. The overcast January sky was slowly beginning to pale from black into a dirty gray. Suddenly I heard a droning sound overhead.

"Planes!" I exclaimed.

"The little yellow bastards are going to bomb Chapei," Robertson said in a breathless tone.

"Never!" I ejaculated. "Bomb 600,000 civilians in an unfortified city? Not even the Japs."

"Wait and see; bet you a bang-up dinner," said Robbie, that clever and canny young Scot.

"Taken. You'll lose."

So we waited, and the invisible planes droned along, appar-

ently swinging in wide circles, while the sky slowly lightened more and more. At last we could see them dimly.

"Watch," said Robbie. "Any minute now."

"You still lose; they are only observers," I insisted.

And then the unbelievable happened. Each plane loosed two small cylinders, pointed at one end. They dropped in parallel slanting lines. They seemed to take a very long time falling. Then, a second after they had vanished beyond the nearest roof line, the earth seemed to jar and shake, and then came the feeling of the concussion, and the blast of sound.

It is arresting and dismaying, now in 1943, to think back to that bombing story of 1931. The whole civilized world was shocked beyond measure by the Japanese bombing of Chapei. The cables brought to Shanghai long excerpts from scathing newspaper editorials, from denunciations made in Congress and in the British and other Parliaments. The ruthless slaughter of unarmed civilians by aerial bombing outraged humanity.

And now, only twelve years later, we have all become so accustomed to barbarities of this kind that we in the United States can scarcely contain our impatience to bomb Tokyo again and again and eventually to reduce all of Japan's cities to a succession of charred shambles. This is only one instance in which the Axis Powers have proved their inherent evil. By their examples, which we must necessarily follow in order to survive and finally win to victory, they have brutalized us and have set the conscience of civilized man back half a thousand years.

The world-wide denunciation of the bombing of Chapei had a curious effect upon little Admiral Shiozawa, who in looks and in manner seemed to be one of the kindest and mildest of men. I saw him again on his flagship at dusk of the fourth day of the fighting—again took cocktails with him in his private quarters. His manner was an odd combination of apology and defiance.

"Well, Abend," he began, with a forced smile, "I see your

American newspapers have nicknamed me the Baby-Killer." He paused, in seeming embarrassment. "But after all," he continued defensively, "they should give me some credit. I used only 30-pound bombs, and if I had chosen to do so I might have used the 500-pound variety."

The evening of the day of that second interview brought the only comedy relief of the whole conflict. I had been with the Admiral from five o'clock until nearly six. Then I dined, and it was nearly eight before I began writing my cabled account of what Shiozawa had said. A cable from the editor of the *New York Times* interrupted my work: "One opposition paper blares exclusive announcing Shiozawa committed hara-kiri deck his flagship five P.M. Shanghai time because despair over failure his assault Shanghai. Rush confirmation or denial."

Admiral Shiozawa certainly had had no dagger in his belly when he poured our second round of cocktails half an hour after he was supposed to have died dramatically on the deck of his flagship.

This "Shanghai Incident" of early 1932 lasted from late January until early March. The Japanese army finally had to come to the aid of the navy, and the army was forced to land 70,000 troops before the Chinese defense lines could be broken. Collectively about 35,000 Chinese and Japanese uniformed men and Chinese civilians were killed before the Japanese obtained an inconclusive victory and an unsatisfactory armistice arrangement.

This was only the mild curtain-raiser. The real battle for Shanghai was to begin five years and five months after the first one ended, and was to last nearly three months. And the struggle then was to cost about 150,000 total casualties.

THE YEARS BETWEEN

FROM the time of the cessation of fighting in Shanghai in March, 1932, until December of 1936, there was no event as spectacular as had been the triumph of the Nationalists, the rape of Manchuria, or the bloody clash at China's greatest seaport city. But nevertheless the pattern of Japan's designs for conquest became more and more obvious as the months and years passed, and China's prolonged tragedy became ever more somber.

For some reason the rapid and dramatic march of events during those four and three-quarter years has always reminded me of the development of the superb finale of Schubert's 9th Symphony, "the great C Major." There was sound and clash and fury; there was tragedy and a great beating pulse through what on a lesser scale might have seemed only chaos. And there were two great overtones, rising and battling against one another—China's effort to survive and to gather strength, and Japan's relentless and growing pressure.

Japan won little that was concrete or of great value through the Shanghai Armistice. China agreed to a virtual demilitarization of a limited zone around that great city. Neither side received indemnities or any payment for losses. Japan, however, had successfully established a precedent—she had with impunity violated the neutrality of the International Settlement by landing part of her army at Settlement wharves, and

using a portion of the Settlement as her base for military operations against the Chinese.

It is curious now to recall that many of the diehard foreigners welcomed those Shanghai hostilities of 1932, and held that Japan was doing the white man a signal service and "teaching China a much-needed lesson." Many of those same diehards are now in Japanese concentration camps in Shanghai, and no doubt wonder bitterly why they, and their governments, did not then learn a much-needed lesson which might have avoided the tragedies of the first three months of 1942.

The incurable optimists, of course, found new cause for hope of China's unification because of the superb resistance which the Nineteenth Route Army offered to the Japanese at Shanghai. This force had been something of a menace to Nanking late in 1931, and the optimists believed that joint resistance against the hated foreign invader would wipe out all domestic differences.

They were, alas, wrong once more. Nanking did not trust the Nineteenth Route Army leaders. They were put aboard transports and shipped to Foochow, in Fukien province, where pickings were so small, and support from Nanking was so meager, that they nearly starved. This resulted in the fury of a new rebellion, in December, 1933. A new government was set up at Foochow, and there was bitter fighting. Nanking's airplanes, taking a lesson from the Japanese bombardment of Chapei, bombed Foochow with frightful loss of lives and property. The rebellion was suppressed within less than a month, but it left new scars of bitter hatreds.

The fighting against the Communists continued without interruption all those years, and when they were finally driven out of Kiangsi province they headed westward on their famous "long march," pursued, attacked, and bombed almost constantly for nearly seven thousand miles until they made a new headquarters in the northwestern province of Shensi. This pursuit left a trail of death and ruin through many Chinese provinces,

but Nanking's administrators followed the track of Nanking's armies, and the pursuit greatly widened the sphere of the central government's authority.

Even after the suppression of the Fukien rebellion and the shunting of the Chinese communist armies to the poverty-stricken northwest, the country was far from unified. The southwest continued defiant and actually independent, although flying the Nanking flag and pretending a certain degree of deference to the central regime.

In Kwangtung province, with Canton as its capital, there had arisen a picturesque little warlord who had become very powerful. His name was Chen Chia-tang. He was avaricious and ambitious, scheming and deceitful. His allies were two very different types of men, Generals Li Tsung-jen and Pai Chung-hsi, who had long held the interior southwestern province of Kwangsi as their own particular territory. These men I have always esteemed as genuine patriots, able strategists, and benevolent and enlightened civilian rulers. But they hated General Chiang Kai-shek, whom they had assisted valiantly in his great march northward which ended in the capture of Peking in June of 1928. They attempted an abortive rebellion in the vicinity of Hankow in 1929, and after being defeated went south again to their own province, where they nursed their sense of having been wronged, and began strengthening their armies.

This southwest coalition became stronger year after year, and continually threatened open rebellion. Whenever General Chiang yielded to Japanese pressure they denounced him as a betrayer of his native land, and would not agree to the wisdom of "trading space for time." General Chiang wanted Chinese unity first of all, and always declared to those who had his confidence that a disunited China could not successfully resist foreign aggression. When, at times, he ran grave risks by defying specific Japanese demands, the southwestern leaders were no less loudly vocal in their criticisms—they would then accuse

him of risking destruction of the country by failing to be "realistic." It was an unhappy period, and a dangerous one.

By the spring of 1936 Chen Chia-tang had amassed an army four times the size of what was needed to maintain law and order in his own province. Then he began to encroach into adjoining provinces to the northward, notably Kiangsi and Hunan. The southwest coalition had more than 300,000 men in the field, and this was backed by well-trained local militia and a strong military police force called the Peace Preservation Corps. A large air force had also been built up, and near Canton was an airplane factory turning out more than 150 planes a year.

The southwest boasted three modern arsenals, and its armies were well equipped with tanks, anti-aircraft guns, and even searchlight battalions. Canton also had a few small cruisers and large destroyers, and several score of small swift torpedo boats.

The summer of 1936 seemed to promise another terrible civil war, but Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek quietly massed a force of about 600,000 men, and then waged a wonderfully clever campaign with "silver bullets." Chen Chia-tang's air force simply dissolved—most of the planes flew northward and joined the Nanking air force; many of the pilots deserted and went to Hongkong. General Yu Han-mou, Chen Chia-tang's right hand man, shifted sides, joined Chiang Kai-shek, and thereby turned over to Nanking an area of vital strategic importance.

The rebellion was ended with very little fighting, except for the almost total annihilation of one small force which deserted Nanking and started to march southward. Chiang Kai-shek's planes bombed and scattered these rebels, and then his ground troops virtually wiped them out.

The upshot of this affair was that Li Tsung-jen and Pai Chung-hsi retreated with their armies into the fastnesses of mountainous Kwangsi province, where in 1939 they fiercely battled against invading Japanese. Chen Chia-tang "retired," and his place as overlord of Kwangtung and Canton was given to the treacherous Yu Han-mou.

General Chen Chia-tang, who had safely banked a private fortune of more than \$50,000,000 in Chinese money in foreign-owned banks in Hongkong, was permitted to go to Europe as a somewhat unofficial representative of China, his supposed mission being to study the "defense systems of foreign nations." In 1939 he made his peace with the Chinese government, donated \$12,000,000 to the national treasury, and was formally welcomed when he went to Chungking to become a supporter of the Generalissimo.

Japan played a hand in all of this. Both Chen Chia-tang and the Kwangsi leaders had employed Japanese military advisors—men selected by Tokyo. Japan had sold munitions to the southwestern leaders, and Li Tsung-jen told me more than once that Japanese agents had offered the southwest leaders ample financing if they would launch a new civil war and rebellion against Nanking.

In the years immediately preceding the showdown of 1936 Nanking was so unsure of its own power that it did not dare to prohibit the Canton faction from buying airplanes in Japan and elsewhere abroad, and did not even protest against sales of war equipment to the recalcitrant southwest leaders. Even after the collapse of the incipient rebellion Nanking did not feel itself strong enough to try any of the subsidiary leaders for rebellion or treason, but had to pretend to believe their new protestations of patriotism and loyalty.

Not far north of Nanking, in Shantung province, another defiant warlord had grown to great power. This was General Han Fu-chu, governor of the province, who built up his own army of more than 250,000 men, and defied Nanking's orders whenever they did not please him.

Han was a colorful character, and popular with the 35,000,000 people of his province. As an administrator he made a good record, greatly improving the schools, lowering taxation, and extending the highways, long distance telephone systems, and

province-owned bus services. His work on flood control was also creditable.

One of Han Fu-chu's grievances was the fact that the Shantung seaport of Chefoo, on the northeast coast of what he considered his personal province, was held by a Nanking supporter, General Liu Chien-nien. Tsingtao, Shantung's only other important seaport, was held by an appointee of the Young Marshal, Chang Hsueh-liang, and was defended by what had been the Manchurian navy before Japan grabbed Manchuria.

So long as Han Fu-chu lacked a port through which to import munitions, and so long as Liu's armies hovered on his northeastern flank at Chefoo, he could not make a foray southward toward Nanking even had he wished to do so. The situation was so tense early in 1933, that Han Fu-chu would not permit Nanking's troops to go northward to Peiping over the railway traversing his province, and consequently all Nanking's forces northbound had to be sent up the Yangtsze to Hankow, and then on up to the former capital by the Peiping-Hankow Railway.

At a time when Nanking was threatened with possible uprisings in other parts of the country, Han Fu-chu chose to act. He sent a "punitive force" against Liu Chien-nien. Nanking protested; Nanking threatened to "dismiss" him from his post as governor of Shantung. But Han went ahead and waged a very successful civil war from which he emerged undisputed victor in less than a month. This affair cost about 20,000 lives. When it was over, Nanking sent a special convoy of transports from Shanghai to Chefoo, and they finally sailed southward with the 30,000 men of Liu's armies who had survived the conflict. Han Fu-chu had his seaport, and was not punished—at least not at that time. Subsequently, after the Japanese invasion of 1937, he was tried for treason and shot.

This, in brief, was the domestic status of China from early 1932 until the beginning of 1936. This was the country from which my deportation was sought because, in 1928 and 1929, I

would not join the chorus proclaiming to the world that an era of lasting peace and progress had then begun.

Newspaper work in those years was a continuous series of stirring adventures, wide travel, and a widening circle of acquaintance with men who were making history in the Far East. Nanking, officially, was very sensible about the wide scope of the news I covered. When I was in Canton or in Kwangsi, I cabled what the southern leaders charged against Nanking; when I went to Shantung I quoted old Han Fu-chu in many a denunciation of the government and its leaders. But all of this was tempered, as was proper, by balancing presentations of Nanking's side of the case, and by interpretative cables showing the convictions upon which the central government's course was solidly based.

During these years, too, I continued to enjoy extraordinary access to exclusive news from Japanese sources. When I wondered about this audibly to Yosuke Matsuoka, then president of the South Manchuria Railway and later the Japanese Foreign Minister who engineered Japan into joining the Axis, he explained the matter thus:

"You see, for years the *New York Times*, in its editorials, was always very fair to Japan, and often defended Japanese policies. Since early 1932, however, the *Times* has been bitterly critical of Japan in its editorials. Maybe if you let New York know how well we treat you, the editorial policy will change again."

The *Times* had, in fact, been exceedingly fair and judicial in its Far East editorials even during the early months of the invasion of Manchuria. But the Japanese bombing of undefended Chapei, during the Shanghai hostilities of early 1932, was too much for Adolph Ochs, then the publisher. After that needless barbarity, which began on the morning of January 29th, Mr. Ochs himself was bitterly anti-Japanese, and his newspaper, editorially, became sharply critical of and continu-

ingly hostile to the manifestations of Japanese policies on the Asiatic mainland.

Important and stirring as were the involvements of China's purely domestic affairs during these years, it was Japan's continuing encroachments which made the really important news. Frequent as were my trips to Canton and the southwest, my trips to North China and to Manchuria outnumbered them several times over from 1932 to the close of 1936, for it was in the area where Japan was most actively on the move that there was always the greatest likelihood of international involvements.

My files and carbons record that time after time during those years my cables and mailed articles contained specific warnings that Japan was on the march toward what she conceived as being her own "Manifest Destiny."

Time after time I warned that it was only calling in folly for counsel smugly to believe that Japan's expansionism would result in bankruptcy, that only a small clique was responsible for the policy of aggression, that there would be a revolution in Japan, or that there existed in that empire any "liberal element" which would eventually restrain Japanese militarism.

Again and again I wrote warnings that events in East Asia were not the result of the actions of a small group of generals who were defying the Tokyo Foreign Office. I also emphasized again and again that military restlessness, territorial or economic greed, or a mere spirit of opportunism were not the compelling motives of Japanese actions.

I insisted that the Japanese, proud of having evolved into a first-class power in an incredibly short space of time, were on the march as a people—as a nation—because they had the sagacity to realize that as they were situated they must choose between aggression and expansion or retrogression to the status of a second- or even a third-class power. Japan, with her own original small native area and her meager natural resources,

was bound to be outgrown and overshadowed unless she expanded at the expense of others.

The combination of the unmistakable growth of Soviet power, and China's unmistakable, slow but certain tendency toward eventual unification and strength, made it imperative for Japan to try to establish herself as mistress of the Far East before either of these other developments was complete.

In 1935 I took the stand that nothing except an overwhelming military and naval defeat would halt Japan's progress upon the Asiatic mainland, and that this progress imperiled not only our own position in the Philippines, but also the safety of the Netherlands East Indies, and probably Britain's position at Singapore.

The substance and strength of China had by that time been wasted through two decades of self-destructive civil war, and it seemed obvious that China could never defeat Japan without outside help.

The governments and peoples of the world need not have depended upon the warnings of several of the large group of Far East correspondents for their alarm signals. Tokyo officials time after time gave warnings in plenty, and the course of events in North China showed clearly what was in store. When Mr. Eiji Amau, spokesman for the Japanese Foreign Office, issued his "hands off China" warning his words were received abroad with something akin to derision, but Amau made no incautious slip. He was announcing policy, and within a few weeks several generals reinforced his words by announcing that "because of propinquity" they would countenance no more American or European financing of Chinese railroads. Any railway expansion, other than that financed by Japan, would be held "inimical to Japan itself and to the new Empire of Manchoukuo" the fighting men declared. And they were never rebuked.

The Japanese were never versatile in thinking up excuses for their North China encroachments during these crucial years. Time after time they pretended to discern "signs of discon-

tent" on the part of the Chinese masses in given areas, and then these signs were supposedly followed by "spontaneous demands for change." These situations, as seen through Japanese spectacles, always menaced the safety of the borders of Manchoukuo, or the safety of large Japanese commercial interests. And then Japan applied pressure, or sent troops.

When American or European protests were received, Japan usually replied embarrassingly. Tokyo would recite precedents best forgotten—Panama, Nicaragua, Mexico; or India or Iraq or Egypt; or Indo-China or Morocco or Ethiopia. Nothing more could well be said, then; and none of the powers was ready to act with decision.

Those who imagine that Japan and China were actually at peace from the time of the Shanghai Armistice in 1932 until the clash at Marco Polo Bridge in July of 1937 have forgotten what they read in their newspapers of history in the making during those years.

At the beginning of 1933, for instance, rich Jehol province, which lies west of Manchuria proper, and north of the Peiping-Tientsin area, was nominally part of the new Empire of Manchoukuo. General Tang Yu-lin, who was governor of the 65,000 square miles of Jehol, had declared his allegiance to Manchoukuo, had signed the Manchoukuo Declaration of Independence, and was even vice-president of the Manchoukuo Privy Council. He seemed secure in his mountainous province, which he held with an army of 140,000 men.

Early in February, however, it became known that he was secretly pro-Nanking, and that he had been conspiring with the exiled young Manchurian warlord, Chang Hsueh-liang, who held the Peiping-Tientsin area with his refugee forces from Manchuria. The Japanese attacked on February 23rd, and Tang ignominiously fled. By March 4th the travesty of a war was ended, and China had lost another whole province rich in coal and other minerals and forests.

The Japanese forces made only a brief pause along the Jehol

borders north of Peiping. They complained that the large numbers of former Jehol and Manchurian soldiers quartered north and northeast of Peiping and Tientsin constituted a threat to the borders of Manchoukuo—and then they attacked. By May 31st the Japanese armies had fought their way down the narrow mountain passes onto the plains of North China, and were actually only twelve miles from Peiping, and twenty-eight miles from Tientsin. The thunder of their artillery could be heard in both of those great cities.

One of the most humiliating spectacles I ever witnessed was at the dirty little port of Tangku, at the mouth of the Hai River below Tientsin, on the morning of May 31st, 1933. It was a day of muggy, oppressive heat. On a siding at the Tangku station stood a long train without locomotives. At each end of the train were two armored cars, and between them a long string of Wagons-Lits compartment coaches, with all blinds drawn. The guns of the armored cars were turned away from the river.

On the bank of the river, near the station, was the Japanese Consulate, surrounded by a wall and heavily sandbagged and protected with barbed wire. Moored just above and below the consulate, with their guns trained point-blank upon the train, were two Japanese destroyers stripped for action and with crews at battle posts.

Presently from the curtained coaches there descended nearly a score of high Chinese officials. No automobiles or carriages had been provided. They had to walk down the narrow, dusty little Tangku street which had no sidewalks. At the gate of the Japanese Consulate they were brusquely challenged by Japanese sentries, and were then kept standing in the broiling sun for nearly ten minutes. At last they were admitted, and were received by a group of Japanese officials, all of whom had been selected with studious care from ranks below those of the Chinese delegates.

A paper was produced and signed—it was the infamous

Tangku Truce. Then the Japanese served champagne—a wine which must have tasted bitter to constricted Chinese throats. And then the Chinese, having virtually signed North China over to the Japanese, trudged through the dust back to their special train.

The full terms of the Tangku Truce, the Japanese say, have never been made public out of consideration for Chinese "face." The Chinese say nothing. But it was jointly announced that under this arrangement a huge portion of Hopei province lying between the Peiping-Tientsin area and the southern borders of Manchoukuo and Jehol, became a demilitarized zone into which Chinese armies might not penetrate. Provision was made for a Peace Preservation Corps to maintain law and order, but it was specified that periodical Japanese inspections should be held to make certain that this corps had no weapons more formidable than rifles and revolvers.

For about eighteen months there was a lull. Then the Japanese began to complain again. Violations of the Tangku Truce were charged; the peace and order of Manchoukuo were said to be imperiled by Kuomintang activities in Peiping and Tientsin; Chinese government troops near Peiping were charged with being "violently anti-Japanese," and Sino-Japanese co-operation and friendship were said to be imperiled by the "character" of Nanking's provincial representatives in North China. While the Japanese complained, they also began to move their troop trains down to the southern Manchoukuo border. Small bodies of Japanese troops penetrated the demilitarized zone, ostensibly in pursuit of "bandit gangs."

Peiping and Tientsin descended into panic and chaos. Trains and ships southbound were jammed beyond the danger point. Kuomintang officials fled, Chiang Kai-shek's appointees vanished, General Yu Hsueh-chung, Nanking's appointee as governor of Hopei province, made a hurried retreat with his army of 40,000 men to an area south of the Yellow River. Japanese soldiers from the Japanese Concession in Tientsin searched the

abandoned Kuomintang Party headquarters in that city, and confiscated piles of abandoned records and letters.

At this point Japanese-language newspapers in North China and Japanese propagandists began to recount details of an imaginary "will of the people" movement for an autonomous government for the five northern provinces of Hopei, Shantung, Shansi, Charhar, and Suiyuan. No one except the Japanese and their base hirelings had ever heard of such a movement.

This period of tension was ended by a mysterious document which became known as the "Ho-Umetsu Agreement." Neither the document nor a summary of its terms was ever made public—again the Japanese explained their reticence as being inspired by a tender regard for Chinese "face."

Japan insisted that an agreement about North China had been signed by General Umetsu, commander of the garrison of the Japanese Concession at Tientsin, and by General Ho Ying-ching, Nanking's Minister of War, who had been sent to Peiping to help solve the crisis. Nanking's version is that General Umetsu sent a letter outlining what he termed "Japan's minimum demands," and that General Ho signed nothing except a note acknowledging receipt of General Umetsu's letter.

The visible result of this exchange of correspondence was that the Peiping-Tientsin area remained a political and military vacuum for about five months. True, Nanking named a provincial governor for Hopei, a General Shang Chen, but he did not go to Peiping. Instead, he and his personal army of 40,000 men stayed at Paotingfu, well to the southwest, and within easy distance of the bridge over the Yellow River.

With the coming of November, 1935, Japan began shouting again about a demand for five autonomous northern provinces; again Japanese troops poured through the Jehol mountain passes onto the plains of North China, and again troop trains rolled southwards from Mukden.

When the tumult had died down, the result seemed sur-

prisingly unimportant. About twenty of the counties of East Hopei had become autonomous—not the five northern provinces. But the autonomous area reached from the Great Wall to within rifle shot of the mouth of the Hai River below Tientsin, and to within twelve miles of Peiping.

In the latter area, at the walled town of Tungchow, which sits astride the Peiping-Tientsin motor highway, Japan's puppet, Yin Ju-keng, set up his "capital." Yin had spent much time in Japan, spoke Japanese fluently, and had a Japanese wife. Nanking promptly put a price upon his head, but he ignored this and went into Peiping almost nightly to cafés and theaters—although Peiping was nominally under Nanking's authority.

Yin Ju-keng's allegedly "autonomous" area comprised about 29,000 square miles, roughly a quarter of Hopei province, and had a population of more than 6,000,000 people. Japanese yen and Manchoukuo currency soon began to circulate freely in Yin's whole area, and Yin himself became rich very rapidly collecting his own taxes.

Outwardly the situations in Shantung, Shansi, and Suiyuan were unchanged, but Nanking had been forced to withdraw 140,000 central government troops from the area north of the Yellow River. And then, suddenly, the administration of Hopei and Charhar provinces was merged under the Hopei-Charhar Political Council, headed by General Sung Cheh-yuan. The area governed by this shadow council approximated 214,000 square miles, and had a population of nearly 40,000,000. Japan was getting on.

Early in 1936 the real use of the East Hopei autonomous area became apparent. Japan had been trying, unsuccessfully, to force China to conclude an economic agreement with Manchoukuo. Nanking refused to recognize the new puppet empire, and refused to enter a Japan-Manchoukuo economic bloc, but through trains ran between Peiping and Mukden, the telegraph lines had been reopened, and mail was interchanged. More than

that, China had opened customs houses along the Manchoukuo border. But this did not satisfy Tokyo. So economic pressure was used in the most unscrupulous manner possible.

Yin Ju-keng announced that he was establishing a new scale of import customs charges for Autonomous East Hopei. This new scale was about one-fourth that charged by the Chinese government and paid at all ports of entry other than those located in East Hopei. The effect of the new schedule soon became apparent, and the manner in which Japan made use of this leverage became an international scandal.

Japanese and Koreans, many of whom had been venturesome smugglers, suddenly found their activities made safe. At first hundreds of small boats and ships began appearing at all the little ports which Yin Ju-keng controlled between the mouth of the Hai-Ho in the south and the Manchoukuo boundary near Shanhakwan in the north. Most of these came from the Japanese-controlled port of Dairen, at the southern tip of Manchuria. Then larger and larger vessels appeared—these came from Japan.

China was helpless. Chinese industries were ruined by the influx of competing goods from Japanese factories. American, British, and other importing houses doing a legitimate business found their trade paralyzed. Hundreds and hundreds of Chinese shops failed, and were bought up for next to nothing by Japanese and Koreans. Large Chinese-owned silk and cotton mills in Tientsin could not compete with the Japanese goods which came into the country paying only one-quarter the usual customs dues. These mills went into bankruptcy, and were bought up by Japanese.

Nanking's customs houses at Tientsin and Shanhakwan, which normally collected about \$40,000,000 a year, collected a little less than \$8,000,000 during the first twelve months that the flood of Japanese goods came through Yin Ju-keng's ports.

The imported goods brought into Autonomous East Hopei did not stay there. They flooded into much of the rest of China. Not only to Tientsin and Peiping, but first down into Shantung province, then into Honan. They filled the shelves of merchants at Hankow and even at Nanking itself.

China protested. The United States, Britain, and France protested. Chinese customs police arrested Japanese found on trains transporting bales of these goods which had not paid the legal customs dues. Under extraterritoriality, the arrested men had to be turned over to Japanese Consular Courts for trial. All were instantly freed. The Japanese Consul-General at Tientsin, Mr. Kawagoe, who was later Ambassador to Nanking, cynically explained that although Japan had harsh laws for punishing smugglers caught bringing contraband into the Empire, Japan had no laws to prevent Japanese from smuggling Japanese-made goods into China!

At one time there was a terrible glut of smuggled goods lying in great pyramids along the beaches of Yin Ju-keng's area. They were in bales and boxes, and covered with canvas.

Then began the period of intimidating and abusing Chinese railway employees who at first refused to haul these goods. There were fights, blackjacks were wielded, stones were hurled, and finally firearms were used, with casualties on both sides. Japan threatened reprisals, and after that every train south-bound through Autonomous East Hopei included ten freight cars put at the exclusive disposal of the smugglers.

This was not an affair of a gigantic graft developed by a Chinese puppet working under partial protection by Japan. The Japanese navy took a leading part in the disgraceful system. First Chinese customs cruisers were ordered to remove all machine guns from their decks. Next they were ordered to stay outside the three-mile limit along the East Hopei coast. As a final outrage, Japan notified China that her customs cruisers must not even enter a twelve-mile zone off East Hopei, and

that if they did so Japanese naval vessels "would class them as pirates, and open fire on sight."

Encouraged by the success of these activities in North China, the Japanese began smuggling on a grand scale from the island of Formosa to the vicinity of Amoy and Foochow, the main seaports of Fukien province, which lies south of Shanghai. At Amoy, in one year, legal imports of kerosene dropped from 1,852,000 cases to 310,000. Legal sugar imports declined, in the same period of time, from 18,004,000 pounds to only 2,503,000 pounds. The price of sugar dropped from \$22 to \$15 a picul—a measure of 133 pounds. China's import duty on sugar at that time was \$14.50 per picul.

It was during the heyday of this smuggling racket that Japan finally adopted as a national policy the debauching and poisoning of the Chinese people with drugs. Much of the arable land of Jehol province had been planted to the opium poppy after Japan forcibly annexed Jehol to Manchoukuo, and there were also enormous areas of Manchoukuo itself where poppies were grown under the official opium monopoly.

The smugglers working in North China, as well as those busy along the Fukien coast, took in opium, morphine, and heroin. Ships of the Japanese Navy shamelessly delivered the drugs to Shanghai, to Tientsin and to Hankow. Japanese Concession areas all over China became centers for the drug trade, and the supply became so plentiful that even coolie laborers could buy a day's supply for ten cents in Chinese money, at that time about three cents in American money.

The central government at Nanking had no choice but to follow a policy which was called "yielding resistance," and this stirred no national enthusiasm. Nanking wanted time—time to achieve real, dependable unity, time to arm effectively, time to develop an air force, time to amass adequate reserves of munitions and of coal for the railways.

And always Nanking counted on the possibility that someday

Japan would finally openly antagonize some strong foreign power who would become China's ally in what the Chinese considered the inevitable struggle for survival against Japan. China kept hoping that something might happen. And finally it did happen, and then events moved fast.

TRYING CONSPIRACY FIRST

LONG before Japan openly attacked China in July of 1937, she was trying to gain ascendancy by means of political intrigue. In 1935 her hopes were to split China into three mutually hostile areas—North China to be ruled by her own puppets, South China to be ruled by the Canton-Kwangsi warlords, to whom she offered advisers and airplanes, and Central China to be in the hands of a small and corrupt group in the Kuomintang after General Chiang Kai-shek, T. V. Soong, H. H. Kung and their associates had been ousted.

From early March onward there were disquieting reports about a secret agreement having been entered into between Japan and a small group in the Nanking Executive Yuan. Then Hu Han-min, one of the pillars of the party, resigned all his offices and departed for Europe. This gave rise to many rumors that Wang Ching-wei, now head of Japan's puppet regime in Nanking, was negotiating with the Japanese, and that Hu had departed rather than be even remotely associated with such treasonable activities.

Early in May a Frenchman who lived in the International Settlement began to peddle around what he called a document of first-rate international importance—allegedly the agreement supposed to have been signed in February of that year by some traitorous Chinese in Nanking, with representatives of Japan and of Japan's puppet government of Manchoukuo.

This document, the Frenchman declared, had been secretly

copied from the original protocol by a member of the Secretariat of the Executive Yuan at Nanking who was in violent opposition to appeasement of or co-operation with Japan.

This Frenchman, who at that particular time was calling himself merely Alfonsi, had at one time been Chief of Police in the French Concession of Shanghai. He became rich, as did most French Concession officials, and finally resigned under suspicion of colossal graft. He went to France, and soon lost all his savings. Then he returned to Shanghai, and lived extravagantly, although he was entirely without formal employment, and had no known income from investments. His reputation was extremely unsavory.

The document in question was offered, at a very high price, to Edwin S. Cunningham, then American Consul-General in Shanghai, who told Alfonsi he did not purchase information. A tender was then made to Colonel, later Brigadier General, John C. Beaumont, who was then commander of the 4th U. S. Marines in Shanghai. Colonel Beaumont also declined to buy. Alfonsi finally came to me, but his price was so outrageously high that I did not even refer the matter to New York. After my refusal to buy, Alfonsi let me see what he termed the original copy in Chinese, as well as English and French translations.

Here are the nine points of the supposedly made-in-Tokyo proposals:

1. That Japan maintain the complete territorial integrity of China, and aid China in exterminating Communism and eradicating reactionary movements.
2. To maintain normal diplomatic relations between China and Japan.
3. That according to Japan's viewpoint, it shall assume the responsibility of carrying out political, military, economic and other objects in China.
4. That Japan is most desirous of exchanging Ambassadors and advisers with China, and that China's relations should be on a basis of equality with those of Manchoukuo. At the same time China

should acknowledge the serious nature of the responsibility assumed by Japan in protecting the peace of Eastern Asia, and that China cannot depend upon Europe, the United States, and the League of Nations.

5. That Japan desires to enter into direct negotiations with China in regard to political questions in the Far East and does not desire to be subject to the kind of restrictions imposed by the Nine Power and other Treaties.

6. That in regard to the military problems of the Far East, Japan is also not desirous that China depend upon the League of Nations, Europe, the United States and other countries which may interfere with Japan or give counsel (to China).

7. That Japan, for the purpose of achieving an economic *entente* among China, Japan and Manchoukuo, shall form a common beneficent kind of economic combination.

8. That if China is sincere in accepting the above requests of Japan, China should immediately demarcate North China as a perpetual defense zone between China and Manchoukuo.

9. That a reply to the above treaty shall be made before March 27th, and that it shall go into effect two months after the date thereof.

..

Many of the points contained in this document chimed exactly with many private and public utterances of various Japanese officials and military leaders during the preceding months, and the general tenor of the alleged treaty seemed almost exactly to summarize what were known to be Japan's main aims in East Asia.

When I consulted T. V. Soong about this document he read my summary with lively interest, but said he thought it was spurious. He agreed, however, that it unquestionably represented Japan's ambitious program for alienating China from the United States, from Great Britain, and from Geneva. He was emphatic, however, in declaring that he did not believe any member of the Executive Yuan at Nanking would dare to sign such a secret treaty no matter how high might be his hopes of eventually attaining power backed by Japan's military might.

Subsequent events, and Wang Ching-wei's present position at Nanking as Japan's Number One Quisling, indicate that in this judgment Mr. Soong might well have been wrong.

Discussing the situation in North China, where Japan was already well entrenched in Hopei province, Mr. Soong heatedly declared:

"This is a time for fighting. If we do not resist now, our chance may be lost for good and all. Even a defeat, after all, is something. It is better to fight and to lose, than to give up everything without a struggle."

He added that only a few hours before he had heard that Nanking had yielded to Japanese threats and military pressure from Jehol and in Hopei, and had ordered General Sung Sheh-yuan to resign as Governor of Charhar, and to remove his armies southward from that province.

"This means Suiyuan province next," he added gloomily.

Then Mr. Soong discussed the whole Sino-Japanese situation and revealed an insight into the inherent problem of East Asia which it was deplorable not to find in Washington, when I lived and worked there in the spring and summer of 1941.

"You know," he said, "the people who think they understand the Japanese and can get along with them make a great mistake. Actually the Japanese appreciate nothing but force. While I was abroad two years ago I urged the government many times by cable not to sign any agreement pertaining to the Peiping-Tientsin area or North China generally, but to resist. I cabled to make the Japanese take Tientsin and Peiping by force rather than to sign, but to resist at any cost. It would have meant thousands of people killed, but even street fighting is better than not fighting at all. It is a great mistake to try to negotiate with Japan about anything."

Now, in the summer of 1943, Mr. Soong is not only China's Minister of Foreign Affairs, but he is residing in Washington, and is a member of the Pacific War Council. Events since 1937

have not changed his attitude, or dimmed the keenness of his understanding of our enemy in the Pacific.

Later, during that same talk early in 1935, Mr. Soong said, "This aggression will continue until we have to fight. Many people will have to be killed. You will see."

Mr. Soong was one of the few statesmen in the Far East, of any nationality, who was never fooled by the insidious Japanese pretensions that there was a deep division between the Japanese Foreign Office or civilian group and the Japanese army. That day I asked him if he believed the published reports concerning an open split between the Foreign Ministry and the War Ministry in Tokyo.

"It isn't actually a split," he replied. "The army has always been in control. The situation may appear to be in the hands of the Foreign Office for a while; then the army suddenly starts action and the diplomats have to do their bidding."

Wise words, that should be remembered after Japan is forced to unconditional surrender, and before we begin to frame the final terms of peace.

SUMMER, 1936

THE SUMMER of 1936 found China practically on the verge of disintegration, and it became clear that unless hatred of Japan could be utilized as a unifying force, China would gradually be overrun by the Japanese unless the United States or a coalition of the Western Powers should interfere, more for their own protection and to prevent Japan from becoming too powerful than because of any development of international philanthropy.

I had reported to the *Times* that a situation of great gravity was developing, that we would probably have to enlarge the group of sub-correspondents working under the Shanghai office, and had issued a warning that expenses connected with the proper handling of Far Eastern news would probably double or even treble within the next year.

At that time cable charges alone on news from China were already exceeding \$100,000 a year, in addition to which there were steadily mounting outlays to cover my own salary, that of my assistant in Shanghai, full-time sub-correspondents in Nanking, Peiping, and Manchuria, and part-time men in Hankow, Canton, Hongkong, and Dairen. There were also very large annual telegraph and cable tolls between the Shanghai office and the various sub-correspondents, as well as office rents, and other expenses for Shanghai and the different bureaus working under Shanghai's direction, pay for their translators and news services, and my own traveling expenses.

This forecast of increasingly troubled times in the Far East and the accompanying mounting expenses brought me a cable from Mr. James on June 22nd, 1936, asking me to send "a confidential, extended detailed letter on the situation and prospects in China" to Arthur Hays Sulzberger, publisher of the *Times*.

The following excerpts from this report, compiled on June 22nd, show the then existing seriousness of the situation in China and Japan, areas of the world vital to the United States and containing collectively about 520,000,000 human beings, or more than one-fourth of the 2,000,000,000 people existing on the globe. I suggested that Mr. Sulzberger have a map of China at hand as he read the report.

Beginning with Manchuria and Jehol, the four provinces of those areas are definitely and permanently lost to China. Japan will not get out unless she is blasted out, and even Russia does not seem to be inclined to do the blasting. This alienation has lost China 32,000,000 people, and, according to new Japanese surveys, 540,000 square miles of territory.

Hopei, with an area of 115,000 square miles, and about 35,000,000 people, and Charhar, area 99,000 square miles and population about 5,000,000, are in process of being amputated. They cannot be retained by China except by force of arms, and China cannot hope to win them back that way.

June of last year General Chiang Kai-shek, yielding to Japanese threats, withdrew from Hopei and Charhar 140,000 Central Government troops. Last December another 40,000 were withdrawn. Today those vast provinces contain only about 50,000 Chinese troops, and they are of poor quality and poorly equipped. Japan now has about 8,000 of her regular army in Hopei, and a skeleton officer force to handle five times that number of men.

Under the Ho-Umetsu Agreement, the Chinese Government may not send armed forces into Hopei nor Charhar without first obtaining the permission of the Japanese Army. Hopei and Charhar contain immense coal deposits and undeveloped fields of iron ore. Already Japan is encouraging the growing of cotton there. Hopei con-

tains the cities of Tientsin and Peiping (both more than 1,000,000 people) and the harbors and railways which make the province the natural gateway to North China and Inner Mongolia.

Hopei and Charhar have both been subdivided since the Japanese achieved their dominant position. The East Hopei Autonomous Regime controls the northeastern fourth of the province, including the seacoast from Shankaikwan down nearly to the mouth of the river below Tientsin. This regime collects its own taxes, is founding its own Central Bank, plans on issuing its own currency, and has its own armed force more than 15,000 strong. They are equipped with weapons from Japan and are largely Japanese officered.

This East Hopei Autonomous Regime has its capital at Tungchow, only 12 miles outside Peiping, and its borders come to within 28 miles of Tientsin. It is this area which is the stamping ground for Japanese smugglers.

The five northeastern hsien, or counties, of Charhar have also been cut away. A Mongol, "General" Li, has seized this area, and his "capital" is only 30 miles north of Kalgan. His force is armed with Japanese weapons, and he has many Japanese civilian and military "advisers." He has closed the trade routes southward by the simple expedient of levying 100 per cent "export taxes" on goods going south, while charging nothing on goods going eastward into Jehol and Manchoukuo.

The term "Inner Mongolia" is now meaningless. When the Nanking Government conquered the North, they divided Inner Mongolia into Jehol, Charhar, and Suiyuan provinces, and gave slices of it to Shansi and to the new province of Ninghsia. This lost them the loyalty of the Mongols, who resented the overlordship of Chinese provincial governors, resented being split into separate administrative areas, and resented most of all the fact that the Chinese governors sold the Mongol grazing lands to Chinese farmers.

Japan has shown the wisdom of the serpent in dealing with the Mongols. She has given autonomy to the Mongol Banners of western Heilungkiang Province in Manchuria, and autonomy to the Mongol districts of Jehol. The Mongols in Charhar, Suiyuan and adjacent regions realize that the Mongols in Manchuria and Jehol are infinitely better off than those under Chinese control, and also

that they are better off than those of Outer Mongolia who are under Soviet domination.

This sympathetic attitude of the Mongols will be invaluable to Japan, for the Japanese Army indisputably has "designs" on all of Suiyuan and on territory clear on westward into Sinkiang or Chinese Turkestan. It is almost certain that before the end of this year Japan will be in absolute control of the entire length of the Peiping-Suiyuan Railway, which terminates at Paotao. This whole westward push is designed to drive a wedge between Chinese and Soviet territory, and is entirely strategic in inspiration.

Now to move northward. For more than 10 years Soviet Russia has controlled Outer Mongolia, which is 622,000 square miles in extent. It is nominally an "Independent Soviet Republic," enjoys formal recognition from Moscow, and recently concluded a military alliance with Soviet Russia providing for mutual assistance if an invasion is made by "any third party." Russia, in notes to Nanking, continues to "recognize Chinese suzerainty," but for years the borders have been closed, and all Outer Mongolian trade is diverted to Siberia.

Sinkiang province, or Chinese Turkestan, is about 630,000 square miles in extent, but is sparsely populated with only about 4,000,000 people. It is also lost to China. The trade routes this way are closed, and Sinkiang commerce is with Siberia and over the Turk-Sib Railway. Russian military advisers predominate at the capital, Russian money is freely used all over the province, Russians are opening up the mines, and new highways lead across the border mountains into Soviet territory. A Chinese is still nominally chairman of the provincial government, and is supposedly Nanking's appointee, but he will not permit Nanking mail planes to cross his borders, and has independently concluded several trade treaties with Moscow.

Japan fears that Russia intends to push down into China proper from Sinkiang, using the old caravan routes through what was Kokonor, and through the panhandle of Kansu province.

To counteract the spread of Soviet spheres Japan has already created the ultra-conservative Empire of Manchoukuo, and wants an ultra-conservative North China. She will conclude with whatever authority she sets up in North China a treaty similar to the Japan-Manchoukuo Protocol. This gives Japan the right to send in

as many troops as, in her opinion, are necessary for maintaining order and "insuring against outside aggression."

Suiyuan and Shansi will almost inevitably have to come into the North China scheme of Japan, for they cannot reach the rest of China by rail or by highway except by traversing Hopei or Charhar. Shansi, by the way, is 81,000 square miles in area, and has about 13,000,000 people.

Then there is Shantung, with another 35,000,000 people thickly settled over its 55,000 square miles of territory. There are already more than 20,000 Japanese civilians in Shantung. Japan holds a 40,000,000 yen mortgage, with overdue interest, which matures next year, on the railway connecting the port of Tsingtao with Tsinan, the provincial capital.

Much Japanese money is invested in Shantung coal mines, and the Chinese Government owes the Japanese Government another 15,000,000 yen for properties which Japan relinquished during the Washington Conference. These properties were secured by Japan from Germany, as spoils of the World War. No interest has been paid.

General Han Fu-chu is such an absolute and independent ruler in Shantung, where he has his own army, that he never permits the Central Government to send military trains across his borders. The withdrawals from Hopei last year all had to be made westward through Honan, over the Peiping-Hankow line. Han Fu-chu is bitterly anti-Japanese, but is equally bitterly anti-Chiang Kai-shek. He seems now about to side with the Southwest.

Let's clean up the western hinterland before we take up the complicated situation in the heart of the country. Thibet is nearly 465,000 square miles in area, but has less than 3,000,000 inhabitants. China has no authority there, and a pro-British regime succeeded to power after the Dalai Lama died a couple of years ago. Nanking has for a decade backed the Panchen Lama, who was driven into exile by the Dalai, and has been paying the Panchen between \$400,000 and \$600,000 a year. The Panchen is now in Chinghai province, hovering near the borders of Thibet, which he is afraid to cross.

The present regime at Lhassa will in all likelihood soon discover a baby who will be proclaimed the reincarnation of the Dalai, and then there will be a long regency. Thibetan and Chinese forces have

been fighting intermittently for several years along the Thibet-Sikong marches, with the Thibetans gradually extending their territory.

The territory actually controlled by Nanking comprises all of Kiangsu, Chekiang, Anhui, Honan, Hupeh, Szechuen and Kweichow provinces. In addition Nanking holds the northern four-fifths of Fukien and Kiangsi, all except a small southern fringe of Hunan, has a nominal control over Yunnan, and controls four-fifths of Kansu and two-thirds of Shensi. One-fifth of Kansu and the northern third of Shensi are in the hands of Communist armies.

The southern two-thirds of Shensi has been allotted to Chang Hsueh-liang, the exiled Young Marshal of Manchuria, who still has about 120,000 troops. He supports Nanking, but reports that his men are restive, and want to join *any* anti-Japanese movement. Most of them are former Manchurian peasants, and for nearly five years they have not seen their farms nor their families.

Portions of southern Fukien are occupied by "Autonomous" armies which have Japanese rifles, and Japanese and Formosan advisers. The southernmost part of Kiangsi, which produces most of the world's supply of tungsten ore, is occupied by Cantonese armies. At the moment Kwangsi and Cantonese forces are entrenched along the southern borders of Hunan, where civil war is likely to start any day.

Now we come to the present menace of civil war between Nanking and the Southwest. The challengers are Kwangtung and Kwangsi provinces, with combined areas of 177,000 square miles, and combined populations of nearly 40,000,000.

For years these two provinces have been independent of Nanking, and together they have defied the Central Government time after time. As the price of peace Nanking has granted to them annual "subsidies" practically equal to all the customs and other national taxes collected within their own borders. Today their continued existence as independent states is at stake, and besides that, in the case of Kwangsi there are old wrongs and ancient grudges to be estimated. Moreover there are apparently insoluble differences of conviction upon matters of foreign policies and domestic politics.

Since Chiang Kai-shek has for long muzzled the press, and forbidden freedom of speech and assembly, all disgruntled politicians have naturally gravitated to the Southwest where they were free to

air their anti-government views. These civilians were a handy "front" for the southern militarists.

Generals Pai Chung-hsi and Li Tsung-jen are the leaders with the grudges. They were largely responsible for the conquest of North China by the Nationalists in 1928. In 1929, when they held the Hankow area, they quarreled with Chiang Kai-shek, who waged a successful civil war against them, and drove them back to Kwangsi. These men have always held that General Chiang betrayed the principles of the Revolution, used the Kuomintang as a tool for forwarding his own ambitions, and broke all of Sun Yat-sen's promises to the peasants and common people.

These Kwangsi leaders, and General Chen Chai-tang, Canton's Dictator, are bitterly opposed to General Chiang's ambition to have himself "elected" President of China next November at the hand-picked People's Congress which is to be held at Nanking.

Nanking has done its worst to make it appear that the Southwest is the paid agent of Japan, and is starting a civil war at this time in order to make easier Japan's absorption of China. It is true that Kwangsi used Japanese military advisers, and has purchased arms, munitions and airplanes from Japan, some purchases probably being made under liberal credits. But there can be no question of the genuineness of the anti-Japanese spirit of both the leaders and the people of Canton and of Kwangsi.

The Southerners are sincere in their anti-Japanism and in their belief that if Chiang Kai-shek continues in power China will be "given away to Japan, bit by bit," while General Chiang husbands his military and cash reserves to sustain his own domestic position against domestic adversaries. The Southwest sincerely wants to re-organize the Central Government, and then arouse the patriotism of the Chinese people in order to make an effort to regain North China and Manchuria.

For many months General Chiang Kai-shek has been busy at preparations just south of the Yellow River which, seemingly, can have no excuse except eventual war with Japan. The east-west Lunhai Railway is being fortified, as are the north-south sections of the Tientsin-Pukow and Peiping-Hankow from the Yellow River southward to the Yangtsze. Great dugouts of cement and reinforced steel have been completed at strategic cities in this area—some as

places of refuge for the civilian population, and some as storage places for grain, munitions, fuel oil and gasoline. He has been buying naval mines from abroad, and has secretly converted many of his ships into mine layers.

I may tell you, in the strictest confidence, that Madame Chiang told me, two months ago: "Of course we must fight Japan, but we won't try it until we are sure of at least being able to hurt our adversary seriously." Madame Chiang is not just the Generalissimo's wife; she is active in domestic politics, influences foreign policy, advises the Generalissimo upon all his problems, and now is Director General in charge of the Military Aviation Department, and as such concludes all purchases.

But Chiang Kai-shek is not popular with the public, and even his military and political supporters have little personal enthusiasm for him. He is able, but has the unhappy knack of making personal enemies, and does not easily inspire personal loyalties. A month ago he seemed to be approaching the peak of his power; today he has lost much ground, and there is much talk of how Yuan Shih-kai was overthrown, how his power simply melted away when the throne was within his grasp.

At one time, unquestionably, Chiang Kai-shek was Japan's favorite candidate over here. But times have changed. Presumably there was some breach of faith. The Japanese are openly pleased over the present situation, as regards the Southwest, and say it validates their claim that "China is only a geographical expression."

Japan will certainly take advantage of the pending period of turmoil and spreading chaos. She is determined to be the dominating power within China, and will permit no man to centralize authority unless he is "her man." All talk of the "Liberals" in Japan influencing the present Tokyo Government is just so much tosh. Hirota is the Army's man, and the Army forced the retirement of Shigemitsu. The Army dictated the unprecedented elevation of Kawagoe from the minor position of Consul-General at Tientsin to the eminence of Ambassador to China.

If Chiang Kai-shek wars against and defeats the Southwest, then certainly Japan will try to contrive his undoing, for he would then be too powerful to suit Japan's desires. If Chiang is defeated, we will be back to where we were a decade ago. There is no one man to

succeed to his shoes, and we will again have a free-for-all, with anti-foreignism seriously manifest. There is no political party strong enough to give even a hope of a civilian government lasting as long as three months after its establishment. The Kuomintang, as Hu Shih phrases it, "is dead, but not buried, and all unburied dead things cause trouble for the living."

So, as long ago as mid-June of 1936, the stage was set and ready for the opening of the long Sino-Japanese war, which has now dragged into its seventh year.

And all the evil forces had already gathered which were finally to propel Japan into attacking this country, and into attempting her push southward with the domination of Asia as her ultimate goal.

The United States would not read the warning signs, and did not prepare for the eventual assault which, after the summer of 1936, became more certain month after month. As a result we came closer to losing the war during the first four months after Pearl Harbor than the American public has yet realized.

BETRAYAL AND TRIUMPH

IT WAS a quiet evening in December, 1936. I was alone in my office room in my apartment in the Broadway Mansions, sixteen stories above the noisy streets of Shanghai. The last few months had been dull and a little boring, from a news angle. Less than ten months before there had been the astounding flurry of the Japanese army mutiny in the heart of Tokyo, and the assassination of several members of the Cabinet. Then had come the midsummer threat of civil war in China, with the semi-comic collapse of the Southwest Coalition. Since then there had been only a continuation of Japan's nefarious activities in North China, and many tours around China by General Chiang Kai-shek, all aimed at further unification of the country.

At the moment the Generalissimo was in the northwest, at Sian, in Shensi province, near the area occupied by the Communist forces. Sian and the immediate area thereabouts was occupied by the remnants of the Manchurian forces of the Young Marshal, Chang Hsueh-liang. There had been ugly rumors to the effect that his troops had been fraternizing with the Reds, that a regular truck and bus line took passengers and military supplies from Sian into the Communist zone, but it had been impossible to verify these reports.

Since he had been driven out of Manchuria, and then out of North China, Chang Hsueh-liang had been to Europe, and had been finally cured of his addiction to narcotics before his re-

turn to China. Rumor had it that this young crackpot had been refusing to obey Nanking's orders to continue the government's punitive campaign against the Reds, but surely there could have been no truth in those rumors, I thought, or Chiang Kai-shek would not have gone into that zone on his inspection trip.

For the life of me, that evening, I was unable to think up a clue for a really important story worth a lead cable to New York. Then, sifting over some notes on a spindle on my desk, I came across a memorandum about the customs revenue in relation to the Chinese budget. It was only eight-thirty—not too late to phone to T. V. Soong—so I called the private number at his home.

"No, T. V. is not in," said his capable young Chinese male secretary. "He had a telephone call, and has gone to H. H. Kung's house."

Then I remembered that W. H. Donald, the famous Australian who had been adviser to Chang Hsueh-liang, and had later been taken over by Chiang Kai-shek in the same capacity, was in Shanghai and stopping at the Park Hotel. I telephoned to the Park. Donald's secretary answered.

"He was here until twenty minutes ago, but received a telephone call and went to H. H. Kung's house. No, I don't know when he'll be back. He seemed excited, and in a hurry."

Madame Chiang Kai-shek, I knew, was in Shanghai, stopping at her home in the French Concession. I had been there for tea only two days before. I decided to call her. The young Englishwoman, her private secretary, answered the telephone.

"Madame has gone to Dr. Kung's house," came the reply to my inquiry. "No, I wouldn't call her there, I think. She seemed distraught and under great tension when she hurried out a short time ago."

What was up, I wondered? A family conference? Madame Chiang, her brother T. V. Soong, and their brother-in-law, H. H. Kung, then the Finance Minister, were in conference. They had gathered in haste—in excitement, even. And why had Don-

ald, a foreigner and an outsider, been called to this family gathering?

Time and again I dialed the unlisted private telephone number of the Kung home. Time and again there was no response except the "busy" signal. Finally an unfamiliar Chinese voice answered. I asked for W. H. Donald, giving my name. Then followed a long wait, but finally I heard Donald's voice over the wire.

"What's up? Why the gathering of the clan?" I asked.

"How do you know there's a gathering?" he countered.

"Well, Madame is there. And T. V. and Dr. Kung. And you. What's going on?"

"I'm sorry, Abend, but I can't talk about this."

"Is it important?"

Donald was silent for nearly half a minute. At last he said, "Hold the line. I'll see if T. V. will give out the story. I'm sorry, but I can't say a thing."

That's how newspaper scoops happen, sometimes.

T. V. Soong came to the telephone, and told me that General Chiang Kai-shek had been kidnapped from his stopping place at an old temple a few miles outside the city of Sian. Yes, it amounted to an insurrection of the ex-Manchurian troops, and they seemed to be in league with the Communists. The Generalissimo had been taken into the city, and was a prisoner. Many members of his bodyguard had been shot. Chiang Kai-shek himself had been severely injured trying to escape over the high wall of the temple compound. No, there was no question of money or of ransom. It was a political coup, and the demands of the insurrectionists were obscure. The government, he said, had not yet decided upon a course of action. No, no other newspaperman in Shanghai knew of the event, as yet.

Here was a hell of a break! I had a scoop of world-wide importance, and luck was against me. By this time it was nine o'clock at night in Shanghai, which meant that it was nine in

the morning in New York. And the *New York Times* was already on the street. Too bad—but the *Times* could use it for sensational bulletin purposes in the big traveling lighted letters which in those days long before the blackout circled the old building in Times Square day and night.

For an hour I was busy and intent in getting my story out in ten-line bulletins. I kept my chauffeur on the go, driving back and forth between my office and the cable office. Finally, with more than five hundred words on the way to New York, in short takes, I stopped work long enough to light a cigarette, and then I found time to wonder if the American intelligence officers in Shanghai knew what had happened. If not, I felt it my duty to let the Consul-General, the Navy and Army Intelligence, and the commander of the 4th U. S. Marines know about Chiang Kai-shek's peril. So I arranged my carbons in proper sequence, and began telephoning.

Here, I felt, was news of prime importance. The head of the government of a great nation kidnapped and in mortal danger. An insurrection, a move favorable to the Chinese Communists. Would the Soviet adopt any strong policy? And, above all, what would Japan do in this crisis? If Chiang Kai-shek should lose his life, chaos might well ensue in China, and Japan might make the most of resulting disorders and the unexpected opportunity for encroachment.

It was my privilege, that night, to be the first to tell the news to five different representatives of the American government. The news was received with incredulity, dismay, and appreciation for my teamwork in passing along information of the first importance.

One of those telephone talks, however, will always stick unpleasantly in my mind, as shocking evidence of the ineptitude with which our government chooses some intelligence officers for foreign service.

At considerable waste of time, which was of great value to me that night as a newspaperman, I read my carbons to the

official in question. Then, being of that slow type of mind which must always reduce everything to writing, he asked me to hold the wire while he got pencil and paper. For a second time I read him my carbons—read them slowly while he took notes. Then he read his notes back to me, to make certain they were correct.

“Is that all O.K.?” he asked.

“All O.K.,” I said impatiently—for I was by that time itching to write more cables. There was a long pause, and then: “Well, do you think it’s important?”

Such slow thinking and stupidity were not typical of our various American intelligence services in the Far East. Many of the officials and officers entrusted with fact finding and reporting and interpreting for the State, Army, Navy, and Commerce Departments of the American government were intelligent, alert-minded and discerning men, but during fifteen years in the Orient I knew intimately a sufficient number of dull-minded ones to largely invalidate the conscientious work done by those who were able.

Imagine the utter worthlessness of a series of reports extending over months and years from a man who would inquire if there was any importance attached to the fact that the head of a nation of 450,000,000 people had been kidnapped with violence and slaughter, and was in hourly danger of assassination!

Who appoints that type of person to posts in the American intelligence service? And who keeps them there, when their reports must reveal an utter lack of insight into the importance of events?

The great drama of the next fortnight, and its happy outcome, proved to be the best thing that had ever happened to Chiang Kai-shek, and it was a good thing for China, too. T. V. Soong and Donald flew in to Sian at grave risk of their lives. Madame Chiang also flew there—an act of extraordinary heroism—and participated in the parleys which finally resulted not only in the Generalissimo’s unconditional release, but also in

the astounding spectacle of his flying back in triumph to Nanking accompanied by Chang Hsueh-liang, who had been one of the prime movers in the kidnapping and insurrection.

China was swept by a wave of delirious joy. Never since the signing of the Armistice which ended World War I had I seen such jubilance on the part of any great populace. Not only was the Generalissimo's personal prestige vastly enhanced by this whole ordeal, but the outcome finally made unification something solid and dependable, at least so long as Japanese pressure continued.

There were four main points to the agreement reached at Sian, which was really a truce designed to endure so long as Japan continued her inroads into China, instead of a fundamental settlement of all differences between Nanking and the Chinese Communists. First, the Reds agreed to discontinue propaganda and organization work outside their own area; second, they agreed to accept orders from the Generalissimo as head of the armed forces of China; third, Nanking agreed to supply the Communists with a specific sum in silver dollars every month; fourth, General Chiang Kai-shek, as head of the army, agreed to send the Communist forces certain monthly supplies of rifles, ammunition and food.

Subsequent tension between the Chinese government and the Chinese Reds has arisen from the fact that neither side has ever fully observed the terms of this truce. The Communists did not stop their propaganda work, and several times Red army forces have refused to obey orders, and more than once virtual mutinies have resulted in serious armed clashes and bloodshed. The Communists charge that after the government moved from Nanking to Hankow and then up to Chungking the monthly cash payments have never been as large as was promised, and they further charge that they have never been adequately supplied with ammunition.

The problem of reconciling the practical and ideological differences between the governing Kuomintang Party of China

and the Chinese Communists will not wait long for settlement after the Japanese invaders have finally been defeated and expelled and settlement of this problem will call for all the statesmanship and unselfish patriotism of which the Chinese leaders are capable.

Japan, of course, viewed the peaceful settlement of the Sian affair with deep dismay, and attempted at first to raise the old bogey of a supposed threat of a communistic East Asia. The Chinese Reds, Tokyo professed to believe, would soon dominate Nanking, and therefore it was Japan's heroic role to take suitable action to negative such a dire threat.

Actually, Japan knew there was no such danger, but Japan did scent a very real danger to her imperialistic plans for the Asiatic mainland in the fact of China's hard-won unity and internal peace. Japan knew she would have to act quickly and decisively, or else China would grow so strong that her own long-cherished plans for dominating East Asia would be entirely frustrated.

As early as February, 1937, Japan began sending ever-increasing military reinforcements to her armed forces in Manchuria, and Manchurian warehouses and army depots began to bulge with a steady accumulation of military supplies designed for eventual use in the war which was to be begun less than seven months after Generalissimo Chiang's triumphal return from Sian to his capital at Nanking.

Early in 1937 I learned from Madame Chiang that she was writing her own version of the events at Sian, and of the part she played in the negotiations for her husband's release. The manuscript was to be sold to the highest bidder, and the proceeds were to be put into a trust fund, the income from which was to be used to educate the orphaned children of members of the Generalissimo's bodyguard who had been slain at the temple near Sian the morning of the insurrection.

When I cabled to the *New York Times* the fact that such a manuscript was on the market, I received cabled instructions to

try to buy it for the North American Newspaper Alliance, and finally effected the purchase for \$12,000, which at that time was equal to about \$40,000 in Chinese money.

Madame's extraordinary manuscript laid particular stress upon the diligent reading of the Bible by the Generalissimo during the time he was a prisoner, and upon the deepening of his faith in Christianity during that trying period. This aroused my curiosity concerning what Christianity really means to a man like Chiang Kai-shek, and one afternoon when I was at their summer home on the shore of the lake at the beautiful old templed city of Hangchow I began a roundabout probing into the Sian affair, which drew from Chiang Kai-shek the following extraordinary tale, as interpreted for us by Madame Chiang:

"I was asleep in one of the northern pavilions near the back wall of the temple compound, when I was wakened about four o'clock in the morning by the sound of shooting and shouting in the southern courtyards. My own bodyguard was less than a hundred trusted men, and I suspected an attempt at assassination.

"I've never liked pyjamas, but prefer what you Americans call the old-fashioned nightshirt as a sleeping garment. I jumped out of bed, and did not stop to dress, but stepped into loose Chinese cloth slippers, and thrust my arms into a lightly padded robe of dark-gray silk. Then, in the early morning darkness of winter I ran for the north wall of the temple compound and madly scrambled up about eight or nine feet to the top.

"Crawling over the wall I let myself down slowly, holding the outer edge with both hands, and then let go and dropped. I expected an eight- or nine-foot drop, but there was a northern moat of which I knew nothing, and my drop was nearly thirty feet.

"I landed in the moat scratched and bruised, and minus my cloth slippers. The fall had so seriously injured the base of

my spine that I could not stand upright; it was agonizing pain just to scramble out of that moat on my hands and knees. The ground was frozen hard, and there was a bitter winter wind. Here and there were white patches left from a previous snow-storm.

“Gradually I made slow, crawling progress to a little hill north of the temple, and as the gray of the winter dawn spread over the land I sought vainly for shelter, but there wasn’t even a bush large enough to hide me. Meanwhile shooting continued in the temple grounds, and gradually spread to the hillside, as the mutineers pursued my outnumbered and fleeing bodyguards. I felt certain that I would be found and murdered, and for a moment experienced the deepest despair.

“Then my faith came back to me, and I prayed long and earnestly. I confessed my sins and shortcomings, and then I prayed that if God had really chosen me to lead China to her salvation he would now send me a sign—would show the way to safety.

“When I opened my eyes the light had grown stronger, and not far away I saw two white hares. I knew, instinctively, that God had sent them as a sign, and that they would lead me to safety. I followed them haltingly along that hillside, resting flat on the ground when they were still. Finally they disappeared under a large shelving rock, and when I’d crawled that far I found there was just room enough under the rock for me to wedge myself in, out of sight.

“Later in the morning order and discipline were restored amongst the mutineers, and when they finally found me under that rock instead of killing or torturing me, they took me back to the temple and later into the city, where I was made a prisoner.”

In Sian the Generalissimo was put to bed in Chang Hsueh-liang’s headquarters. He refused food, he refused water, he refused the services of a doctor, although obviously badly injured and suffering keenly. He refused ministrations of all

kinds, and would accept nothing from his captors except when they met his one expressed wish and brought him a Bible. Not until Madame Chiang arrived by plane days later would he accept even a bowl of soup, allow his bedding to be changed, or even submit to a bath. He refused to talk or negotiate in any way with his captors during those first days and nights, and during all his waking hours read the Bible.

Always since that captivity in December of 1936 the Generalissimo has devoutly believed that he has been chosen to lead China to her eventual salvation. So far, events seem to have abundantly justified this high faith.

TROUBLE WITH MOSCOW

THE ABSURDITY of remaining upon good terms with many Japanese diplomats, cabinet officials, generals, and admirals while a section of the military clique persecuted me; the absurdity of being upon confidential professional terms and a basis of warm friendship with T. V. Soong, Madame Chiang Kai-shek's brother, while my name was still anathema at Nanking—these absurdities were duplicated over a period of many years in my relations with Soviet Russia and her diplomatic representatives in China.

For a long period the U.S.S.R. would not grant me a visa permitting me to travel in Siberia. I was denied entry to the vast country north of the Amur River, and could not even visit Vladivostok. Yet during these same years I enjoyed cordial social relationships with a succession of Soviet Ambassadors and Consuls-General in Peiping and in Shanghai, and was repeatedly given confidential information of immense importance by those officials.

Japan remained eternally suspicious and fearful of an eventual Russo-Chinese rapprochement, and these suspicions and fears were heightened almost to the point of frenzy after the kidnapping of General Chiang Kai-shek in December of 1936, and the resulting truce with the Chinese Communists.

The agreement which resulted in the Generalissimo's release seemed to Tokyo to be a confirmation of its worst fears, and undoubtedly Japan's attack upon China, begun in July of 1937

at Marco Polo Bridge near Peiping, was partly inspired by the Japanese conviction that they must strike before China and Soviet Russia concluded an accord providing for joint military action against the Japanese in North China and in Manchuria.

The hitherto unrevealed truth is that the tendency was toward such an accord, and that negotiations were proceeding favorably late in April of 1937, less than three months before Japan finally struck.

At this time Mr. Bogomoloff, Soviet Ambassador to China, had just returned to Shanghai from a long visit to Moscow, and Mr. Spilwanek was Soviet Consul-General in Shanghai.

It was the Japanese who first obtained an inkling that these parleys between Nanking and Moscow were proceeding smoothly, and it was the Japanese who first gave me my news tip and even a partial outline of the issues at stake.

When Spilwanek was first approached to verify or deny these reports, the source of which he was not told, he denied everything. Upon being told that his personal assurances would be accepted as those of an honorable man he showed signs of uneasiness, and then, with considerable embarrassment, said he must consult the ambassador before giving his personal word about the matter. A few hours later came an invitation to lunch privately next day with him and Ambassador Bogomoloff.

At the beginning of the luncheon the ambassador, to my amazement, readily admitted the fact of the negotiations, and then said that Moscow hoped the new treaty then being negotiated with Nanking would contain all of the following provisions:

1. Russia will supply China with gasoline and heavy industrial machinery under long term credits.
2. Russia will restore the vast province of Sinkiang, or Chinese Turkestan, to Chinese sovereignty.
3. There will be joint ownership of a new railway to link Urumchi, the capital of Sinkiang, with Lanchow, the capital of Kansu

province. The existing line to Sian, in Shensi province, is to be extended to Lanchow by the Chinese government.

4. A jointly owned Russo-Chinese air line will be established to connect the capitals of Outer Mongolia, Ninghsia, Kansu, and Shensi.
5. Soviet Consulates will be reopened in the cities of Hankow and Canton.
6. A new commercial treaty will be concluded, providing for freer trade along the Chinese-Siberian-Mongolian borders. [Russia had closed these borders a dozen years before, and all trade drained northward into Soviet areas.]
7. Moscow will hereafter give no assistance of any kind to the Chinese Communists, and China will agree to conclude no agreement with any power to grant assistance for the suppression of communism in China. [This was meant to foil Japan's plans for pressing China to accept Japanese military assistance for the subjugation of the Chinese Communist forces.]
8. Russia will reaffirm China's sovereignty over Outer Mongolia, but China will consent to the maintenance of the status quo [which was Russian rule] because of Japan's position in Manchuria and in Jehol province.
9. If international circumstances permit, China and Russia will jointly propose an all-embracing non-aggression pact for all of the Powers in the whole Pacific area.

The news of these negotiations was of paramount importance, and even though Ambassador Bogomoloff specified that the project must not then be mentioned in print, it seemed vastly important that word of what was afoot should reach Walter Duranty, *New York Times* correspondent in Soviet Russia. Accordingly all of the foregoing was rushed to New York, with an urgent request that the information be sent to Mr. Duranty, and that it be forwarded in such a manner that no Soviet or European censor have access to it.

Accompanying the foregoing nine points in the report sent to New York was the following direct quotation from Mr.

Bogomoloff, written down in notes as soon as the luncheon party was concluded:

It is quite true that we have been endeavoring for some time past to arrange a pact, broadly on the foregoing lines, with the Chinese Government. You see, we have decided that in view of changed conditions in China, a different program is necessary.

When I was in Moscow I had a series of conferences with the leaders, and the outline of our new policy toward China was adopted just before the Sian coup of last year. That is why we were able immediately to convince Nanking that the Soviet was guilty of no complicity in the kidnapping of the Generalissimo.

Our new policy is easily explained. China is a peaceful country. At least it has no warlike intentions toward any nation. All that the Chinese want is to be left alone. A spirit of nationalism is gradually asserting itself, and the nation is slowly being unified. In our opinion the province of Kwangsi is the sole remaining dangerous and powerful seat of provincialism.

We believe that by supporting and assisting the Central Government we can help to make China strong. By assisting in the development of communications, a gradual economic unification will take place. This will lead to political unification. There will be no more civil wars in China. And a China strong politically and militarily will make less likely the possibility of an Asiatic war.

We have not yet concluded this agreement. It is still in the stage of negotiation. Anyone who knows China knows what that means. Sometimes, after months of discouraging effort, the Chinese will suddenly sign, and you just don't believe it.

Discussing the Far Eastern situation in general, Mr. Bogomoloff ventured the opinion that the Japanese Army would finally have to "chance all on a risky adventure," or abandon attempts at leadership. So far, he said, the army had "risked nothing, for the seizure of Manchuria and the intrusion into North China have been child's play."

Even while Moscow's highest diplomatic representatives in China were confiding to me international policies and negotiations of such supreme importance, various newspapers and

magazines in Moscow were publishing frothingly angry articles and editorials denouncing my news reports from the Far East, calling me a "faker," a "hireling of imperial Japan," and "a blindly unscrupulous enemy of the Comintern."

Later, particularly early in 1940, when I obtained authentic details about Soviet preparedness activities in the far northern portions of Siberia, and supported these news reports with official Soviet maps, secretly obtained, the indignation of the Moscow press was aroused to new fury.

Then came a series of vicious cartoons. One Soviet paper published an absurd drawing depicting me lying on a couch smoking a big black cigar, telephone at my elbow, and a Chinese paper lantern overhead. My left foot was bare, and with a pencil held between my toes I was drawing a wall map faking Soviet military measures being devised against Japan.

Another full page cartoon, published in Stalin's official journal of communist satire, nicknamed "The Crocodile," depicted me standing with coat off and arms folded, one foot deep in a bucket of muck, while John Bull, with muck on his high hat, looked on approvingly and a secret agent stood in front of me scanning a huge wall map upon which a Japanese was redrawing the boundaries of interior Asia under my direction. Since only Chamberlain and Hitler had hitherto had full page cartoons of this kind devoted to them in that publication I was more indignant than amused.

All of these Soviet attacks upon me, and others printed in red publications in Paris, reached me within fourteen to twenty days after publication. They came through secret channels which Soviet agents in China were never able to detect. In justice to Walter Duranty it must be said here that he and I did not correspond at all, nor communicate with one another in any other manner, during these troubled years.

Soviet agents in New York and Washington joined the campaign against me, and were vociferously supported by many of the reds and parlor pinks in the United States. Again the

New York *Times* was pestered with letters and wordy resolutions urging that I be dismissed and charging that I was a liar in print. This was reminiscent of the Chinese campaign against me from 1928 to 1932, and the *Times* again paid no attention to these representations except to forward them to me for my information.

Even Havas, the official French news agency, joined this campaign against me, and cabled summaries of Russian, French, and American attacks upon my veracity to newspapers published in Shanghai and elsewhere in the Far East. In view of the fact that the French press, and that of Japan, were known to be the most corrupt of any in the world, I paid no attention to these attacks.

CHIANG KAI-SHEK LISTENED

A STRANGE, unnatural calm prevailed in the Far East during the spring of 1937, and except for continuing reports of Japanese troop movements into Manchuria nothing of an alarmist nature occurred for several months. Japanese authorities, questioned about the strengthening of the Manchurian army, blandly offered their stock excuse that the troop movements were made necessary because Soviet Russia was strengthening her forces along the whole northern border of Manchoukuo. This was not true.

In June came the first sign which I took as an unmistakable omen that big events were in preparation. There was an overturn of the Japanese Cabinet and Prince Fumimaro Konoye became Premier.

The degree of mistaken information and misunderstanding with which Konoye's accession to power was received abroad was amazing. In all countries, and particularly in the United States and in Britain, the advent of Konoye was welcomed and misinterpreted as a sign that the so-called liberals in Japan were getting back into power. Actually Konoye had for several years been kept in reserve by the militarists and expansionists, and I took his elevation to the premiership as an unmistakable sign that Japan would very soon launch another and full scale invasion of China.

My conviction in this regard was so firm that within a few days after the Cabinet overturn I started on another survey

almost identical with the one I had made in August of 1931, just before the Japanese invasion of Manchuria.

Again I sailed from Shanghai to Dairen, traveled the length of Korea and scouted carefully over all the Japanese-controlled Manchurian railway lines as far north as Harbin. From there I went south to Mukden, and then into North China over the line connecting Mukden and Peiping.

This time there was considerable reticence on the part of most Japanese, but it was evident that the army was going on the march again and that they were not going north. Instead, even the Amur River front facing the Russians was being largely denuded of troops and the whole movement was strongly southwestward toward the Great Wall. Just north of Shantung, the border city between Manchuria and China proper, was as great a concentration of military rail traffic as there had been in Korea south of the Yalu River in 1931.

When I reached Peiping I went immediately to the American Ambassador, Nelson T. Johnson, and told him of my findings, apprehensions, and certainties. This time the Ambassador did not receive my warnings with the polite disbelief with which he had listened to me in 1931. Instead he told me quite frankly that he thought I was "talking through my hat."

"In 1931 you were right and I was wrong, and I apologized handsomely," Mr. Johnson said. "This time, though, you are utterly and ridiculously wrong. Why in heaven's name would the Japanese want North China? They have enough to do developing and colonizing Manchuria to keep them busy for the next half-century. North China is over-populated and poverty ridden and it would be the height of folly for the Japanese to come into this area when they already have a strangle hold on the trade and political setup here."

I listened in amazement and almost in disbelief. It seemed almost impossible that any diplomat who had spent nearly a quarter of a century in the Far East could delude himself into believing that the Japanese were satisfied with what they had,

and that they would call a halt to their aggression for the next fifty years and permit China to develop her enormous latent power without armed interference.

The State Department has made public in a White Paper many of the confidential reports received from Joseph C. Grew, our Ambassador to Japan for much of the decade preceding Pearl Harbor. These show clearly that Mr. Grew was under no illusions about Japanese intentions. It is highly significant that there has been no White Paper published showing the reports from our Ambassador in China. Certainly Mr. Johnson, during the years before he was transferred to Australia with the rank of Minister, must have received at least adequate summaries of Mr. Grew's reports, and those alone should have put him in the alert, even if the activities of the Japanese in China did not furnish him ample warnings.

Frustrated in my attempts to arouse interest in American official quarters, I returned to Shanghai and sought to contact Generalissimo and Madame Chiang Kai-shek, who had gone into retirement for a fortnight at Kuling, a mountain resort on the south bank of the Yangtsze a short distance above the little city of Kiukiang. It had been officially announced at Nanking that the Generalissimo requested all visitors to stay away from Kuling because he was preparing a course of lectures which he planned to deliver throughout the summer to successive groups of his army officers. These meetings were to have been begun the first week in July.

I telephoned to Donald, his Australian adviser, that I had been on a swing through Korea and Manchuria, that I had gathered information of urgent importance which I wished to communicate to Chiang Kai-shek personally, and urged that the rule against visitors be revoked in my case.

The reply was immediate and favorable, and the morning of June 28th I flew from Shanghai to Kiukiang, motored to the foot of the mountain and then made the ascent by sedan chair. By five o'clock in the afternoon I was with the Generalissimo

and his wife in their mountain cottage, telling them the results of my findings.

I asked no questions and made no attempt to secure any material for publication, nor did Chiang Kai-shek confide in me as to what his plans were. I knew, though, from his grim determination that this time he would not yield again to Japanese pressure, but would fight to the finish. His comments on the inevitable clash were to the effect that he would like to have had more time for preparation, and particularly to enlarge China's air force. He indicated that he was alive to the fact that if he permitted the Japanese to occupy North China without determined resistance, he would no longer have the support of either the Chinese public or that of many of his generals.

We agreed on what I learned later was a fact, that the Japanese plan in the summer of 1937 was merely to occupy the five northern provinces of Hopei, Shantung, Shansi, Charhar, and Suiyuan and a portion of northern Honan. Had this been accomplished the Japanese would have digested their new conquests for a year or two, would have set up a puppet government in the north, and would then have made preparations for a later conquest of the Yangtsze Valley.

Chiang Kai-shek never delivered any of those lectures. Instead he began feverish preparations for the coming conflict and in secret worked out his clever plans to upset the Japanese scheme for confining the hostilities entirely to North China.

It was a commonplace in the reporting at that time to declare that the Japanese attacked Shanghai. Nothing was further from their intentions or from the truth. The Japanese did not want and did not expect hostilities in the Yangtsze Valley. They evacuated their civilian population from Hankow and abandoned their valuable concession there. They were so little prepared for fighting at Shanghai, and had so small a force there even as late as August 13th, a month and six days after they attacked near Peiping, that they were nearly pushed into the river on the 18th and 19th, and no sizable Japanese reinforce-

ments, except naval units, reached the Shanghai area until the 20th.

Chiang Kai-shek cleverly prepared to thrust the fighting into the Yangtsze Valley and thereby arouse nationwide resistance, instead of permitting the Japanese to carry out their design of confining the campaign to the northern provinces. It was no accident, but the result of six weeks of careful and clever preparation, that when the fighting started at Shanghai on August 13th, China was so well prepared in that area that it took the Japanese approximately three months to break their lines around that great seaport city.

It was the night of July 7th, a fortnight after my warning to Ambassador Johnson, and nine days after my conference with Chiang Kai-shek, that the Japanese deliberately started the war by attacking near Marco Polo Bridge on the outskirts of Peiping.

By that time Japanese plans had been so well perfected that within six hours after the clash they had seized active control of the railroad southward from Manchuria to Tientsin, and were averaging the transit of more than forty heavy military trains over this line every twenty-four hours. Efficient and long-prepared military aggression was under way once more.

When I reached Tientsin on the morning of July 10th large-scale hostilities had not yet been begun. The Chinese authorities in North China were trying to settle the Marco Polo Bridge affair by negotiations, and this was entirely agreeable to the Japanese. While the hopeless parleys were going on Japanese troops and supplies continued to pour into the Peiping-Tientsin area in ever-increasing volume, coming not only by rail from Manchuria, but also by sea from Japan itself.

At Tientsin a curious situation existed. The railway station was on the north bank of the river in a Chinese-controlled portion of the city, but nevertheless the Chinese did not interfere with the Japanese military trains, some of which unloaded there while others rolled on to points closer to Peiping. The Japa-

nese maintained that they were bringing troops into China under the wide provisions of the Boxer Protocol.

There were occasional skirmishes in the countryside between small scouting parties, but the highway to Peiping could still be used. During the next week I made two trips by automobile over that 80-mile highway through both the Japanese and Chinese front lines, although frequent detours were necessary because both sides had dug trenches across the road. On both trips I was fired upon more than once by both sides, although my car flew a large American flag.

On the second trip, just as my car topped a slight rise on the outskirts of the old walled city of Tungchow, I was amazed to find part of the place in flames. Less than a hundred yards away the ruined gatehouse to a large American Mission compound was burning briskly. A Japanese airplane had dropped a small bomb there less than an hour before.

What had happened was that a portion of the Peace Preservation Corps of the Japanese puppet, Yin Ju-keng, who used Tungchow as his capital, had mutined and had killed some of Yin's Japanese bodyguards and advisers. The Japanese had been swift with retaliation, had reduced much of Tungchow to smoking ruins, and had killed more than six hundred uniformed men and uncounted civilians. A few days later all negotiations broke down and there was severe fighting in all of the Chinese sections of Tientsin which completely surrounded the British, French, Italian, and Japanese concession areas.

That first day of the Tientsin fighting I spent more than an hour on the roof of the Astor House Hotel watching relays of Japanese airplanes deliberately bombing Nankai University into a heap of smoke-blackened rubble. This, the first of scores of Japanese bombings of Chinese universities, was justified by the Japanese on the plea that Chinese soldiers had taken refuge in the buildings. This was a deliberate lie, as American and British military observers attested. To satisfy myself I made a search of the ruins less than an hour after the bombing stopped,

and found no Chinese uniformed corpses anywhere on the university grounds.

The fighting at Tientsin spread the flame of war all over North China, but Peiping, fortunately for the sake of the magnificent palaces, temples, and historic monuments in the ancient capital, fell without fighting and suffered no destruction.

The outbreak of large-scale warfare created chaotic conditions in the north, and by the end of July, when I was ready to turn that zone of conflict over to my sub-correspondent in Peiping, all transportation systems were either completely paralyzed or in the hands of the Japanese. It took me eighteen days to get from Tientsin to Shanghai, a trip which in peace-time required less than five hours by air, about thirty hours by rail, or forty-eight hours by sea. I could have gone from Shanghai to Chicago in eighteen days.

All ships were giving Tientsin a wide berth, except Japanese military transports. I finally decided to attempt an 800-mile detour, and left Tientsin northbound on the first jammed refugee train leaving for Mukden in Manchuria. From Mukden I planned to take a train to Dairen and go from there by sea to Shanghai.

The trip northward was insufferably slow and afforded our first sample of what the "New Order in East Asia" was going to be like. Although I had paid for first-class accommodations and a single compartment, I was crowded out by Japanese carpetbaggers backed by their military police. The dining car refused to serve food or even tea to any except Japanese or their Chinese puppet co-operators. Neither beer nor soda water could be purchased by any of the white men on the train, and there was no water of any kind to be had.

After fifty hours of this kind of travel the train made a thirty-hour halt on a siding in southern Manchuria while rain beat down ceaselessly. Then, without explanation, we were hauled back into North China only to learn that a typhoon

had washed out a bridge and six miles of track, and that we were to be taken back to Tientsin.

After a thirty-hour trip southward the train pulled into the dirty little town of Tangku at the mouth of the river below Tientsin, and there the military grabbed the train at one o'clock in the morning.

I spent the night in a stinking Chinese inn, alive with mosquitoes and bedbugs, and finally made the trip upriver to Tientsin in a Standard Oil launch which was fired upon repeatedly from the banks even though it flew the American flag.

The weather was as hot as only the China coast can be in August, and the sluggish tidal stream was filled with the bloated naked bodies of thousands of Chinese soldiers who had been stripped of their clothes and dumped into the river by the victorious Japanese in order to save the labor of burial.

At Tientsin there was another delay of a day and a half before I was able to book passage on a Japanese ship bound for Dairen.

The twenty-four-hour sail across the Gulf of Chihli was accomplished in a tiny coastal tub which was as overcrowded as the train had been, but I had known the captain for many years and received not only decent, but exceptionally fine treatment. The Japanese-owned ship on which I was to sail southward had already left the dock when we entered the port of Dairen, but after some frantic wigwagging from both decks, both vessels halted and I went down a rope ladder into a harbor launch and made the transfer.

The next morning we made Tsingtao, which was already in an uproar of excitement verging on panic. Enraged Chinese patriots only that morning had shot and killed two Japanese navy men on the street and this had created a situation of such tension that there was a frenzied stampede of Chinese and foreigners to get out of the city.

The ship stayed in Tsingtao harbor until noon the next day and then sailed southward for Shanghai. After lunch I turned

on the fan in my broiling hot cabin, took off my clothes and stretched out for a nap, only to awaken two hours later and find the sun on the wrong side of the ship. When I finally found the purser he told me that we had received wireless orders to return to Tsingtao because a typhoon of unusual fury was blowing northward along the coast.

The second stop in Tsingtao lasted for forty-eight hours while we waited for the typhoon to spend itself, and meanwhile I became more anxious and impatient hour by hour as the storm of chaos and conflict spread over ever widening areas. In particular the situation in and around Shanghai was worsening rapidly, and I was certain that Shanghai was the place where a foreign correspondent should be at that particular time.

At noon on the second day of our layover, we again sailed southward, again I took a nap after lunch, and again the sun was on the wrong side of the ship when I awakened.

This time the cause of our return to Tsingtao was more serious than a storm at sea. The captain confided in me that he had received orders to put back to Tsingtao, eject all passengers, even by force, if necessary, then load with Japanese women and children living at Tsingtao, and take them back to the safety of Japan. The situation at Shanghai had become so tense that the Japanese feared hostilities would break out at any moment at all Chinese seaports.

When I got back to Tsingtao there was not a room to be had in any hotel or lodging house. The city had filled up with panicky American and European refugees hurrying from the interior points to the coast in the hope of reaching places of safety before hostilities broke out.

That evening and the next day in Tsingtao marked the extreme nadir of frustration and despair of my life as a newspaperman. It was August 13th, and by midnight the cables and wireless stations were overburdened with details of the outbreak of ferocious fighting in Shanghai—and Shanghai was four hundred miles away!

Next day the news was even worse, for that was the occasion of the first terrible bombings in the International Settlement. A Chinese plane, attempting to bomb the Japanese flagship, the *Idzumo*, was crippled by anti-aircraft fire and dropped one bomb on the Palace Hotel and two more in a crowded traffic intersection near the race course, killing and wounding nearly 6,000 people.

I had been on the way to Shanghai for more than thirteen days and seemed to be irretrievably marooned four hundred miles away from the biggest story then going on anywhere in the world.

The Japanese permitted me to spend that night on the ship, and the next morning a junior member of the American consular staff was good enough to put me up at his house.

Then began a frantic search for means to get to Shanghai. Finally a Japanese admiral in charge of their shore station assured me that if I could get back to Dairen on a small British freighter sailing next day, he would have me flown from Dairen to Nagasaki in Japan, from which a Norwegian ship was scheduled to sail for Shanghai three days later.

I got my luggage and myself aboard the British freighter, and then just before sailing hour the captain told me he was going to take on 1,200 third-class Chinese refugees as deck passengers and sail to Hongkong instead of to Dairen. This made my plight worse, for Hongkong was 1,200 miles south of Tsingtao, and 800 miles south of Shanghai.

The steamship and booking offices by that time were worse than useless, and had nothing but misinformation. I spent hours trudging the docks from ship to ship trying to find passage to Shanghai, without success, and even hired a launch and visited all the steamers anchored to buoys in the harbor. By noon of the next day I found a British coastal ship which was going to sail for Shanghai at two o'clock in the afternoon. It had already taken aboard about 1,800 panicky Chinese refugees who were packed on the open decks in the blazing

sunlight, jammed in so tightly that they no longer made any attempt to move, even to gain access to the little vessel's utterly inadequate toilet facilities. The heat and the stench were intolerable, and the danger of cholera or some other summer plague was very great, but again I paid for passage to Shanghai from my dwindling funds.

I boarded my launch and went back to the dock area for my luggage, and almost the first people I ran into were four young Americans in the immaculate white uniforms of our navy.

"Is your name Abend," one of them asked, "and do you want to go to Shanghai? If you do, hurry, because the *Isabel* is waiting to sail, and will head south the minute we get you aboard."

Somehow our navy authorities had heard of my stranded plight, and orders had been given to locate me and take me aboard. The vessel was the private yacht of Admiral Harry E. Yarnell, Commander-in-Chief of the U. S. Asiatic Fleet, and had room to take five American civilians to Shanghai. I was one of the lucky five judged to have urgent business there.

The *Isabel*, built and used as a private yacht before it was bought by the government, was a fast little 800-ton vessel built for speed, and consequently almost as narrow as a knife.

Ordinarily the *Isabel* would have made it to Shanghai in less than twenty-four hours, but we headed directly into a tremendous glassy swell, and then a fifty-mile gale which constituted the tail end of the typhoon of a few days before. In spite of the wind and the high seas there was not a cloud in the sky, and the August sun beat down with sickening heat. All of the ports of the ship had to be tightly closed because of the rough sea, and the heat below decks was intolerable.

The little *Isabel* started bucking that storm at sixteen knots but soon had to slow down to twelve knots, and then to eight and then to six. I had been knocking around the Pacific Ocean and the China Seas for eleven years, and though I had encountered all kinds of weather I had not been seasick before

in my life, but the pitching and heat on the *Isabel* floored me within an hour.

The trip to the mouth of the Yangtsze took up more than forty-eight hours but most of the time I was too sick to care what was happening in Shanghai. I lay on the open deck on a blanket holding with both hands to a small railing near the funnel to avoid being pitched into the sea. It was some consolation the second day out to find that half the officers and crew were as prostrated with seasickness as I was. We simply lay inert, alternately drenched by spray or by the waves or parboiled by the intense heat of the sun. Unfortunately I was dressed in white shorts and a sport shirt and suffered such intense sunburn that I blistered and lost all the skin from my knees and legs, arms, neck, and face.

Arrived at the mouth of the Yangtsze, there was a further delay. We had missed the evening tide, and had to lie anchored all night in the lee of the islands. To the north and west was a huge fringe of Japanese naval craft of many shapes and sizes, and all night they made great play with their searchlights.

The little *Isabel*, on an even keel at last, started up the Yangtsze with the first gray of dawn, and passed so close to Japanese cruisers that we could see them clumsily launching seaplanes into the choppy water with cranes. When we finally turned from the Yangtsze into the Whangpoo, and were within sound of the artillery fire going on at Shanghai, there came another disappointment and delay. The *Isabel* was not going clear upriver to the city, but would tie up on the south bank well below Shanghai, and remain at the Standard Oil wharves for refueling.

It was after midday that I started on the last lap of this luckless journey. I made the trip in a small Standard Oil launch, sitting atop a capacity load of five-gallon cans filled with gasoline. This did not seem particularly hazardous at the start of the trip, but after a few miles we were either under

the arc of the shells of Japanese destroyers firing northward into the Chinese lines near Shanghai or else between Japanese ships and the south bank, from which Chinese snipers and machine gunners were ceaselessly wasting ammunition against the anchored enemy men-of-war.

If one sizzling-hot machine gun bullet penetrated a can of gasoline—but none did. We finally tied up at the Shanghai Bund at one o'clock in the afternoon, and twenty minutes later I was in the old Shanghai Club enjoying the first shower, shave, and change of clothes I'd had for four days.

That afternoon, August 18th, Shanghai was still shaken from the horrors of the double bombings of four days before. A whole block of Nanking Road, between the Palace and Cathay hotels, was still roped off and closed to traffic. After the hundreds of corpses and maimed people had been removed the pavements and sidewalks had been sticky with clotting blood. Sand and disinfectant had been liberally sprinkled around, but the street still smelled like a foul charnel house, and little of the wreckage had been touched.

Out near the race course conditions were still worse. Scores of bodies, and fragments of bodies, still lay about wrapped in cheap matting, and as yet the spatters of human flesh had not been removed from walls of buildings, billboards, or fences. The combination of the stench of unburied bodies and simmering August heat was unbearable. Night brought a little coolness, and a gentle wind from the north, but this north wind blew into the settlement the smoke and stink from the great funeral pyres where the Japanese were burning their uniformed and civilian dead.

The roar of the land guns used by both sides, and the intermittent crashing crack of Japanese naval guns bombarding Chinese shore positions furnished an unceasing din which almost drowned out the incessant rattle of machine gun and rifle fire. Now and then the hellish uproar was punctuated by the

shattering explosion of aerial bombs, as Japanese planes dropped their loads in the area around the North Station.

With dusk there came a short lull, and then the hours were made more hideous by the arrival of high-flying Chinese bombers which for more than three months tried, without a single hit, to bomb the Japanese warships in the river. The arrival of the Chinese planes brought the shore and ship anti-aircraft batteries of the Japanese into play, and the streets of Shanghai were made perilous by flying fragments of hot anti-aircraft shells. One night, in the space of an hour, forty-eight civilians were killed and wounded in downtown Shanghai by these flying jagged fragments.

The Shanghai Club was jammed, and my first concern, after filing a long cable covering the tale of my eighteen days' wanderings from Tientsin to Shanghai, was to find a place to live and work. Within twenty-four hours I was well situated in a hotel diagonally across from the offices of the American Consulate-General. My own apartment and the *Times* office, both on the sixteenth floor of the Broadway Mansions, were in a portion of the International Settlement just north of Soochow Creek, where the Japanese were in possession, and were utterly inaccessible. Finally I secured an apartment taking up the whole of the eleventh floor of the hotel tower—bedroom, sitting room, office, two baths, and two large terraces. On one of them I could sit looking downriver and watch the Japanese planes bombing the North Station and Chapei day after day. From the other terrace I later watched them bomb Nantao, the upriver Chinese section of Shanghai.

The North Station was only eight city blocks, airline, from my tower, and time and again soon after a heavy bombing jagged fragments of metal, still sizzling-hot, landed near my chair or ricocheted from the walls.

One day, at my request, a young civil engineer brought his instruments to my terrace during a bombing, and estimated that

when a bomb exploded at the North Station the great pillar of smoke and debris which towered up within fifteen seconds was at least six hundred feet high. Even though these bombs exploded only eight blocks away the debris had already reached its extreme height and begun to mushroom at the top before the sound and the shock reached my observation perch.

TERROR AND DEATH

AUGUST 23rd was clear and hot. Late in the morning Anthony Billingham, then my Shanghai assistant, and I started out to replenish our all but exhausted wardrobes. We had both lost trunks filled with summer wash clothes during the preceding fortnight and the rest of our clothes were inaccessible because of Japanese restrictions against going into the northern portion of the International Settlement.

For some reason, Li, my chauffeur, was not with me that morning, and Billingham was driving the car which I had rented for the duration of the local hostilities. My own new car I had stored in the French Concession because I did not want to have it damaged by shrapnel or flying bomb fragments.

During the cruise around the stores we not only bought clothes but also priced field glasses at various places, and the best we had seen were in the optical department on the second floor of Wing On's, Shanghai's largest department store.

A few minutes before one o'clock, our shopping completed, we were driving down Nanking Road when my assistant suggested that we go into Wing On's and order those field glasses sent to the hotel C.O.D. I agreed, and he turned the car sharp to the right and parked in a narrow side street just off Nanking Road and immediately under the west wall of the towering department store.

I stayed in the car while Billingham went into the store to order the field glasses sent. I had just settled back comfort-

ably with a newly lighted cigarette when I noted that the dense crowds of Chinese pedestrians were all gazing skyward. I leaned out of the car window, looked up, and in the narrow slit of sky saw a silvery airplane which I estimated to be at a height of 12,000 feet. I drew my head in and leaned back to the enjoyment of my cigarette.

Then it hit. There was a tremendous sickening lurch of the ground, accompanied by a shattering explosion so close that my eardrums and my windpipe seemed to be affected. It must have been as much as two minutes that I sat in the car, stunned and unable to move, conscious only of the fact that debris and rubble from the buildings kept showering down on to the roof of the car.

The worst part of a bombing experience is that period of utter paralysis which follows the concussion. For as much as four minutes, if the bomb is a big one, nothing moves except swirling smoke and thick dust, and there is no sound except the continued tinkle of falling broken glass and the rumble of crumbling masonry. After about four minutes the wounded begin to moan and shriek and try to drag themselves away; then come sounds of sirens and ambulances and fire engines, and then the tempo of shocked life picks up with terrifying rapidity.

I have never seen a motion picture of bombing scenes that caught and held those terrifying moments of near silence and utter immobility which always follow the explosion of large bombs. In Hollywood, in the autumn of 1942, I lunched with Cecil B. De Mille who was then directing a picture based upon the Japanese attack on Java and the bombing of Batavia. He was so interested in what the immediate after-effects of a bombing are really like, that he called a secretary to make copious notes and planned to try to hold that cessation of life and movement in his war drama.

When I got my breath, and was able to move my legs, I tried to get out of the car and found to my surprise that all of the

glass except the windshield had been shattered. Having recovered the ability of motion before anybody else in that side street, I found there was still no one moving when I stepped to the sidewalk, which was slippery with broken glass. Small brick and stone fragments from the shattered cornice of the building were still falling occasionally as I started for the side door of the department store. My feet and legs did not function normally and occasionally I stumbled over the prostrate bodies of Chinese, some of whom moaned feebly but most of whom were dead.

Just as I got to the door of the building there began to pour out of it a human cataract of frenzied, screaming clerks and customers, most of them Chinese. For a few moments I could make no headway against this flood of crazed human beings, most of whom were wounded—some of them shockingly so.

At last I got into the store, the ground floor of which was almost dark because the concussion had disrupted the lighting system but had not blown out the backing of the show windows. The interior was still filled with acrid drifting smoke and suffocating clouds of plaster dust, and the aisles were slippery with broken glass from the shattered showcases. Now and then I would stumble over an inert body and if my groping hands told me it was dressed in foreign-style men's clothes I would strike a match to see whether or not it was my missing assistant.

In the center of the building there were four elevator shafts with wide stairways on either side, and by the time I got that far the stampede of survivors had almost spent itself. Knowing that Billingham had gone to the optical department I ran up the stairs to the second floor but found no one alive there, although the aisles were strewn with many corpses.

Fearing that he might have gone out the front door of the building I ran to one of the front windows and looked up and down Nanking Road, which was almost carpeted with the dead for a block in each direction. A few score of badly wounded men were staggering around aimlessly and drunkenly, and

even after this lapse of time the sirens of approaching ambulances and fire apparatus were only dimly audible from the distance.

By this time I was certain that my assistant must have been killed. I raced down the stairs on the side of the elevators opposite from those which I had climbed, and began an aisle-to-aisle inspection of the dead who littered up the whole ground floor, ignoring with callous selfishness the many helpless wounded who appealed to me for help. There was nothing that I could do for any of them.

Out on the street once more I walked back to my car feeling utterly helpless and frustrated, when suddenly I heard a choking sound from the back seat. Looking in I found Billingham crumpled inertly half on the seat and half on the floor, and completely glazed and glistening with new blood—his own.

I learned later that he had been in a descending elevator when the bomb struck, and the elevator car jammed between the first and the ground floors. Of the eleven people in the elevator, nine were killed and Billingham and the little twelve-year-old Chinese elevator boy were the only survivors. My assistant's serious wounds were almost all on his left side, so he used his right shoulder as a battering ram to knock out the grill of the elevator shaft. Then, hanging on with his right hand, he let himself down and then dropped to the floor, while the little elevator boy scrambled down the grill like a monkey. Billingham had managed to crawl to the car on his hands and knees, hoisted himself inside, and then collapsed from loss of blood.

A quick inspection showed me that there was nothing I could do. Much of the flesh of his left arm between the wrist and the elbow had been blown away, and another piece of shrapnel had gone right through his armpit severing the artery next to his body in such a way that I could not apply even a makeshift tourniquet. From this severed artery the blood was spurting in four-inch gouts with every heartbeat.

I tore off part of his shirt, wadded it into the armpit, and tied his helpless arm to his side.

To my amazement when I stepped on the starter the engine started, and I threw the car into low gear, and started carefully up the street, avoiding the helpless wounded but of necessity sometimes driving crunchingly over the scattered dead. I was headed for the China United Building, only three blocks away, where my physician, Dr. William O'Hara, had his office. Half a block from my goal I saw a military ambulance tearing down the street towards the scene of the bombing and turned my car squarely in its path. The driver and his helper were British and swore loudly when their brakes brought the ambulance to a screaming halt. I told them Billingham's condition, asked them to do what they could, and told them I would bring Dr. O'Hara back with me immediately. Their amazed shouting at me as I ran up the street was to the effect that they could do nothing, having nothing in the ambulance except stretchers—not even bandages or narcotic drugs.

When I reached the China United I found that the bombing had disrupted the light and power lines even that far away and that the elevators were not running. All the telephones in the building were dead, so I ran pantingly up five flights of stairs to O'Hara's office only to find that he had already left and gone to the scene of the disaster. Another doctor whom I had not known, an overfat little fellow who talked with a German accent, had offices on the next floor above. I rushed him down the stairs coatless and carrying his medicine case, in spite of his protests.

I am sure by the time we got to the street this fat little fellow was convinced that I had lost my mind. The ambulance had driven on; there was no wounded man there; my car had vanished with Billingham in it, and the only proof that I was not a madman was an enormous pool of blood on the street paving where the car had been when I left it.

By this time, it seemed, all the wheeled traffic in Shanghai

was converging on the scene of the bombing which, it developed later, had killed 612 people and wounded 482 so seriously that they were hospitalized.

I ran out into the middle of the road and waved down a slightly tipsy Scotchman driving a small coupe. When I told him my predicament he volunteered to drive me from one hospital to another until I had found my wounded man. Finally, just a little before three o'clock in the afternoon, on a second visit to the Country Hospital, I saw Billingham being lifted from an ambulance and carried inside.

What had happened was that a corporal of the 4th U. S. Marines, who was on his way to my hotel with a letter for me from the colonel of the regiment, had recognized my badly shattered car, noticed the blood dripping from it, and had stopped to investigate. When he found Billingham he abandoned his motorcycle, got into the car and drove the wounded man to an emergency dressing station maintained by the British army only two blocks away. The first aid treatment given to him there undoubtedly saved his life.

Fortunately Dr. O'Hara was at the hospital and immediately took charge of the case. It was after four o'clock in the afternoon when they finally brought Billingham out of the operating room.

By that time I was probably the most unsightly living human being in all of Shanghai. I had started out that morning in starched white duck shorts, sleeveless white sport shirt, white shoes, and knee-length white wool socks. By four in the afternoon no one could have told the color of my clothes. I was covered from head to foot with sticky, clotted blood which by that time had turned the color of reddish brown varnish.

Dr. O'Hara offered to drive me to my hotel, and I got into his car after spreading newspapers on the seats to protect the upholstery. As we were going down Nanking Road, nearing the British Country Club, Bill O'Hara said:

“You look pretty badly shaken up, and from what I can see

of your face you are as pale as a wax candle. You need a double jolt of brandy, and so do I."

He turned his car into the Country Club entrance and when I stepped out he inquired sharply, "Why are you limping with your right foot?" I didn't know I was limping, and said so.

"Sit down," he ordered, and when he had cut off my shoe and sock we found a piece of glass nearly as large as my little finger pretty well imbedded in the side of my right foot just below the ankle.

Bill brought me the brandy from the bar, which I gulped down sitting on the front steps of the Country Club, and then he took me back to the hospital at double speed to give me an anti-tetanus injection. When I was in the operating room one of the nurses made an additional discovery—a two-inch wound on the right side of the back of my neck presumably made by flying shrapnel or broken glass from my car. In my anxiety and excitement I had not realized that I had been wounded at all.

Back in my hotel finally, I had barely stripped myself of my sticky clothes and sent them out to be burned when the telephone began to ring. First every newspaperman in town wanted the story for cabling, then reporters from the local papers began to call, and friends by the score began to telephone to inquire how badly I had been injured. The report had been spread all over the city that my injuries were very serious, and this reminded me that I should immediately cable reassuring reports to my mother and to other relatives and friends in America.

This I did, but before these cables were dispatched frantic cables of inquiry began to arrive from the *New York Times* and from people scattered over Japan, the Philippines, and North China.

A month later, when American newspapers began to arrive in Shanghai, I was shocked at the sensationalism of some of

the news reports cabled home. The Associated Press was the worst of these. One signed version by a Shanghai man whom I knew very well said that he had been on the scene of the bombing, which he had not, and that he saw me, badly wounded, staggering up Nanking Road carrying Billingham, much more seriously wounded, on my back. I should have been proud, perhaps, instead of feeling outraged. Billingham outweighed me by forty pounds and tipped the scales at a hundred and ninety.

Most of the news reports blamed this bombing on the Japanese, but actually the bomb came from a Chinese plane, a silver-painted Douglas airliner which had been converted for war use. This plane had approached Shanghai from the south at an elevation of about 12,000 feet, and had been under constant observation from the time of its appearance, not only by U. S. Naval lookouts on Admiral Yarnell's flagship, but also from two observation posts maintained ashore by the 4th U. S. Marines.

Nanking stoutly denied responsibility, and the intentions or the instructions of the pilot will probably never be known. The facts are that as the plane was approaching the south bank of the river, headed directly over the American flagship, three swift Japanese pursuits darted out of clouds to the north at an elevation of 7,000 feet and started after the raider. The presumption is that the Chinese pilot, in a panic, ordered his bombs tripped in order to lighten his load. He zoomed upward and vanished from sight at about 20,000 feet.

As a result of a curious and extremely fortunate accident it was possible to identify the bombs. They were two 750-pound shatter bombs, made in Italy, and the date of their importation through the Chinese Customs House at Shanghai was traced. One of the two bombs did not explode. It went through the roof of the American Naval warehouse in the center of the hotel and banking district, went through two floors, and then partially imbedded itself in the concrete floor.

Had this bomb exploded it is probable that the many tons of American naval bombs, mines, and light and heavy shells

in the same building would also have blown up. Had this occurred most of downtown Shanghai would probably have been leveled, with effects probably as stupendous as that of the block-busters being dropped on the German cities in 1943.

Billingham's injuries proved to be exceedingly serious. His left arm became rigid at the elbow, and Shanghai physicians were unable to restore the functioning of the artery. With no perceptible pulse in his arm and hand, gangrene was threatened, and finally as the result of a consultation of five Shanghai surgeons I cabled to the *New York Times*. They brought Billingham to New York by way of the Clipper service from Hong-kong, and after three nearly miraculous operations involving the grafting of nerves from the back of his neck to the severed nerves of his arm he recovered a 70 per cent use of his left arm and hand.

Why the rest of the world powers continued to deceive themselves into believing that the Japanese were poor flyers and entirely inaccurate and inefficient as bombers remains a mystery. The delusion that they were very poor marksmen with their land artillery was also entirely unfounded, as the three months of fighting around Shanghai in 1937 established very clearly.

When, early in 1943, the personal recollections of some of our flyers who had lost their planes in the early days of the attack upon the Philippines began to be published in this country, I was shocked to find them quoted as declaring that right up to Pearl Harbor they had been told the Japanese had no good fighter planes. They recorded that they had barely heard of the now famous Japanese Zeros.

Early in 1941, upon my brief return to the United States from the Far East, I wrote a magazine article on Japanese army and navy aviation. It was published in the *Saturday Evening Post* for April 19th, that year, under the title, "Yes, The Japanese Can Fly."

In the original draft of this article, after describing the influx to Japan, after she joined the Axis, of hundreds of German airplane construction experts, I pointed out that the maximum known speed of any Japanese plane, before the technicians arrived from Berlin, had been 320 miles per hour. Under German tutelage, the article then continued, the Japanese had begun to turn out a new mystery plane known as the Zero, which had up to then been only meagerly used in the skies over China. Praising the maneuverability of the Zeros, I wrote that they had a known speed of 420 to 430 miles an hour.

The portion of the article about the Zeros came to the official notice of both the War and Navy Departments in Washington, and that our flyers in Manila should have known nothing about these Japanese planes the following December is inexplicable. I know the Washington departments read this part of my *Post* article, for it was submitted to them before publication, and that portion was deleted by the authorities. Perhaps they didn't believe what I wrote.

In justice to the Japanese it must be said that the bombings in the International Settlement and French Concession during those three months were all unquestionably chargeable to Chinese panic or inefficiency. During that whole period only one small Japanese incendiary bomb landed inside the foreign area at Shanghai. That one came from a plane which flew over the Settlement and released its bombs intending them to strike a Chinese warehouse on the north bank of Soochow Creek. In this case the aim was poor, one bomb landed in the middle of the creek and the other on the street on the south bank of the creek, inside the defense sector manned by the American Marines. It hit a street car, which burned, and killed thirteen Chinese passengers. One American Marine sentry nearby sustained a superficial eye wound.

Japanese artillery fire, so far as avoidance of the foreign area was concerned, was equally accurate. Day after day, after they had captured Chapei, adjoining the International Settlement

on the north, their artillery hurled shells across the four-mile width of the International Settlement and the French Concession into Nantao, the Chinese portion of the city to the south. It was a terrifying experience to hear the continuous screaming of these shells traversing their gigantic arc over the home and apartment house district of Shanghai, but so accurately were they aimed that they fell in a precise line from fifty to seventy yards beyond the south boundaries of the French Concession.

In view of these prolonged and highly efficient records with bombs and shells it was inexcusable that we and the British expected the Japanese to be clumsy fumblers when they attacked the Philippines and Malaya.

JAPAN'S WORST "BAD BOY"

NANKING was about to be captured by the Japanese in December, 1937, but even before formal occupancy of China's capital had been concluded by the invaders there were behind-the-scenes apprehensions that the U.S.S. *Panay*, a small flatbottomed river craft of about 800 tons, had been sunk late on the 12th.

I learned that the American Consulate-General and the *Augusta*, Admiral Yarnell's flagship, had been unable to establish radio communication with the *Panay* since the early afternoon of December 12th, when the little gunboat, loaded with American and other refugees from Nanking, had been steaming upriver in the vicinity of Hohsien, about twenty-five miles above the beleaguered capital. Such information as I could secure was given to me in confidence, and I was unable to cable anything about official apprehensions.

Then, about ten o'clock on the morning of December 13th, the day that Nanking fell, Rear Admiral T. Honda, the Naval Attaché of the Japanese Embassy, called upon me in what seemed breathless haste. Would I go with him, he begged, to the Japanese flagship, the *Idzumo*? He said that Vice-Admiral K. Hasegawa, then commander of Japan's Third Fleet, wanted to see me on a matter of really grave importance.

We drove down the Bund in Honda's car, crossed the Garden Bridge over Soochow Creek, and alighted in front of the well-guarded Japanese Consulate-General, where the *Idzumo* was

moored. Aboard the flagship, we were taken without delay to Admiral Hasegawa's private sitting room, and found him with Rear Admiral Teizo Mitsunami, chief of the Navy's aerial operations in the China war zone. Hasegawa wasted no time.

"I'm afraid," he blurted, "that we have sunk the *Panay*!"

So much was honest and straightforward, but in spite of about twenty minutes of questioning I could get no other positive statements from the highest commander of the Japanese navy in Chinese waters, except that Japan would apologize and would pay any reasonable indemnity.

When I pressed for details which would fix responsibility, Hasegawa at first said that Admiral Mitsunami, although not personally at fault, would be retired in token of Japan's regret.

"But who," I pressed, "ordered the bombing of the *Panay*?"

"It was the Bad Boy of the army, and not the fault of the navy," was Admiral Mitsunami's incautious admission. At the time, I thought he was trying to shield the navy behind some imaginary or anonymous army commander, and let it go at that.

The full truth about the bombing of the *Panay* was not revealed until about two weeks later, and then it came to me in a curious manner. A highly placed Japanese, whose name cannot be revealed even six years after the event, came to me one Sunday morning and asked:

"Would you like to do a personal favor for your friend General Matsui?"

"What kind of a favor?" I asked cautiously.

"A favor that will permit Matsui to retain his command in China. Things have reached such a tension that either he or another officer must be recalled and retired. The general thinks that if the *New York Times* publishes all the facts, and they are then cabled back to Tokyo from New York, that he may be able to reassert his authority."

I had no intention of permitting the *New York Times* to be used as an unconscious participant in a Japanese military feud, and would make no promises, but readily agreed to go at once

to Matsui's headquarters and listen to what he might have to say.

General Iwane Matsui was indeed my friend. By sheer good luck I had interviewed him in the summer of 1935, and had won his liking and his confidence at that time. Our contact originated in a five-line item contained in a daily service of translations from the Japanese-language press of Shanghai. This little item merely said that General Matsui, retired, was visiting in Shanghai briefly on his way back to Japan after a tour of Indo-China, Siam, Malaya, and Burma in the interests of the Pan-Asia movement.

This looked like a story—not a cable story, but something to send by mail which the *Times* might tuck in somewhere in some Sunday edition. So I went to the Japanese Consulate-General and asked for an appointment with General Matsui. The junior consul whom I approached said that I'd be wasting my time, that Matsui was a person of no real importance—"just a doddering old man who's retired, and now spends his time on a political hobby."

I liked Matsui. He readily gave me a long and interesting interview, and then I took him to the Shanghai Club for tiffin. I felt sorry for the little wisp of an old man—he weighed no more than a hundred pounds, and suffered from a jerking sort of palsy of his right arm and the right side of his face. It seemed to me that the consular officials were neglecting and even snubbing a pleasant, well-meaning old fellow.

Then came the war of 1937, and the three months of desperate fighting around Shanghai. When it was announced that General Iwane Matsui had been appointed to supreme command of all Japanese armies in the Yangtsze Valley I wondered a little about the similarity of names. And then, on my first visit to Japanese headquarters, I was to find that the all-powerful commander-in-chief was none other than my little old palsied friend of the summer of 1935. My friendliness and courtesy to him when he had been in eclipse two years before

resulted in his giving me a great deal of exclusive and important news in 1937.

So here I was, in Christmas week of 1937, again at Matsui's headquarters to learn what kind of personal favor I could do for him. He proved as initially frank as Admiral Hasegawa had been the day I learned of the sinking of the *Panay*, for we had no sooner been seated with cups of hot tea and glasses of excellent French brandy before us than he burst out:

"Things have reached such a pass that either Colonel Hashimoto must be recalled, or I must relinquish my command and go home."

"Do you mean Kingoro Hashimoto of Wuhu?" I asked.

"That's the man. He's arrogant and insubordinate and even mutinous. And he's ignorant and dangerous. He wants Japan to fight the whole world—right now!"

Then, in little more than half an hour, General Matsui told me an almost incredible tale, which, however, I easily verified next day. It furnished me with a series of four sensational cables which finally cleared up the responsibility for the sinking of the *Panay* and other outrages which occurred on the Yangtsze River on December 12th.

Colonel Kingoro Hashimoto was described to me as a dashing and very brave officer, but a man with a flair for the dramatic and what we would call in this country "a publicity hound." His various exploits had appealed greatly to the popular imagination in Japan, and he had been something of a national hero. But in February, 1936, he had been deeply involved in a factional army plot which led to the mutiny in the heart of Tokyo, and to the assassination of Premier Keisuke Okada and three members of his Cabinet. Others were tried and punished, but Hashimoto, although only a colonel, was too powerful and too highly connected to be brought to trial, so his sole punishment for that disgraceful period of violence and murder had been retirement.

Upon the outbreak of the China war in the summer of 1937

Hashimoto had been recalled to active service, and had commanded an army unit which successfully marched around Nanking and captured the river port of Wuhu, upriver from the capital.

As General Matsui explained the situation to me, the navy at that time had not yet reached Nanking, but the army was short of bombing planes, as a result of which various squadrons of naval bombers were sent inland to act under orders of various regional army commanders. One such squadron of navy bombers had spent the night of December 11th on Lake Tai, and on the morning of December 12th had flown to Wuhu and landed on the Yangtsze there to receive Colonel Hashimoto's orders.

Hashimoto, evidently drunk with success, ordered the planes to "bomb everything that moved" on the Yangtsze River above Nanking. The navy commander of the squadron demurred, and pointed out to Colonel Hashimoto that there were several American, British, French, and Italian gunboats on the river, as well as neutral passenger and cargo vessels, some of which were carrying civilian refugees from the doomed Chinese capital. Hashimoto thereupon flew into a terrible rage, and threatened the navy air commander with execution on the spot on the charge of insubordination in a combat zone if he did not carry out orders.

That was how the *Panay* came to be bombed and sunk, with loss of American and other neutral lives. And that is how several Standard Oil vessels on the river were bombed and destroyed by fire that same day.

Hashimoto played his own even more direct part that December 12th. He deliberately ordered his shore batteries to open fire at point-blank range upon two British river gunboats, the *Ladybird* and the *Bee*, with resultant loss of British lives.

Admiral Hasegawa had known what had happened, but Hashimoto was so powerful that even a vice admiral did not

dare to expose this mere army colonel, but permitted the navy to take the blame for the bombing, and even sacrificed Admiral Mitsunami into forced retirement rather than expose the truth to the world.

After his daring success at Wuhu, General Matsui said, Hashimoto became unbearable in his defiant assumptions of untouchability. When Matsui went to Nanking to make his formal triumphant entry into the captured capital, Colonel Hashimoto appeared uninvited from Wuhu, and insolently rode through Nanking's battered gates only a few paces behind Matsui. Moreover, Hashimoto had provided himself with a magnificent white saddle horse, a mount which entirely outclassed that of the commander-in-chief.

Matsui told me that day that Hashimoto was intent upon actions which would embroil Japan immediately in hostilities with the United States and Great Britain.

"Either he must go home, or I go home. I cannot longer be responsible for the actions or policies of such a firebrand."

It is important to note, as a glaring example of Japan's shamelessly mendacious foreign policy, that on December 24th, only a few days before General Matsui revealed the truth about the *Panay* bombing, Foreign Minister Koki Hirota in a formal note to Ambassador Grew had had this to say about the sinking of the American gunboat:

As a result of the thorough investigations which have been conducted in all possible ways since then to ascertain the real causes, it has now been fully established that the attack was entirely unintentional. I trust this has been made quite clear to Your Excellency through the detailed explanations made to Your Excellency on the 23rd instant by our naval and military authorities.

My series of four lengthy cables on the Hashimoto-*Panay*-Matsui tangle caused an immense sensation and had unexpected results. General Matsui was recalled and retired. Colonel Hashimoto and about eighty of his recalcitrant officer friends

sailed for Japan the same day—but in a different ship. They, too, were retired.

But the effects of this affair were of even wider significance. At the same time Lieutenant General Heisuke Yanagawa, who had conducted the brilliant field campaign which resulted in the capture of Hangchow, was also retired, as was Lieutenant General Prince Yasuhiko Asaka, who was the field commander heading the branch of Matsui's armies which actually captured Nanking. Prince Asaka was the man who permitted the shocking rape of Nanking, but since he is related to the imperial family his name was never mentioned in connection with that ghastly three-day reign of savagery.

Hashimoto, in his second retirement, immediately assumed the presidency and direction of the Great Japan Youth Party, an organization similar to the Hitler Youth movement in Germany. Later he organized the Japan Young Men's Federation, a group of anti-foreign fanatics. His responsibility for the *Panay* affair did not at all dim his popularity in Japan, but rather enhanced his standing with the multitude. After Tojo became Premier, Hashimoto was made a member of a small unofficial inner ring of leaders who help shape imperial policy.

The Japanese army, only a few days before General Matsui told the uncontradicted truth about the *Panay* affair, tried to put all blame on the navy. This shameless maneuver occurred at Shanghai early in the evening of December 20th, when the Japanese called a special press conference to hear a report on events by Major General Kumakichi Harada, Military Attaché of the Embassy.

General Harada said he had been to Nanking, and had made a personal investigation of the whole *Panay* affair. There were nearly sixty newspapermen at this conference, a majority of them Americans and Britons, and Harada was mercilessly grilled for more than an hour. In more than thirty years of newspaper work I have never heard the equal of his mendacity,

which included a false charge that the *Panay* had opened fire against Japanese army units ashore with its deck guns.

"I don't believe the army units are at fault in any manner," Harada declared. "Based on the report of the army inquiry, no fault is attached to the army unit."

This General Harada, a friend and associate of Hashimoto, was one of the most discreditable officers ever attached to the Japanese Embassy in China. Time and again he called upon the American Consul-General in Shanghai, then Clarence E. Gauss, later Ambassador to China, so drunk that he could scarcely articulate, and actually swayed on his heels when he tried to stand erect. He also had well-known connections with the vice and drug rings from which the Japanese army profited hugely—disreputable establishments maintained by the Japanese in the so-called Badlands, an area adjoining the International Settlement on the west.

One of the most memorable scenes of all my years in the Far East occurred in the graying dusk of the evening of December 17th when the dead and wounded from the *Panay* reached Shanghai. I was on the bridge of the *Augusta*, Admiral Yarnell's flagship, standing not far from the admiral and Mr. Gauss. A strange hush had come over Shanghai's busy waterfront, and the steamer and launch traffic of the great river was temporarily suspended. All eyes were focused down the Whangpoo, and a hushed expectancy seemed to hold the busy river and the great war-ruined city.

The sunset paled and dulled. The light began to fade, and newsreel and camera men muttered despairing curses in tense undertones. Then, pushing slowly against the current, a tiny river gunboat rounded the bend. It was H.M.S. *Ladybird*, which had been shelled by Japanese shore batteries at Wuhu the same day the U.S.S. *Panay* had been bombed and sunk by a Japanese aerial bomber. On the wrecked decks of the *Ladybird* were coffins containing the bodies of British dead.

Then, behind the *Ladybird*, came the U.S.S. *Oahu*, Ameri-

can river gunboat of the Yangtsze Patrol. I watched Admiral Yarnell's face as the *Oahu* drew alongside the *Augusta*. On the deck, covered with the Stars and Stripes, were coffins of Americans killed when the *Panay* was bombed. The *Oahu* made fast alongside. The dusk and the tension deepened. All orders were given in low, strained tones. The gangway was made fast and stretcher cases were brought aboard the flagship. Then came the walking wounded, the bandaged, the shell-shocked.

Through an open door I could see into a lighted wardroom where the admiral sat while sound and walking wounded survivors of the *Panay* filed in to make their confidential reports. His face, illuminated from a ceiling floodlight, was sad and stern and set, but seemed to burn with a consuming flame of pity, outrage and cold fury. And then the door was closed.

No one spoke when the *Augusta*'s launch took half a score of us ashore. A dozen Japanese searchlights were groping and feeling through the clouds—seeking Chinese bombers. But they did not come that night.

The *Oahu* had aboard a set of films which brought to the *New York Times* a picture scoop as important (and as profitable) as the Lindbergh photos of 1931. These films were in the pockets of Norman Soong, our plucky little Chinese news photographer.

Norman had been in Nanking, and before the capture of the city first took refuge in the American Embassy. He was a Honolulu-born American citizen. Just before the fall of the city he had boarded the *Panay*, seeking safety upriver. There was grave danger that the Japanese might ignore his American passport and torture or kill him.

The afternoon of the bombing was clear, sunny, and unusually warm, and after lunch Norman had stretched out on a sheltered part of the deck for a nap. His camera hung around his neck by a leather strap, and was fully loaded. His leather jacket, which he doubled up to serve as a pillow, had a pocket

into which he had luckily crammed three more rolls of unexposed film.

The first he knew of the attack was a shattering explosion which showered him with river water and splintered wood. It was a near-miss bomb which had plumped into the river close enough to the *Panay* to wreck one of the life boats.

From then on Soong had been the busiest news photographer on the globe that day, and he had taken many other pictures after the wounded and unhurt survivors got ashore and hid in the tall rushes while Japanese planes tried to locate and machine gun them. He had sent me a radio to the effect that he had a pocket full of undeveloped films, and I had engaged the exclusive services of the most capable foreign-owned photograph shop in Shanghai for the forty-eight hours following arrival of the *Oahu*.

The afternoon before the gunboat arrived I had gone to Admiral Yarnell with my problem—how to get photographs of the bombing of the *Panay* to the United States with the least possible delay. The admiral told me that two of his fastest destroyers would be sailing from Shanghai for Manila at seven o'clock the next morning, and consented to have one of them carry the pictures. I then cabled the *New York Times* man in Manila, and found that if the destroyers were not delayed by storms they would reach Manila three hours before the next Clipper was due to take off for San Francisco.

We worked all night identifying the pictures, and writing captions for them. When the destroyer sailed it took three sets of more than sixty photographs each, some of them shots of extreme dramatic and historic interest. One set went to New York, one to the *Times*' San Francisco office, and one to Seattle. The Manila connection was made with just twenty minutes to spare, and we achieved a clean scoop, for though other correspondents obtained pictures, apparently none of them knew of the sailing of the destroyers or of the possible Clipper connection in the Philippines.

Norman Soong's pretty young Chinese wife, also Honolulu-born, gave one of the best exhibitions of patience and fortitude that I have ever seen during the days immediately following the bombing of the *Panay*. I knew that Norman was aboard, and the morning Admiral Hasegawa told me what had occurred I drove out to Mrs. Soong's boarding house as soon as I had cabled my story of the sinking of the gunboat. I did not want to break the news to her by telephone.

I assured Mrs. Soong that the minute I knew whether Norman was listed as amongst the survivors I would let her know before I did anything else. Her reply was astounding:

"I know," she said, "how terribly rushed you are these days. I promise not to call you up even once to see if you have news of my husband, for I know you'll let me know as soon as you can."

I telephoned to her several times each day as the names of survivors began to trickle in. Word that Norman was alive and uninjured did not reach Shanghai until the evening of the third day, and she had kept her promise and never telephoned to my home or office. I learned later that during all those three days she sat in a deck chair in the hall of the boarding house, the telephone at her elbow. Her meals were served there, and she slept by that telephone, but not once did she yield to the temptation to ask me for news of her husband.

In the light of all that has occurred since the summer of 1937, and particularly in view of the Japanese Government's persistent declarations prior to 1941 that Japan was not engaged in a war of expansion and aggression, special interest now attaches to what General Matsui told me about the Pan-Asia movement when I first met him in 1935.

That day of the luncheon at the Shanghai Club Matsui insisted that the peoples and nations of Asia, and particularly those east of India, needed an Asiatic leader. He emphasized that the white man's culture is alien and unadaptable for the

Oriental, and that therefore Japan was violently opposed to any growth of European or American influence in the Far East. It was Japan's "divinely appointed mission," my yellowing notes say he told me, to reconstruct the Orient and to restore Asia's lost "freedom and glory and power."

East Asia, Matsui declared, must be made into a great federation, with Japan pointing and leading the way, and Japan must, by force if necessary, foil the white man's persistent policy of trying to divide the Asiatics in order to rule them.

After Matsui sailed away in 1935, and my mail story about the movement he headed was ready to send to New York by Clipper, I called upon Dr. H. H. Kung, then Finance Minister of China, and asked him what he knew of the General's status and his probable influence. Dr. Kung's face flushed a deep, choleric red, and in his excitement he pounded upon his great mahogany-topped desk.

"That little rascal!" he exploded. "Let me warn you against him and against his movement. He and his kind are trying to force China into an unequal alliance with Japan, with the idea of ultimately using our manpower and our resources to help Japan to try to throw America and Europe out of Asia, and later to try to rule the world. If we persist in our refusal to co-operate in this mad plan, the Japanese will invade us, try to conquer us, and then use force to make us play second fiddle in their hideous orchestra. Japan wants to bring about a race war—yellow men against the whites—and to dominate a great union of the billion people of Asia."

Most American newspapers, at that time, thought these ideas and projects were too preposterous to deserve even a column of space. The *New York Times* published my article, but put it on an inside page in a Sunday edition. Washington shrugged and smiled tolerantly.

"Oh, these sensational yellow journalists. Anything for a headline."

During that first half-year of the great war in China, July, 1937, to January, 1938, Admiral Yarnell met many another crisis besides the sinking of the *Panay*, and became the hero of the Americans in the Far East. When he finally yielded command of the Asiatic Fleet to Admiral Thomas C. Hart in the summer of 1939 he had completed the most distinguished and perilous period of service which any American naval officer had, up to that time, ever known in the Far East since Admiral Dewey sailed into Manila Bay in 1898 and sank the Spanish Fleet.

Admiral Yarnell was made commander-in-chief of the American Asiatic Fleet on October 30, 1936, and when he completed his term, extended beyond his retiring age at President Roosevelt's request because of his splendid record, Yarnell was more respected and better liked by Americans, Europeans, and Chinese, and more feared by the Japanese, than any neutral naval or military man who had been in the Far East up to that time.

To Americans in China he had been at once the Commander of the Fleet and the American Ambassador, for Ambassador Johnson, since the undeclared war had been begun, had spent all his time inland at the changing capitals of the Chinese government, and had spent less than a fortnight, collectively, at Shanghai or other Chinese seaports since the hostilities had opened.

It was Admiral Yarnell who quietly but inflexibly determined and announced American policy in connection with the Sino-Japanese conflict—and he did it at a time, during the first month of the fighting at Shanghai, when the White House was announcing daily: "We are on a twenty-four-hour basis."

These daily announcements shocked and dismayed all Americans living in China. To them it meant that the American government had no policy at all, that it was wavering from day to day, and hesitated to make crucial decisions. Yarnell made the decision, and the government acquiesced by silent acceptance of his announcement.

As always, Admiral Yarnell acted quietly, with no advance publicity, no dramatic staging of any kind. The first intimation that anything decisive had been said or done came to me in the form of an "urgent" cable from the New York *Times* saying: "What has Yarnell said? Rush text."

The admiral, that night, was aboard his flagship, the *Augusta*, moored in the Whangpoo just off Shanghai's Bund. The cable reached me at 3 o'clock in the morning. I aroused several American consular and embassy officials from their beds, but none of them knew of any announcement by the admiral. Finally I called the private number of the flagship, and a junior member of Yarnell's staff came to the telephone.

I could scarcely hear him—or he me—for Chinese airplanes were dropping bombs over Pootung, on the south bank of the river, and the anti-aircraft guns of the Japanese flagship, the *Idzumo*, were blazing away at a deafening rate.

Finally I became convinced that something was up, for the junior officer reluctantly said he could not discuss the matter referred to in the cable from New York. So he called a staff captain. The captain, too, was hesitant, but volunteered to awaken Admiral Yarnell. I did not demur, for it was inconceivable that anyone on the *Augusta* could be sleeping through the din of heavy bombing and anti-aircraft fire.

"Yes," said the admiral's low-pitched but firm voice presently, he had "taken certain steps." He had issued no statement but had broadcast certain orders, in plain English, and purposely not in code, to the commanders of all ships of the American Asiatic Fleet. Over the telephone he minimized the importance of the step he had taken, but said he would send a navy launch to the Customs Jetty for me within fifteen minutes, and if I would come out to his flagship I could learn the gist of his orders.

Those orders were brief and to the point. They advised the commanders of all American naval vessels in the Far East to open fire immediately, and without warning, if either Japanese

or Chinese planes flew over American ships, or if they dropped bombs dangerously near such ships. They also ordered the commanders to shell any shore batteries, either Japanese or Chinese, which were endangering American lives or American ships by reckless or by unskilled artillery fire.

This put an end to the worst phases of Shanghai's reign of terror. During the previous days Chinese bombs on three different occasions had killed and wounded hundreds of innocent civilians on Shanghai's streets, Chinese bombs had landed within sixty feet of the *Augusta* and shattered most of the glass on the flagship, while other bombs had almost overturned the U.S.S. *Sacramento*, anchored just upstream from the *Augusta*. Shells from Japanese warships had frequently gone whining and whirling just over the decks of American ships, and more than once shrapnel from Japanese anti-aircraft batteries had spattered the decks of the *Augusta*, the *Sacramento* and American destroyers.

A few days later I was an outraged witness when Admiral Yarnell was deliberately and grossly insulted by Japanese naval sentries on Garden Bridge.

I was lunching aboard the *Augusta* with the admiral and several members of his staff. Japanese cruisers lower down the river were carrying on a fierce bombardment of the Chinese positions in Chapei, Japanese planes were bombing the North Station at twenty-minute intervals, and huge fires were spreading over the area north of Soochow Creek. For several years I had been living in an apartment on the sixteenth floor of the Broadway Mansions, but the Japanese had forced the temporary evacuation of all tenants of that building, which stands just at the north end of Garden Bridge. It was reopened after hostilities in and immediately around Shanghai ceased.

"It's too bad your building is closed," the admiral said. "We could have had a magnificent view of the fighting from your north terrace."

-I volunteered the fact that I had a pass over the bridge, and

that while no one was permitted to live in the building except the engineers, the elevators were still running.

Luncheon over, we all went ashore, and five of us found seats in the admiral's limousine. Yarnell was in full summer uniform of whites, his chauffeur was a Marine sergeant in uniform, and before we started the admiral ordered his official flag unfurled over the radiator of the car.

When we drove onto Garden Bridge, which crosses Soochow Creek and connects the north and south sides of the International Settlement, the police and British sentries posted on the south half of the bridge saluted smartly. But when we reached the middle of the bridge, where the Japanese had their sandbags and sentry boxes, the Japanese guards, after one scrutinizing look at the car, not only did not salute the admiral, but turned their backs upon him. Half of them gazed downstream, and half of them pretended to be preoccupied with something upstream.

"Well!" I exploded.

"Not very cordial, was it?" commented Admiral Yarnell, with a wry smile.

Although the Commander-in-Chief of the American Asiatic Fleet was admiral and practically acting ambassador in one, he had small use for the punctilios of diplomatic usage, and quite scandalized the frock coats and top hats of Shanghai on more than one occasion. Memorable is the anniversary of one American public holiday, when Yarnell entertained the local notables at a reception and tea aboard his flagship. The white decks were crowded with visitors, when the barge of the Japanese admiral drew alongside the *Augusta* and the Commander of His Imperial Japanese Majesty's China Fleet was piped aboard.

The caller and his staff were greeted with politeness which may have been lacking in warmth and cordiality, and then and there Admiral Yarnell began making a strong verbal protest against some particular action of the Japanese navy which the American government found objectionable. One occasion seemed

as good as another to Yarnell, and in those busy days he saw no reason for taking up the time to make a visit to the Japanese flagship to file his protest.

In the spring of 1939 the Japanese reiterated anew that the Yangtsze River was closed to "all foreign shipping" because it was "dangerous." Admiral Yarnell was just then planning a trip upriver six hundred miles in his yacht, the 800-ton U.S.S. *Isabel*, which had nearly ruined me in August, 1937. He did not heed the Japanese warning, did not ask Japanese permission to make the trip, but simply sent formal notice to the Japanese commander-in-chief that on such-and-such a day he intended to steam upriver to Hankow. It was right to go, and the Japanese did not dare to intercept him. So he went, and when he came back to Shanghai he brought back aboard the *Isabel* several score of American and other civilians to whom the Japanese had obdurately refused permission to sail downstream, although they had been asking for passes for months.

Incidents like this did not mean that Admiral Yarnell was forever belligerently sticking his chin out toward the Japanese. He was not. But he knew to a nicety what was legal and right, knew that backing down would be fatal tactics, and so he carried out a self-respecting policy of firmly insisting upon and protecting American rights.

For instance, late in June of 1939, after the Japanese captured the southern seaport of Swatow the Japanese admiral in command at Swatow issued an ultimatum to the effect that all third power vessels, including neutral warships, must evacuate the harbor of Swatow before 1 P.M. on June 22nd. Admiral Yarnell replied promptly that American warships would remain at Swatow as long as American citizens were in the city and might be in need of protection or assistance. Not only did the U.S.S. *Pillsbury* stay at anchorage at Swatow, but the next day she was joined by the destroyer *Pope*.

The Japanese backed down, of course. They had to do so. Under American treaties with China, and in the absence of de-

clared war, American citizens and American merchant ships and warships had every right at Swatow, and Tokyo had no right to order them away. The Japanese sought to save face by issuing a declaration to the effect that the commander-in-chief of the Japanese Fleet had not authorized the ultimatum, and that the admiral in charge at Swatow had misunderstood his instructions.

Then, to make his own stand unmistakably clear, Admiral Yarnell added a new declaration that he "could not accept" the warning of the Japanese authorities to the effect that they would not accept responsibility for any damage or loss of life that might occur if American vessels were not withdrawn.

In some Japanese quarters there were mutterings to the effect that Yarnell was being "provocative," but this was untrue and unjust. It was the Japanese authorities who were provocative when they assumed the right to order the American Asiatic Fleet around in the China Seas.

Americans in China did a lot of grumbling about the naval regulations which forced Admiral Yarnell's retirement. They felt that he had attained the peak of efficiency and usefulness, and that it was a serious waste to take him away from the post which he had filled so efficiently.

THE HEAVY HAND OF POWER

EARLY in the year of 1938 the great city of Shanghai began the dreary process of attempting to adapt itself to the harsh requirements of its new military masters. The situation which existed there for nearly four years, or until the attack upon Pearl Harbor, has never been duplicated in the history of the world.

Shanghai, a city of more than 4,000,000 people, existed under three entirely separate administrative authorities. First was the area of the International Settlement, with more than 1,000,000 inhabitants, which was governed by an elected municipal council which basically derived its authority from the fact that the area of the Settlement had originally been American and British Concessions. Then there was the French Concession, with nearly another 1,000,000 inhabitants, which derived its authority from the French Government in Paris. Surrounding these two foreign-controlled areas on three sides was the Chinese city of Shanghai which, before the Japanese invasion, was administered under the authority of a mayor appointed by Nanking.

When the Japanese drove the Chinese armies away from Shanghai they immediately installed puppet Chinese authorities in the Chinese city and erected a semicircle of barricades and blockhouses surrounding the foreign areas on three sides. The fourth side was the water front of the Settlement and the French Concession along the Whangpoo River.

Immediately there arose a situation of irritation and frustra-

tion for the Japanese. Since the United States, Great Britain, and France all continued to recognize Chiang Kai-shek's regime as the government of China, they refused at first to permit the Japanese conquerors to interfere in any way with official or other Chinese activities inside the foreign-controlled area.

The baffled and angry Japanese had no alternative but to see foreign shipping unloading rich cargoes along the Bund, which paid customs duties to Chinese officials at the main customs house in the International Settlement. The Chinese post office, Chinese radio and telegraph offices, and the great Chinese banks all continued to function inside the foreign areas, but under the direction of Chiang Kai-shek's government, which first maintained its capital at Hankow before removing to Chungking. The Japanese became frantic with rage because they could neither direct the policies of these institutions nor lay their grasping hands upon the rich revenues.

Another major irritation was the fact that Chinese-language newspapers and Chinese propaganda organizations loyal to Chiang Kai-shek's government continued to carry on their anti-Japanese activities with perfect impunity in the safety of the International Settlement and the French Concession. The Japanese also desperately wanted to install their own military and political censors in the cable and wireless offices located inside the foreign-controlled areas.

Early in 1938, always backing their demands with the threat of force, the Japanese began to exert pressure, and one by one attained all their desired ends.

Resistance was hopeless from the start. The Japanese not only had the foreign areas surrounded on three sides along the north bank of the river, but they were in complete military control of Pootung, just across the river to the south.

America, Britain, and France all kept a varying number of important naval units moored in the river to protect the foreign areas, but the Japanese controlled all of the river from Shanghai down to the sea and the Japanese navy was in undisputed

command of the oceans off the China coast. On land, in the Yangtsze Valley, Japan was maintaining a military fighting force which varied from 300,000 to 500,000 men, and this formidable army was well supported not only by the navy but by overwhelmingly strong aerial detachments.

For the land defenses of the International Settlement the United States had only the famous and intrepid 4th U. S. Marine Regiment, which never exceeded 1,800 men and had no weapons more formidable than three-inch guns and sixteen small armored trucks. The British at that time kept the famous Seaforth Highlanders in Shanghai, but their strength was not more than 2,500. In the French Concession there were about 2,000 French soldiers and another 2,000 Annamites from French Indo-China, who were of doubtful combat value. The French contingent, of course, was of no value at all after the collapse of France in the early summer of 1940, and the 400 Italian military stationed ashore at Shanghai naturally played the Japanese game because Italy, Japan, and Germany were natural allies.

Japan should have been on her best behavior at Shanghai, and should have made that great metropolis the main show case for the display of her virtues. Not only were her policies and her representatives there under the critical scrutiny of more than 4,000,000 Chinese, but they were under the constant observation and report of more than 60,000 Europeans and Americans who lived there and were trying to carry on their businesses and professions. At the end of every avenue and street which led beyond the foreign area there were Japanese sentries, and Japanese controlled the traffic on all of the bridges. At first the foreigners in Shanghai thought that Japan was for some reason putting her worst foot forward; in the light of subsequent events it has become apparent that she had none better.

The story of barbarous and utterly unjustified treatment of both the foreigners and Chinese has now become an oft-told tale, and the wonder is that a small group of Americans are

still prone to question the authenticity of charges of atrocities against the Japanese. In some circles in this country, particularly those which favored appeasement and isolation before Pearl Harbor, there is a disposition to charge that accounts of Japanese atrocities are entirely fictitious war propaganda. These flabby-fibered mentalities entirely ignore the fact that Japanese atrocities were flagrantly carried on in and around Shanghai for all to see during a period covering more than four years before the Pearl Harbor attack.

Early in the spring of 1938, when the war had retreated far into the interior, away from Shanghai, I made the experiment of bringing my mother from California to live with me. Early in the summer I took her on a sea trip up the China coast to Tsingtao, thence to Dairen, and inland in Manchuria as far as Mukden. From there we went southward by rail to Peiping, and then returned to Shanghai again by sea.

In Manchuria it was evident that the Japanese were developing war industries on a scale far greater than could be required by their campaign in China, however long it should last. Without Manchuria and the raw materials and labor power which they were able to exploit there during the decade before the attack on Pearl Harbor, Japan would never have been able to attack the United States, Britain, and Holland in the south Pacific successfully.

In North China, although in many cases Japanese control literally did not extend farther outside the rail and highway zones than their artillery could shoot, the same sort of development was already under way, particularly in the district of gigantic iron ore deposits northwest of Peiping, and in the regions rich in coal lying immediately west of the former capital.

Life in Shanghai, with its daily street bombings and inhuman savageries at the Japanese barricades, proved to be unsuited to a woman of my mother's age and state of health, and late in June I took her to Unzen, a charming cool resort in the mountains above Nagasaki in Japan.

The civilians in Japan in that year were still infinitely better behaved and less anti-foreign than their countrymen who were in China in uniform. Unzen was so close to Shanghai that I could get there within twenty-four hours, and I made frequent week-end trips.

By the first of September the European situation had worsened to a point where hostilities seemed inevitable, so I made another rush trip to Japan and put my mother aboard an American ship at Kobe and, for the sake of safety, sent her to Honolulu for the winter.

It was understood between us that if I ever sent her a birthday greeting cable on a date other than her actual anniversary it meant she was to depart immediately for California, by Clipper if possible and by sea if air transportation was not to be had.

These precautions were taken because I was convinced that if Britain and Germany went to war Japan would attack us, and it seemed to me only logical to believe that her first and heaviest blow would be not against one of our weaker outposts in the far Pacific, but rather against one of our key positions—it meant Pearl Harbor or the Panama Canal. I believed as long ago as 1938 that the first blow would be against Pearl Harbor, because that outpost was several thousand miles closer to Japan than Panama.

My calculations, of course, were entirely upset by Chamberlain's unimaginable capitulation at Munich. Japan, too, was taken by surprise by that infamous gesture of appeasement. At the time of the Munich agreement, as I knew, an important portion of the Japanese fleet was in the far south convoying a large number of army transports carrying more than 60,000 soldiers. These forces had been sent to sea ready for the kind of general attack which was later carried out in December, 1941. After the Munich agreement assured the limited continuance of a precarious European peace, Japan used the forces already

at sea for her landing in South China and for the capture of Canton.

After the loss of Hankow and Canton the real siege of China was begun. The Chinese government and armies found themselves entirely cut off from direct access to the sea, and there was no longer even a single railway line or a modern highway over which China could import essential war supplies from its own eastern coast line.

After the fall of France Japan succeeded in controlling northern Indo-China and thereby stopping all traffic to Chinese territory over the narrow gauge railway connecting the Indo-China port of Haiphong with the city of Kunming in Yunnan province.

The importance of this railway was grossly over-estimated by such portions of the American and European public as were interested in the Far East. Indeed the importance of the Burma Road, and of the long road to Chungking from Siberia was also over-estimated in the past, and is over-estimated now in relation to our ultimate ability to attack Japan after the Japanese have finally been driven out of Burma, and after Russia again becomes able to spare any munitions for shipment to the Chinese.

The greatest tonnage that ever went over the diminutive Indo-China railway in any one month was 18,000 tons, and fully one-third of this was always freight essential for the maintenance of the line itself. At no time could China have received more than 12,000 tons a month over this line.

The Burma Road, greatly overrated for its military importance, also never delivered more than 18,000 tons into China in any one month, and usually the total was considerably less than that. Actually the Burma Road was of less importance as a military supply line to the Chinese than was the Indo-Chinese railway. Because of the fact that China produces no gasoline, fully half of the tonnage of every truck convoy that went over the Burma Road was necessarily made up of gasoline, grease,

and lubricating oil to enable the trucks to get back to Burma and take on another load. This means that never in any one month did China receive more than 9,000 tons of war supplies over the Burma Road. That quantity will be unimportant as a supply for the vast number of American planes which must eventually be maintained in China for the bombing of Japan. This means that even after the Japanese have been driven out of Burma, and until such time as the American navy can blast open a route to some Chinese seaport, the bulk of all war supplies for China must continue to go in by air.

The long desert road connecting Chungking with the Soviet-owned Turk-Sib Railway in Siberia is nearly 6,000 miles in length through Northwest China and enormous Sinkiang province. The largest amount of Russian war supplies ever sent to China in any one month over this desert route was about 3,500 tons. In this case the trucks did not attempt to return to Siberia, but were left in China for the use of the Chinese military forces.

Those who for many years contended that Japan could be no menace to this country because the Japanese people were slow-witted and unimaginative, must now belatedly admit that Japan's plans for expansion and aggression, militarily, politically, and economically, were actually developed with consummate cunning. One by one China's contacts with the outside world were severed. One by one Japan seized outposts from which she could deliver crippling blows with lightning speed against ourselves, the British, and the Dutch.

Japan in 1938 occupied Hainan Island off the South China coast, menacingly close to Hongkong. In 1939 Japan took the Spratleys. Then in 1940 came the acquisition of virtual control of northern Indo-China, and finally the move into southern Indo-China, with seaports and air fields within easy striking distance of Manila, Singapore, Rangoon, and Batavia.

All of this was done so cleverly that neither Washington nor London seriously tried to call a halt until President Roosevelt

sent his undelivered cablegram to the Japanese Emperor the day before the attack upon Pearl Harbor.

We and the British, at least until August of 1941, nourished the foolish belief that the more Japan extended herself, the easier she would be to destroy. Instead, the more Japan enlarged her zones of military, naval, and aerial occupation the more powerful she became as a potential striking factor, and the more vulnerable became the far outposts of the nations which opposed her plans for conquest and domination.

The latest period during which what are now the United Nations might have had the chances of war in their favor was when Japan was no farther south than Haiphong and the north portion of French Indo-China. By the time she was in control of Saigon and Cam Ranh Bay, and had her planes on military fields on the Thailand and Burma borders, all the odds were strongly in her favor.

OMINOUS INTERLUDE

THE WINTER of 1938-39 was marked by a rapid hardening of Japanese determination and arrogance, and it became a commonplace for their diplomatic, naval, and military spokesmen to reiterate their promises of restoring foreign rights for travel and business operations by phrasing these promises in such a cynical manner that it was evident they had no intention of keeping their word.

Outrages against the persons and properties of foreigners and Chinese in the foreign area multiplied month by month and in spite of promises made in response to official American and European protests, grave abuses were never righted, and it was rare indeed that any of the illegalities or outright robberies were rectified.

In North China and in the Yangtsze Valley particularly flagrant use was made of Japanese-dictated laws and regulations supposedly sponsored by their Chinese puppets at Peiping and at Nanking. When Washington and the European capitals protested, Tokyo's attitude was that Japan was not responsible and that redress could be obtained only if the foreign powers withdrew recognition from Chungking and recognized the Japanese set-up as the legal government of China.

Early in 1939 I stupidly permitted myself to be duped by two highly placed Japanese whom I had come to consider trustworthy personal friends. These individuals were the Japanese Consul-General, Y. Miura, and K. Kanai, a notoriously influ-

ential member of the Black Dragon Society, who at that time was a director of the Japanese-owned 100,000,000-yen Central China Development Company.

These two worthies were at my apartment one afternoon enjoying highballs when I recounted an amusing difficulty I had experienced with a Japanese sentry on the road to the Seekingjao Golf Club, and added that I intended to look around and find a good tutor to help me improve my very meager understanding of the Japanese language.

Miura and Kanai broke out into a rapid exchange of Japanese of which I could understand nothing, and then Miura said to me, "We will send you two very good teachers."

I protested that one teacher was enough, that I was not going to try to learn to read or write their language but wanted only to become fairly proficient at ordinary conversation. They assured me that two teachers were necessary, one for grammar and the other to expand my vocabulary. Finally it was arranged that I would employ the two men, for an hour each day, one to come to my office at eleven in the morning, Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, and the other at the same hour Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday.

The two men came together the first day and I found that each of them spoke unusually fluent English. Both were short, fat, jovial, and bandy-legged, and proved to be amusing individuals as well as excellent teachers.

Although most Japanese have no compunctions about accepting bribes, they all share a peculiar attitude towards the acceptance of money paid as salaries, wages, or tips, particularly if it comes from foreigners. In dealing with Japanese it is the polite thing to do to hand them their money in envelopes, and they never count it in the presence of the giver.

On that first day I asked these two teachers how much they would charge me by the month for lessons, and they said airily that since it was already well along into April they would fix their fees at the end of the month. On the first of May, when

I brought up the question again, they were again evasive, and said that since I had not had a full month of lessons that they would prefer to settle the question of fees at a later date.

I had not been to the United States since 1934, and had repeatedly postponed my overdue vacation because of my absorbing interest in the great drama unfolding itself in the Far East. On May 20 I received a cable from the *Times* suggesting that since no major developments seemed likely in the Orient in the immediate future it might be a good time for me to take six months' holiday. Immediately I booked passage from Shanghai to Vancouver on an Empress liner which would touch Honolulu, where my mother was to board the ship and go on home with me.

Then I sent for my Japanese teachers, told them I was sailing in a little more than a week, and that therefore I would have no more time for lessons. With my pen poised over my checkbook I again asked them the size of their fee when, to my surprise, they both burst into immoderate laughter.

"We won't take any money," said the fatter of the two, "because you see we are not language teachers at all. We are members of the Army Secret Service Section."

Then I could understand their laughter, for the joke was certainly on me. During our association I had of course been discreet whenever we discussed anything pertaining to Japan's policies in China, but time and again one or the other of those secret service men had arrived at my office before the lesson hour, and occasionally I had been late for the appointments. They had always waited for me in my private office, and no doubt had thoroughly ransacked my files.

I was not content to remain under any obligation to these impostors. They were extravagantly fond of the brand of Scotch whisky which I served, so I bought two cases, and had a case sent to each of my "teachers," with my card, after I had sailed.

It was late June when I reached New York, and during the several weeks I spent there and in Washington I was dismayed

anew to find the indifference which prevailed towards developments in the Far East. Most people were frankly not interested, and those who were interested were nearly all either badly informed or extremely complacent, or both.

The general attitude in the United States at that time was that of course Japan's invasion of China was a damned outrage, but that it was an Oriental conflict which was really none of our business. Time and time again I had to listen to inane observations like these, usually delivered with all the solemn dignity of an oracle:

"After all, our whole trade with China amounts to a little more than \$100,000,000 a year, and Japan is an excellent customer."

"The Japs will soon play themselves out. They'll go broke or get tired of an impossible job. History will repeat itself in the end, and the Chinese will simply absorb their conquerors as they absorbed the Manchus and the Mongols and other invaders."

About the middle of July I became uneasy over the trend of events in Europe, and had a long talk with Mr. Sulzberger, the publisher of the *New York Times*. I suggested, in view of what seemed the certainty of war in Europe at a very early date, that I should hurry back to the Far East. I pointed out that if England and Germany went to war Japan would certainly take advantage of the world situation and extend her aggressions in East Asia. I told him I believed there was almost a certainty that Japan would attack Hongkong, the Philippines, and the Netherlands East Indies, and that I was sure she would take over the foreign areas at Shanghai by force.

Mr. Sulzberger thought that I was needlessly alarmed, and pointed out that every one of my previous home leaves had been sharply curtailed.

"I heard you say you wanted to go to Idaho and catch some trout which have been getting larger and fatter for five years as they waited for your coming. My advice is to go into the

mountains, where you cannot be reached by either telephone or telegraph, and to catch those trout. Try and forget about the Far East and about Europe for a while. In these days, if we live only from crisis to crisis, we really don't live at all."

I was going to follow this advice, but the European situation worsened so rapidly that my apprehensions multiplied. The last week in July the *Times* rushed cables to eighteen of its special correspondents in Europe asking for immediate urgent replies. The cables sent were identical, and asked each man's opinion on the prospects of war or peace. All the replies were in within five hours, and each one expressed the conviction that Hitler would start hostilities during the first week in September.

I hesitated no longer but booked passage back to Shanghai on an Empress liner scheduled to sail from Vancouver on August 17th. We were in Nagasaki harbor on September 3rd, the day that war was declared, and reached Shanghai September 4th. Those Idaho trout must be whoppers by now, for I have never yet had the chance to go after them.

That voyage across the Pacific in 1939 in a ship flying the British flag was one of the strangest journeys I ever made. The passengers included Britons, Canadians, Australians, Americans, Germans, and Japanese. During the first few days of the voyage, with the early outbreak of war in Europe becoming more of a certainty from hour to hour, the Japanese and the Germans herded more and more closely together. Japan had not yet concluded her formal military alliance with the European Axis—that was to come a year later—but the lines of sympathy against the democracies were already clearly drawn.

Then the ship's radio broke the astounding news of the German-Soviet Neutrality Pact, and the effect upon the Japanese passengers was startling and comic. They felt, as the government in Tokyo felt, at that time, that Hitler had betrayed Japan. From the hour that the news of the German-Soviet agreement reached the ship the Japanese not only stopped asso-

ciating with the German passengers, they even stopped speaking to them when they met face to face on deck.

There is no doubt but that in August of 1939 Japan was again poised to strike, and would have thrown the whole Pacific into the war except for the new and surprising agreement between Hitler and Stalin.

The initial Japanese blow in that year would no doubt have been against the Russians, for the famous Matsuoka-Stalin non-aggression agreement was not made until early 1940. Indeed the Russians and the Japanese had been engaged in a bitter but undeclared war for most of the summer of that year, the hostilities ranging through the Nomonhan Desert area along the western border of Manchuria, facing Outer Mongolia. This warfare continued until after the outbreak of war in Europe. Finally, at Japan's suggestion an armistice was signed at the time the Russian armies were moving into Eastern Poland. The Japanese gained nothing by the prolonged hostilities, the extent of which were not realized abroad until nearly a year later when the names of 17,000 Japanese soldiers who had been killed fighting against the Russians were formally reported to the Yasukuni Shrine in Tokyo.

In Shanghai the outbreak of war in Europe greatly aggravated the already tense situation. Clubs and other organizations dominated by the British and French immediately either expelled all German members or else suspended them from all privileges for the duration of the war. Social and personal bitternesses were manifested in many ways and cleavages became marked. In general the Germans, Japanese, and Italians herded together, with the Americans and British, the Chinese leaders, and citizens of most of the neutrals in the other clique.

Commercially the Japanese began throwing favors to the Germans and to the Italians, but occasionally representatives of the Axis quarreled bitterly amongst themselves.

From the beginning of the European conflict most of the British in Shanghai, as well as citizens of the various Dominions

of the Empire, began saying, in effect, "Of course the United States will come in on our side right away."

Frank expression of my opinion on this point cost me several friendships. In the autumn of 1939 I was strongly opposed to immediate American participation in the war against Germany, although it seemed evident from the first that the United States would again be forced to play a decisive part in another world-wide conflict. My position was that the American people would give no enthusiastic support towards a war in which we were allied with a British government still dominated by stupid and inept appeasers of an over-conservative type.

Most of my British friends were deeply resentful when I told them I thought no leadership at Washington would wish to or could succeed in dragging us into a war to assist Great Britain so long as the British government was dominated by men like Chamberlain, Simon, and Hoare.

I was also convinced that in the end we would find that Japan would be our own particular and implacable enemy, and that the main task of the United States would be the defeat of the Japanese, and to free China and the rest of East Asia from the standing threat of their cruelty and rapacity.

BOOK III. THE WORLD AT WAR

UNHEEDED WARNINGS

AFTER the beginning of the war in Europe I began to obtain from various sources news of such extreme importance that it could not be transmitted by cable, and could not be published in the United States under any conditions. Pearl Harbor was still two years ahead, but already I had a lively sense that my country was, all unheeding, being hurried toward disaster.

Several times during the Sino-Japanese hostilities Mr. Sulzberger had asked me to send to him direct confidential reports on developments and prospects in East Asia, and in November, 1939, I began making it a practice to send such reports to him or to Mr. James by nearly every mail, instead of only at longer intervals.

Material of this nature and importance obviously could not be put into the Shanghai post office, because the Japanese censors opened and read everything, so I made a private arrangement by which I took these letters out to the headquarters of the 4th U. S. Marines, put American and Chinese stamps on the envelopes, and then had them sent to the United States in the Marine pouches. Mail of this kind was taken to American or British ships under Marine guard, and there was no chance of Japanese interference.

The quaint requirement that both Chinese and United States stamps must be affixed to these envelopes was due to the fact that no agencies of the American government would connive

at any measure which might deprive China of any rightful revenue.

It is important to note that I always took pains to transmit this unpublishable material also to representatives of the American government in Shanghai. As a rule I gave copies not only to the Navy and Marine Intelligence, but also to the proper official in the American Consulate-General. Some of the time the army had no official intelligence officer there.

Typical of the information which I transmitted regularly to Mr. Sulzberger for the guidance of the editorial and news policy of the *New York Times* is the following, sent from Shanghai on November 18, 1939:

This morning Yakichiro Suma called on me at my apartment and remained for tête-à-tête tiffin, and much interesting talk resulted. Suma has just recently come back from Washington where he has been serving as Counselor of Embassy, and in Tokyo will fill the position of spokesman for the Foreign Office.

My caller began by saying that Japan knows very well that Soviet Russia will always be a stumbling block to her plans on the Asiatic mainland.

"There is not the remotest chance for a genuine rapprochement with Moscow," he said. "Most of the ballyhoo about arranging a Russo-Japanese agreement is for the purpose of making Washington think that too stiff an American stand might scare Japan into the arms of the Russian Bear." Suma then grinned widely and added, "But Washington doesn't take this seriously, so our bluff isn't working."

I was genuinely startled by Suma's summary of his purported talk with Secretary of State Hull the day before he left Washington. Here is what Suma declared he had said:

"Mr. Secretary, all these cases of the slippings and physical abuse of American citizens by the Japanese soldiers, and the bombings of American missions and other properties, are really only minor affairs and can be readily adjusted. The real basic issues between our two countries, however, are 'fighting issues,' so deadly that we do not

dare to discuss them. But may I suggest that, basically, all we want is a renewal of the Lansing-Ishii Agreement, America recognizing that geographical propinquity gives Japan special rights and interests in China?"

Suma says that Hull's only reply to this was to ask if these were the exact words used by Lansing and Ishii, and then to add, "I must refresh my memory."

"Have you a farewell verbal message for me to carry to Tokyo?" Suma asked, when he arose to say farewell.

He then quotes Secretary Hull's reply as follows:

"Yes, it is this. If Japan plans actual domination of China, the United States will never permit it. Tell that to your Cabinet members and other leaders in Japan."

Suma takes all this very seriously, particularly so since he himself and the Japanese government are convinced that Hull is actually only the President's mouthpiece instead of being a Secretary of State with any independence of action. He said:

"Mr. Hull is merely a charming and handsome gentleman whom Mr. Roosevelt uses as a chop for documents. All diplomatic Washington knows this is true."

Suma closed by saying that Tokyo looks with deep suspicion upon the American policy of continually reinforcing the submarine flotillas attached to the Asiatic Fleet based upon Manila. He said he supposed this was considered necessary "because we know very well that England and France are now protesting less violently than before about Japanese moves in China since there is a gentlemen's agreement that the United States will become more stiff-necked, and carry the white man's load out here, while England and France are busy in Europe."

S. Kato, a delightful, soft-spoken, and mild-mannered Japanese gentleman, who was then in the anchorless position of Japan's Minister-at-Large in China, occupied the apartment opposite mine on the sixteenth floor of the Broadway Mansions late in 1939. Occasionally he would drop in on me informally for a highball and a talk; now and then he stayed for a meal, and now and again when he was to be served some particular

Japanese delicacy, he would ring my doorbell and ask me to take tiffin or dinner with him.

On November 29, 1939, I spent two hours with Kato, and later that same day wrote the following "off the record" report of what he had said for the *New York Times*:

After all, we in the diplomatic and consular services are only very small men these days. The army treats us, in private, as brusquely and as badly as they treat their Chinese puppets.

The Army Special Service Section is degenerating into what in your Chicago you call gangsters. The heads are becoming rich from the traffic in opium, heroin (some of which reaches America), red light districts, and Chinese gambling joints. Bushido is forgotten.

There is no hope for us if the army succeeds in forcing us into a pretended friendship with Russia. How can they do that, when Russia killed more than 17,000 of our soldiers last summer on the Nomonhan front, and wounded twice as many?

All history since the Romanoff family first got control of Moscow, shows that when China is weak Russia pushes eastward, and when China is strong Russia retreats. When the Mings were strong emperors, Russia was back west of Lake Baikal. When the Mings got weak, Russia pushed eastward into the Sungari and Amur River basins. Then the Ching dynasty became strong, and again Russia retreated. The Chings became decadent, and Russia attained the shores of the Pacific, and mastery of the Maritime Provinces. She got a hold on Korea, and had Manchuria, and built a railroad clear to Dalny and Port Arthur.

Japan pushed her back in the 1904-05 war. But then came the Chinese Revolution, and Russia soon after that got all of Outer Mongolia, and during the civil war years constantly tightened her hold upon Sinkiang.

Today China is shattered—oh, I know our army has done the shattering—and Russia is extending her grip to Kansu, Ninghsia, Shensi, and even to parts of Szechuen. If the Chinese Communists should unseat Chiang Kai-shek, the Russians would be down into southern Yunnan, even menacing the British in Burma.

There is nothing we could give to Russia to make her a real friend. The fate of Poland, the Baltic States, and now Finland,

should open the eyes of our army, but they are so enraged over America's attitude that they can see nothing but to join the totalitarian states.

At that time Russia and Germany were at peace, and the Soviet was furnishing Hitler immense quantities of war supplies and food. Japan had not formally joined the Axis as a military ally.

One of the most ominous warnings I received at that time came from S. Okazaki, then Japanese Consul-General at Hong-kong. I had known him for years, and called upon him on my way south to French Indo-China, and again on my way northward to Shanghai. Here's what my carbon of a secret report to New York records, under date of March 29, 1940, as the gist of Okazaki's views:

I'm grieved to tell you that anger against America in Japan is so deep and widespread in army, navy and all government circles, that one of our formally adopted policies now is to "get even." Oh, we know we can do nothing just now, but if America gets into the war in Europe, or if she is ever embarrassed, be it fifteen or twenty years from now, we shall apply like or worse pressure to your country and get our revenge. Our whole literate population feels this way—a slumbering, smoldering hatred, because America is blocking our moves in East Asia. And as a people, we do not forget.

This so shocked and alarmed me, that upon my return to Shanghai from the South I sounded out Admiral Iwamura and General Fujita, with the same result. In that same report to the *Times* I continued:

I did not, of course, mention Okazaki to Iwamura or to Fujita. Then, when they had agreed with his statements, I took the naval and military reaction to Kato, their Minister-at-Large—and he more than confirms all of this.

The trip to Indo-China was made to investigate the strength of the French in that key colony, and their morale, which I had

heard was soft and rotten. It was. One angle of my report to New York about the French read as follows:

The French in Indo-China, and those in Shanghai, too, for that matter, are now violently anti-Japanese. The French charge, and with justice, that Japan broke her pledged word when she grabbed Hainan Island. Now the Nipps openly avow their intention to keep Hainan, and to make it a naval base. That will be costly, for the island has no good natural harbor.

Much as the French hated the Japanese, those in Indo-China could do nothing under Japanese pressure, applied after France collapsed and was invaded by Hitler. When Vichy opened Indo-China to the Japanese the French authorities not only obeyed without open objection but became cringingly eager to co-operate with the invader. Most of them seemed to value their jobs, their seniorities, and their ultimate pension prospects more than they valued the honor of France. They have been harshly used by the Japanese, but deserve no sympathy. The Dutch in the East Indies, in just as desperate a plight, did not open their gates—and their arms—to the Japanese. The Dutch fought.

The first official Japanese admission to me that Japan planned on eventually seizing French Indo-China, and British Hong-kong as well, was made on April 8th, 1940, soon after I had returned to Shanghai from my disheartening inspection trip to the great French colony to the south. Ken Tsurumi was at that time Counselor of the Japanese Embassy in China, and soon thereafter became official Embassy spokesman at the daily press conferences. He called at my apartment to inquire about my observations during my trip south, and I told him that the French were infuriated over Japan's seizure of Hainan Island, of the Spratley Islands, and over the presence of Japanese armies in Kwangsi province. Tsurumi laughed and shrugged, and then said:

“Oh, we know very well that as soon as the war in Europe

is over, if the Allies win, France plans on batting us out of Hainan, out of South China, and out of all our southern islands near the Asiatic coast. Already the French and French-paid native Annamite propagandists are trying to incite the Annamites against us. The French are teaching the native peoples of Indo-China to hate and fear us Japanese—they hope eventually to use these natives as soldiers against Japan when the worst comes to the worst.

"For the present, we have no intention of taking over French Indo-China. Of course we must have it eventually, just as we must have Hongkong, but before we make these moves we must make sure that the Allies are not winning in Europe, and that Russia is not going to attack us. The French cannot now afford to fortify Indo-China in a serious way, and we think this European struggle will last so long that the French and British, even if they should win, will be too exhausted to defend their colonial empires in the Orient."

Tsurumi was talking at a time when Russia and Germany were still at peace, and just before France and Holland had been successfully overrun by Hitler's armies.

German ships and planes began moving against Norway before midnight of April 8th, 1940. Japan's leaders knew of the Nazi plans for overrunning Norway and Denmark on April 5th. General Ott, the German Ambassador, revealed Hitler's intentions to the Japanese War, Navy, and Foreign Ministers at a secret conference held on the morning of April 6th in Tokyo, and even then began to try to induce Japan to conclude the formal military alliance with the European Axis which was finally concluded late in September of the same year.

These facts I learned in Shanghai the night of April 11th. My confidential report to the *New York Times*, dated April 12th, was written hurriedly and phrased informally, and read as follows:

Rear Admiral Fujita (not related to the General Fujita who now commands the Japanese army in this area) arrived in Shanghai day

before yesterday from Japan, by air. Last evening he asked me to dine with him, but since Japanese food gives me indigestion, I asked him to dine with me in my apartment instead, and he did so. He has been sent here to be "foreign contact man" for Admiral Iwamura. Fujita was once Naval Attaché to the Embassy in London, and is considered pro-British.

He tells me that Ott, the German Ambassador to Tokyo, on April 6th, and under the strict seal of secrecy, revealed to the Japanese War and Navy Ministers, and to Arita, the German intention to take over Norway and Denmark.

This revelation was not made out of pure goodness of heart at all, but to impress upon Japan the desirability of a Japan-German rapprochement, and of having Japan work on Italy for a German-Italian-Japanese alliance against England and France. Ott is quoted as having said: "When you see the swift measure of our might in Scandinavia, you will realize it will be wise to be our active ally instead of our passive friend."

Admiral Fujita's revelations make it clear that when Japan finally struck southward in December, 1941, she was acting for herself, and even defying Berlin's wishes. Tokyo had probably decided a German victory was no longer to be considered a foregone conclusion, for as early as April, 1940, Germany's attitude was that the Dutch possessions in the Far Pacific were not to be included in Japan's spoils of war. My report of April 12th proceeds:

Fujita says Ott promised that both Germany and Italy would specifically grant Japan "a free hand in the Far East against China, and against British and French possessions, but that Holland must not be disturbed."

I wondered, at the time, how the Philippines figured in this advance calculation of the international brigands. Since Fujita was talking to an American newspaper man he naturally did not mention the Philippines, and I thought it tactful not to open a phase of the subject which he was evidently ignoring. He went on to express to me his fear that the Tokyo Govern-

ment, taking advantage of the furore occasioned by Germany's successes in Norway and in Denmark, might push through the alliance project proposed by Berlin. The report of April 12th concludes with this paragraph:

"We know, in Tokyo, that only the United States stands between us and the achievement of our most ambitious dreams for the mainland of Asia," Fujita says.

Here is another of those informal reports copied from my records of early 1940:

Viscount Motono I've known for years and years. He's considered one of the "coming men" in the Foreign Office; was once Embassy Counselor here, later Embassy spokesman. He is of a very wealthy and noble family, just below the Imperial rank—hugely wealthy. His august grandmother, the dowager countess, as she's called in Japan, two years ago gave 3,000,000 yen to an institution which tries to "save" geisha girls.

Motono just came through here on his way to Italy; he's No. 2 of the Japanese goodwill mission to Rome. After Rome they will visit Berlin, Paris, London, Brussels, and The Hague, if such visits are still possible; then the Balkans; then, by late September, New York, Washington, and home across the Pacific. Motono radioed me from his ship; in town only twenty-four hours; would like a long talk. The upshot was that before he sailed he came to me for tiffin at twelve-thirty and stayed until time to hurry and catch his ship which sailed at three. His tale is as follows:

"Amusingly enough, Abend, our man Kondo, in our New York Consulate-General, reports that your news and cables and mail stories are the fairest and most objective sent by anyone in China." (We had been discussing the army's growing hostility toward me as a correspondent.)

Then I answered his many searching questions about the deplorable conditions hereabouts, and he said: "What you tell me is half news to me, and the other half I'd regretfully learned before I left Tokyo. I'll tell you honestly that the government is trying to clean up the terrific squeeze and graft hereabouts. That is, we are trying to uproot and deport the smaller fry. This will put the responsibility

where it justly belongs—upon our ‘big business,’ Mitsui and Mitsubishi particularly, who are getting richer by their corrupt association with, and their corruption of, the army.

“In Tokyo the civilian part of the government realizes that in order to win popular Chinese support, in order to win substantial men away from Chungking, we must give Wang Ching-wei a considerable amount of freedom of decision and action. But with the army and big business so deeply mired in graft in Central China, the fear is that we may not be able to get any freedom of action for the new Nanking regime until it is too late.

“The army, incredibly, is roughly divided into two factions favoring two follies. One wants to ally us with Germany, and the other favors a Russian rapprochement even while still maintaining the anti-Comintern slogans, and still warring against the Chinese Communists.

“I’m afraid we are too young, too raw, for the tilt we have invited against Destiny. Just as China always broke down because of lack of numerical strength of able men to staff her provincial administrations properly, so we may break down for lack of enough good men to properly administer our conquests. We have the force, the will, but not the mature intelligence.”

FAINT HOPE FOR PEACE

DURING the early part of the period covered in the foregoing chapter there was a serious and prolonged conflict going on amongst various Japanese factions concerning the advisability of having the Empire accord formal recognition to the Nanking puppet regime of Wang Ching-wei as the legal, one-and-only "government of China."

This was not a struggle of army against navy, or of the military clique against the civilians in the Foreign Office. It marked a deep cleavage in all branches of the Japanese Government—one army faction against other factions in the army, disputes within the Foreign Office, disagreements amongst the great financial houses, all of which were, in varying degrees, amassing paper wealth because of corrupt connections and dealings with the military in China.

Japanese of all factions and of many ranks and grades came to me to discuss their troubled views, and to ask my advice. Always I worked against the fatal step of formal recognition for the Wang Ching-wei regime, because I felt that such recognition would make war with the United States inevitable.

Other differences between America and Japan, I was convinced, could possibly be settled, if Japan were given time to wear herself out in China, and to get over her appetite for conquest (or to get a violent case of territorial and administrative indigestion). But I felt that once the Imperial Government had granted formal recognition to any puppet, once the Emperor

had become involved by receiving an "Ambassador" from Wang Ching-wei, then Japan could never afford to lose face to the extent of withdrawing recognition and abandoning her puppet creation.

The United States, I knew, would never countenance the continuance of any Japanese puppet regime in China. It would be difficult enough to finally persuade Japan to disavow the "Emperor of Manchoukuo," but if the Manchurian tangle were to be combined with the difficulty of a formally recognized puppet government for all the rest of China, then war seemed unavoidable. The one point of Japan's whole set of plans to which the United States never would and never could agree was that calling for the dismemberment or domination of China. I felt justified in working against the Wang Ching-wei set-up insofar as my consultations with Japanese leaders were concerned, for by so doing I believed there was a small fractional hope of preventing a war between my own country and Japan.

Mr. Kato, the Minister-at-Large, shared my depressed feeling concerning the general future of the Japanese venture onto the mainland of Asia. He first voiced his feelings to me one day when we were driving through the Kiangwan area north of Shanghai, on our way to a Japanese tea garden, and were passing block after block of costly new buildings being erected there with Japanese capital. He said:

"All of this new construction seems to me to be a futile waste of time and labor and money. If we were to make peace with China tomorrow, and to take our armies home, we would undoubtedly have to come back again with our planes and guns and knock it all down again not later than the year 1950.

"We knocked it down in 1932 and we knocked it down again in 1937, but even now, only a little less than two years later, reconstructed Chinese mills are already taking rice out of the bowls of the Japanese workers. The Chinese are more shrewd than we are as businessmen. They work longer and harder and

live on less than we do. By strikes, by tariffs, by chicanery, and by sheer weight of wealth the Chinese can outdistance us within a decade unless we conquer and rule them.

“By weight of wealth I mean China’s incomparably greater area, her natural resources and her 450,000,000 people who constitute a potential labor reservoir of incomparable might. I feel the task is too big for us, both economically and militarily, and we are headed for ruin if we agree to any settlement that does not give us unquestioned rule.”

The extent of Japanese corruption in the Central China area and the bitterness of the conflicts between different factions there, is shown by the following excerpts from a confidential report sent to the *New York Times* on November 24, 1939, which also shows how the Japanese never gagged over the idea of using political assassination to gain their ends.

For reasons too long to go into here, the following affair cannot be published. But it sheds a bright and lurid light on the rapacity which is the governing motive of the Japanese out here now, and on how army and navy don’t click.

Four days ago the Japanese Navy Special Service Section, which controls Nantao, most of Hongkew and Chapei, and part of the so-called “western district,” discovered a plot to assassinate Wang Ching-wei. They followed a hot trail, and landed right in the office of General Harada, High Advisor to the Nanking Reformed Government, and head of the Japanese army’s special service section. It was a Japanese army plot to use Chinese gunmen to remove a stubborn political puppet who knows too much.

The day after the plot was discovered, I had cabled a news story to my paper to the effect that plans for Wang’s puppet regime were held up because he refused to sign, in advance, an agreement to create monopolies of inland and coastal shipping, of mining, and of electrical power enterprises, all with charters to specify that all companies must be 51 per cent Japanese owned, and only 49 per cent Chinese, with third power nationals prohibited from owning stock. The report continues:

The Mitsuis and Mitsubishiis, who "own" many big army figures, were furious at Wang Ching-wei's refusal to create monopolies. Hence the plot to remove him.

Well, the navy reported the affair to Tokyo and to General Nishio's headquarters at Nanking. Nishio was furious. There have been courts-martial, and twenty-six Japanese plotters have been shot. As a special mark of disgrace, they have been buried near Kiangwan, not cremated, no ashes sent to Japan. Incidentally, that "disgrace cemetery" now has more than 3,200 grave markers denoting mutinous conduct, stealing army stores, etc.

Harada is shortly to be replaced. But he's amassed a fortune of more than 3,000,000 yen. Did I write you of the huge sum in spoils which General Count Terauchi took home when he left North China? And Admiral Nomura? [Not the then Foreign Minister, not even a relative of the Admiral Nomura who was later Ambassador to Washington, but the Nomura who was once Japanese Naval Attaché in Shanghai.] These are scandals not yet to be aired, but the upright Japanese are profoundly shocked at the graft amongst those who should have "the Bushido spirit."

Shady methods and corruptions were not confined to the Japanese dealings with the Chinese, but also extended to Japan's foreign trade. In particular, crooked devices were adopted in an effort to circumvent anti-Japanese boycotts which were becoming more and more serious, particularly in the United States and in all parts of the British Empire.

In November of 1939 there arrived in Shanghai from Japan Commander Yunozuki, formerly on the staff of the Japanese Naval Attaché at their Embassy in Paris, and Captain Kuroki, a retired army officer, son of the late famous general of the same name. They opened adjoining two-room office suites, and began a series of secret conferences with the leaders of the Jewish refugees from Europe, who at that time numbered about 19,000 in Shanghai alone.

Presently, arriving steamers began to bring to Shanghai great numbers of Jewish traders from the United States, from South

America, from India, and from Egypt and France. These visitors all wore a smooth path to the offices of the Japanese Naval Counselor and the retired army captain. The scheme was to use unscrupulous Jewish merchants all over the world as an outlet for the output of Japanese factories.

The Japanese were even then getting around popular American boycotts against Japan's silk by shipping their silk to Shanghai in their own ships, landing it and stamping it "Made in China," and then sending it out in neutral vessels. The same device was adopted for Japanese toys and a multitude of other Japanese-manufactured products which were stamped "Made in China" and shipped out of Shanghai to the countries boycotting Japanese goods.

Early in 1940 the seriousness of the situation in East Asia was further complicated by the dangerous growth of defeatist sentiment in Chungking, where Chiang Kai-shek and his supporters had to battle desperately against a growing clique who were despairingly convinced that none of the democracies would ever come actively to China's aid. I was receiving confidential reports continuously from China's capital and one of them, dated January 7, 1940, reads as follows:

Just now Chungking has to be watched very closely. So many of the fat paunches in the government lust for obeisance to the Rising Sun that peace might break out at any time. The truth of the matter is, that many of the wealthy and powerful men up here watch the gradual closing off of communications in the South, and the severing of contacts with and dependence upon France and England, with shivers down their limestone spinal columns. They say that if resistance is to be carried on in the future it must be done through steadily greater dependence upon Russia with the consequent enhancement of the position of the Chinese Communists. Many had much rather sell out their country to the Japanese than accept this situation. Anyway, you know many of the men to whom I refer, and know that they don't give a good goddam. They would only be selling out the Chinese people. They themselves could continue

their lives of luxury and dissipation in the haven of coastal cities guarded by Japanese troops, and could have a new Soochow girl to sleep with every night.

Now as our war with Japan drags on month after month, more and more conjectures are heard as to whether in all the Japanese Empire there are any groups of men with whom a durable peace could be arranged. There are many such men, but the names of almost none of them are known to the American public. Nor would I care at this time to divulge their names, lest it peril their lives.

One such man I shall call simply Nishi, who was at one time in the American section of the Tokyo Foreign Office. Nishi is an exceptionally high type of Japanese. He is a patriot without being a fanatic, and he has repeatedly opposed the militarists and their civilian jingo supporters to such an extent that it is a miracle he has escaped assassination.

Nishi made an extended trip of inspection to China during my last year there. He called upon me for the third time during this trip, and we talked for most of the afternoon. In a report for New York that night I find the following three paragraphs, quoted from Nishi:

I'm flying back to Tokyo Tuesday morning, and I'm pretty disheartened. The loud-mouthed and violent-acting section of the army is still in control. While it is true that they are a minority—even an army minority—they are the "direct actionists" of Japan, and therefore have a power entirely unjustified by their numbers.

The Japanese moderates do not dare to advocate nor to attempt to carry out policies too much in opposition to this violent and vocal group, for if we did so there might easily be another "February uprising" in Tokyo. And that would finish moderation in Japan for a long time, and would probably finish Japan as a world power, too. Peoples and governments abroad do not realize how this group always holds the sword of threatened violence over our necks.

Today our Foreign Office is all for moderation and for genuine and sincere appeasement of the democracies. But the Foreign Office

is weak. The only encouraging sign I can see is the fact that at last our most important army leaders realize that we have gone as far as we can—farther than we should have gone—in China. But they cannot call a halt, either. We cannot resort to a Stalinist kind of purge in our army. That would only increase our difficulties, and would augment the strength of the violent-acting group in the military.

Later in the afternoon we talked long about Japan's plans for the so-called Central Government of China headed by Wang Ching-wei, and I told Nishi that I thought they were handling the whole project in a clumsy and futile manner. According to my notes I had this to say:

"You give the poor man no chance to gain 'face' with his own people," I advised. "The whole thing is being done in Tokyo, considered in manifold meetings in Tokyo, approved in Tokyo, and announced from Tokyo. This is all wrong. Surely your China group recognizes the necessity for 'face' over here. The whole movement should have been made to seem to have been hatched and arranged here in Shanghai, or in Nanking, or in Tsingtao. Instead of bringing Wang Ching-wei here from Indo-China after decisions announced in Tokyo, your organizers should have secretly worked up a demand for his presence amongst some of your hirelings in China. As it is, you have left him neither dignity nor self-respect. Just to please the vanity of a small group of self-important Japanese military men you are branding the word 'puppet' ever more deeply across Wang's brow."

Nishi agreed, and then wanted to know what I thought foreign repercussions would be when and if Japan granted Wang Ching-wei formal recognition. I told him I believed there would be no foreign reactions except scornful disapproval. And then I added:

"I am particularly sorry to witness this step, because when Japan recognizes this puppet creation, when she exchanges ambassadors, she will have committed herself irrevocably. She

could never afford to jeopardize her national honor by later disavowing her own creation to appease third powers. To me, a recovery of American-Japanese cordiality is the most important issue involved in this Wang Ching-wei scheme. I do not see how the United States or any of the other Nine Power Treaty powers can ever recognize such a creation. They will never negotiate with this creation over trade or other matters, or concede to Japan the legality of such a step."

Nishi was very thoughtful over this, and finally said he would do his best to arrange behind the scenes for a breakdown of the negotiations which Wang Ching-wei was to hold with Chinese leaders from Nanking and Peiping.

"If the deal seems to break down because of Chinese inability to agree," he said, "then Japan would not lose face in China or abroad—or at home either."

I saw my caller to the door, but half an hour later there was a ring at my bell, and there was Nishi back again. Here is the amazing proposition he made to me, in the words in which I communicated it to the *New York Times*, and to American officers and officials in Shanghai next day:

"Abend, I wish you would come to Japan, even if for only a day or two, if that is all the time you could spare. When I get back to Tokyo I'll arrange a secret meeting with Prince Konoye, the Foreign Minister, Premier Abe, General Hata, Matsuoka, and a few others. Please come, and tell them frankly what you think of our whole show over here. They will be glad to listen, and if you can help to influence the abandonment of the Wang Ching-wei affair you will be doing a great service to your own country and to mine. I see clearly now that if we recognize Wang Ching-wei we'll have burned our bridges, so far as a return to American-Japanese friendly relations is concerned."

While we sat over a second whisky and soda discussing his proposition I told him that I could not commit myself, and that I believed that the *New York Times* would feel that I had no

license to interfere so actively in diplomacy. I told Nishi, however, that he was free to tell any of his trustworthy people in Tokyo the substance of our talks. Nishi then pressed the point that a face-to-face conference with Japanese leaders, a meeting in which there would be time for questions and discussion, would be of much more convincing value to them and to me.

Our final agreement was that he would cable to me if he could arrange such a meeting, and that I would then ask the American Consul-General or Admiral William Glassford to send the *Times* a coded inquiry as to the propriety of my making such a trip.

Nishi arranged the meeting, but the *Times* withheld its consent, and on November 30th, 1940, the Wang Ching-wei puppet regime was granted formal recognition according to the plan and schedule prepared by the Japanese extremists.

Japan had finally begun to feel that she could wait no longer. For many months recognition of Wang Ching-wei had been deferred, in the hope that the constant threat of such a step might induce General Chiang Kai-shek to agree to a compromise peace. They hoped that the Generalissimo would realize that once they had recognized their Nanking puppet it would have to be war to the death with Chungking. Chiang Kai-shek did fully realize this issue. It is another mark to his credit that even these considerations did not shake his determination to continue resistance regardless of the cost.

ANOTHER FEELER

ANOTHER ostensible endeavor was made to avoid war with the United States when two highly placed Japanese called at my apartment by appointment on the afternoon of March 5, 1940. They were Admiral Iwamura and Ken Tsurumi, and they spent more than two hours with me. Iwamura was Naval Attaché to the Japanese Embassy in Shanghai, and Tsurumi was Counselor of Embassy.

I was mystified at first, because the talk began with a long and seemingly irrelevant preamble of discussion of affairs dating back to January, 1939. My callers then re-hashed a great many facts about various factional differences in Japan, as to whether or not the anti-Comintern Pact should be expanded into a formal Japanese-German-Italian military alliance. The admiral and Tsurumi declared they had fought against such a commitment, and were convinced that Japan's brightest prospects for the future depended upon restoring cordiality with the United States and Great Britain.

Finally, after a long pause, my callers said that they had been "authorized by Tokyo" to ask me to pass along "a plea for moderation" in the American attitude towards Japan.

I told them somewhat harshly that they were talking in generalities, and asked them to be specific. What, in particular, I demanded, did they mean by "authorized by Tokyo"? To this I received only a vague reply that they represented "a certain portion of the government."

Then I asked them the meaning of their phrase "to pass along a plea for moderation," and to this their answer was that they hoped the *New York Times* would start an editorial campaign favoring a Japanese-American understanding, and then added that they hoped I would let the American State Department and Admiral Hart know the terms which they proposed to outline to me.

The whole procedure seemed to me to be irresponsible and subject to suspicion, and I said as much. Then I asked them why, if Japan was willing to make concessions, her proposals were not made to our Ambassador in Tokyo, or to our State Department through their Ambassador in Washington.

The reply to this was that the Japanese government was doubtful as to the manner in which their maximum concessions would be received, and if they were rejected they preferred not to have them a matter of formal diplomatic record.

This, then, is what Tsurumi said, as I reported the matter in a secret memorandum prepared that night:

"Our government is genuinely bent upon the conciliation of America, Britain, and France, but we cannot move too fast, or we will be kicked out. Then the extreme militarists will come in, to the ruination of Japan, and the probability of a war with America, whether America wants it or not. We genuinely do not intend to close the Open Door, but the Nine Power Treaty cannot and will not be scrupulously observed. You have a saying in America about too much water running under a bridge. In this case too much Japanese blood has run out onto the plains of China for us to give up all our gains."

Here the admiral interrupted eagerly, saying:

"Hainan Island we must have. We'll give up South China, we'll move out of the Yangtsze, but if we can get formal recognition of Manchoukuo and tacit admission of a special position in North China—meaning Hopei, Shansi, Charhar, Suiyuan, and all of Shantung—we are willing to quit. We must permanently maintain an army in North China and must have

preferred trade rights and exploitation rights there. We'll also move out of the Spratley Islands, and evacuate Kwangtung and Kwangsi. Moreover, we will not ask any indemnities."

At this point Tsurumi broke in again, saying:

"Unhappily we know that this is an election year in America, so the Far East issue will probably be a campaign football, or else be entirely ignored. But if only the American people could realize how sensitive and how excitable the Japanese people are today! Our losses have been immense. Our war cripples and our war blind are seen everywhere by the tens of thousands. The privations borne by the peasants and by our masses are becoming worse and worse, and all of this makes for an inflammable public. The situation is dangerous. Believe us, Japan is making concessions as rapidly as she dares. If they continue to be coldly received, there is no telling what disaster may eventuate."

After stating the Japanese side of the case they asked for my frank opinion, and I took the opportunity to deliver a lecture. I knew both of them very well, and was convinced they would take it. They did, and sorrowfully agreed with what I said. In effect, here is what I told them:

"You cannot expect too many concessions from the interested powers. Your military have been permitted to run wild and to destroy neutral lives and properties and interests, and to wreck trade prospects for the next ten years. You have been trying to corner a monopoly of the markets of 450,000,000 human beings. Meanwhile you are slaughtering them, impoverishing them, destroying their industries and means of livelihood, and debauching millions by your trade in narcotic drugs. You have been gutting China of foodstuffs and raw materials, and flooding the country with unsecured and worthless military notes.

"Your own country is actually bankrupt now in spite of your juggling of budget figures and 'red-ink' bond issues. Inflation and poverty await you. China's currency is destroyed—it must slump and slump and finally disappear. You have created out

here a basic condition that will inevitably bring about a situation precisely like that which existed in Europe after the last World War, when America emptied its pockets for civilian relief in Germany, Belgium, Austria, Poland, and European Russia. Because of what you have done, tens of millions of human beings will starve in East Asia unless international efforts, which must be largely American, are put forth to save them. You cannot expect to wish a situation like this onto the rest of the world, and still to get away with all you want."

Admiral Iwamura said he had used similar arguments in Tokyo during his conferences and added:

"Japan wants a quick peace, and will surrender much to get it. A continuance of conquests, unless we are overwhelmingly the victors, must spell ruin for us. Our present course will certainly bring about a trade embargo by America and Britain, and then comes war. But our army and our chauvinists won't see it that way. They would selfishly plunge us into a war with America because of hurt pride combined with the instinct to commit *hara-kiri*."

These pleas from an almost powerless minority had, of course, no chance of receiving serious attention in the United States. There were not, in the spring of 1940, enough moderates left in Japan to justify any hopes that the extremists could be restrained. Within four months from the date of this interview with the admiral and the Embassy counselor both of them had climbed to conspicuous perches on the bandwagon, and both were thumping loudly on the rolling war drums.

THE NIPPS GET NASTY

LATE in 1939 it became evident that the growing hostility towards me of a certain section of the Japanese army might make it imperative for me to get out of Shanghai in a hurry in order to avoid assassination. In one of my confidential memoranda, mailed April 11, 1940, I find this paragraph:

Japanese anti-Americanism is growing here with dangerous rapidity. Incidentally, the anti-Abend manifestations of the Japanese military clique in control at Shanghai have become not only irritating, and somewhat crippling to my work, but are also becoming threatening to my life. I am now packing with such secrecy as is possible, and I am shipping all of my valuable possessions to New York at once. This shipment will include my large collections of jades, ivories, bronzes, Chinese paintings, and china. In addition I am sending all of my good teakwood furniture, my Peking rugs, my household silver, and most of my library. In the future I am intending to "camp out," reserving only necessary furniture and rugs of little value which I will not mind abandoning, plain dishes and old bedding. I am not an alarmist, as my fourteen years' record shows, but I think these precautions are dictated by common sense.

As early as October of 1938 the Japanese began to harass me, and to try to make it impossible for me to carry on my work. In my files I have a carbon copy of a formal complaint made to the American Consul-General which reads as follows:

SHANGHAI, CHINA, October 27th, 1938

DEAR MR. GAUSS:

Permit me to file with you a formal complaint against an action taken this morning by two members of the Japanese Gendarmerie, who visited my office shortly after ten o'clock after previously telephoning to make sure I was in. They came in plain clothes, and one of them said he had no card; the other, after considerable insistence, produced a card reading:

K. Hirano

Intelligence Department of Japanese Gendarmerie
Headquarters, Shanghai.

Bridge House,
478 North Szechuen Road,
Tel. 46236-6

These men tried to force me to submit to a cross-examination concerning the kind of news I send out of Shanghai, how I get the news out, what channels of information I have, etc.

Becoming highly indignant, in their presence I telephoned to Mr. Kita, received no satisfaction from him as to their identity, and then handed the telephone over to the man Hirano. There ensued a long conversation in Japanese, whereafter Hirano said it was "all a mistake" and a "misunderstanding." I held the door open, and ordered the two men to leave. They attempted an apology, which I refused to receive, saying I would see that the matter came to the attention of Mr. Hidaka, whereafter I would expect them to return and make a formal apology against an unwarranted intrusion into my personal and business affairs.

It appears to me that the Gendarmerie are now launching a campaign to attempt to intimidate newspaper correspondents here.

Sincerely yours,

HALLETT ABEND

The Mr. Kita mentioned in this letter was the same S. Kita quoted in other chapters, and Mr. Hidaka was Shinrokuro Hidaka, who was then Japanese Consul-General in Shanghai. Kita told me later that when those precious gendarmes left my

office they went immediately to the Consulate-General, invaded his office without knocking, and roundly abused him for having sided with me. It was ruffians like this Hirano who, after the war began, abused and tortured many American and European newspaper men at their headquarters at the Bridge House Hotel.

In this case I insisted upon and received an official apology from Hirano and his companion—which no doubt increased the enmity their gang felt for me.

Hirano barged into the picture again in January of 1940, at which time a minor official of the Japanese Consulate gave me a secret tip that Hirano was trying to bribe my servants. One of the schemes which this gang then attempted was to purchase the loyalty of my chauffeur with a five-hundred-dollar bribe so that he would permit them to place a parcel in my car —this parcel to be discovered by Japanese sentries on Garden Bridge. The plan was to have the parcel contain revolvers and a quantity of opium. I would then have been hauled off to Japanese army headquarters, and an announcement would have been made to the press that I had been caught smuggling firearms and dope into the Japanese zone of control.

After my servants reluctantly confessed to me the various cash offers made by the Japanese, I took the matter up by letter with the Japanese army officer who was in charge of foreign contacts and press relations in China. For my own protection I also gave copies of this letter to the American Consul-General and to the colonel commanding the United States 4th Marines, and sent a copy to the *New York Times* by Marine pouch. The letter follows:

SHANGHAI, CHINA, January 27th, 1940

DEAR COLONEL UTSUNOMIYA:

It is with regret that I recall to your recollection an affair of October, 1938, involving one K. Hirano and his assistant. But since you were so helpful in settling that affair, I think it best to take up with

you direct this new matter, which, it seems to me, had best be handled entirely unofficially and without publicity of any kind.

Of late some of my six servants have been approached with offers of money to "give information or help make trouble," and the emissaries represented themselves as acting on behalf of one K. Hirano, Japanese Gendarmerie, with offices at the Bridge House. It was represented that said Hirano is still angry over the apology asked for and obtained late in 1938.

I shall be glad if you will be good enough to investigate this matter. If the alleged activities of Hirano prove to be true, please check them—for good and all. If they cannot be substantiated, or are the work of people intent upon promoting suspicion and illwill, please consider this letter withdrawn with apologies for having troubled you. I realize that whatever may have been going on, if anything, may be the result of a purely personal grudge, and that no one in a position of authority would have knowledge of, or condone, the alleged schemes.

I realize, as do you, too, that it would be extremely unfortunate all around, at this particular juncture, to have develop a "frame up" or another "incident," while the feelings over the so-called "Young case" are running high.

My object in writing this letter is not to make trouble for Hirano or for anyone else, but simply to assure myself, and my servants, against trouble of any kind, now or in the future.

Sincerely yours,

HALLETT ABEND

Colonel Utsunomiya and others investigated, admitted that the activities of Hirano and his gang were even more grave than my accusations indicated, and promised me that Hirano would be sent back to Japan, "in chains." He was deported, but defied his own authorities and returned to Shanghai after a few weeks.

The "Young case" referred to in the foregoing letter was the arrest and long detention in a Japanese prison in Tokyo of James Young, the International News representative in Japan.

After his liberation Jimmy paid a visit to Shanghai, and over

cocktails at the American Club told me how prominently my name figured in his cross-questioning. Jimmy also warned me to look out for myself, and said that a section of the army and most of the gendarmes were determined to "get" me. These warnings prompted me to send the following letter to the managing editor of the *Times*:

SHANGHAI, CHINA, May 4th, 1940

DEAR MR. JAMES:

It appears that the New York *Times* figured somewhat prominently in the trial of James Young, International News man at Tokyo. Young has just been through Shanghai, and gives me the following account.

There were originally thirty-eight charges in the indictment, but when the trial (held in secret) was begun the judge dismissed thirty-two counts, and Young was tried on six. He was charged with "falsely vilifying the Army" because last summer he sent a cable about a Japanese bomb ruining the Chungking home of F. T. Durdin, New York *Times* correspondent at Chungking. Young pointed out that amongst the papers of his which the Japanese had grabbed were two photos of the ruins, with Mr. and Mrs. Durdin in the foreground.

"Guilty as charged, because the Japanese Army bombs only military objectives," the judge ruled.

Another charge was that Young had falsely cabled to the effect that in Chungking he had seen and talked with Japanese soldiers and aviator prisoners of war. Young offered photographs of himself, Durdin and Mr. Peck, Counselor of the American Embassy at Chungking, talking with these prisoners.

"All a false and damaging affair. Japanese never surrender. Guilty as charged."

Another charge was the possession of dangerous and subversive literature, falsely blackening the good name of the Japanese Army. In proof of this the prosecution offered a cutting of an article of mine which appeared in *The Saturday Evening Post* of March 4 of last year. Particular stress was laid upon direct quotes from Generals Matsui and Tada. Young pleaded that he had not written the article, but knew the writer.

Takahashi, Tokyo Police and Gendarme Inspector, broke in: "This man Abend, he works for the *New York Times*, the most anti-Japanese of all American newspapers. We have wanted to get him for a long time."

Miyazaki, chief of the Foreign Section of the Tokyo gendarmerie: "But we'll get him yet. The Foreign Office has always forced us to leave him alone, but now conditions are changing."

This "conditions are changing" business probably refers to the fact that, with the exception of Suma and Nishi, most of my Tokyo Foreign Office friends are now scattered—Shigemitsu in London, Viscount Motono to Rome for a time, Kawai on a long tour, Ambassador Kato on a long goodwill tour of South America, Hidaka in Nanking, etc.

I'll not be going to Japan this summer to play golf, or for any other reason, I assure you.

Sincerely,

HALLETT ABEND

This hostility in the attitude of the military and gendarmes towards my work dated far back to a period even before the outbreak of hostilities in Shanghai in August of 1937. I have never been able to ascertain the exact time when the military turned against me, but it was probably during my reporting of their actions at the time of the puppet set-up in the Autonomous East Hopei area, and the gigantic smuggling scandal of that period.

It is certain that during the Manchurian campaign there was no such hostility in existence. This is evidenced by the fact that in 1936 I was amazed when a formal presentation was made to me by the Japanese Consul-General and the military in Shanghai of a bronze statue of a Japanese soldier, accompanied by an ornate parchment stating that the award had been made in view of the fact that I had reported the whole Manchurian campaign, "with conspicuous fairness and lack of bias."

On the bronze base of the statue are several characters etched in gold, and I noticed that all Japanese who visited my apartment read these characters with interest, then hissed audibly,

and gave a jerky bow or two. For several months I imagined these bows were in token of respect for the Japanese army but when I finally asked an intimate Japanese friend to tell me what they meant, he hesitated, and then said:

“This is very hard to translate literally, but it almost means that you have been adopted into what you might call a relation of cousinship to the Emperor and signifies this statue was given to you with the Emperor’s personal knowledge and consent.”

The next time there is a special local drive for old metal I shall throw my Japanese warrior onto the scrap heap, with the hope that he may be melted into part of a bomb that will eventually land on Tokyo.

The reason I am certain that the Japanese military conceived their hatred of me even before the outbreak of hostilities in 1937, is because in August of that year, two days after the outbreak of fighting at Shanghai, and while I was still on the admiral’s yacht, *Isabel*, trying to get back to Shanghai from the North, a group of twenty-two uniformed Japanese, two lieutenants, and twenty privates, broke into my apartment in Shanghai and thoroughly ransacked the place looking for documents.

They found nothing, of course, because for several years I had made it a practice never to keep any important papers in my apartment or in my office even so short a time as overnight. Documents of importance were always taken to my safe deposit box in the National City Bank of New York’s Shanghai branch.

Furious at finding no papers which would incriminate me, the Japanese search party, after spending five hours in my place, pocketed more than two thousand dollars’ worth of small ivories and jades before they went away. Fortunately every piece was numbered and inventoried under my fire insurance policy, but at that time I carried neither burglary nor theft insurance.

I discussed the outrage with C. E. Gauss, the American Consul-General in Shanghai, and upon his advice put in a de-

tailed claim for a little more than \$2,000. Several months later the Japanese Consul-General telephoned to me that they would settle for an even \$2,000 and I accepted the offer. My plan was to have the check or draft photographed, and to file a copy of the photograph, together with a copy of my claim, at the American Consulate, so there would never be any doubt as to how or why I had accepted so large a sum of money from the Japanese.

Within half an hour after my acceptance the Japanese Consul-General came in person, and to my amazement began pulling wads of currency out of his pockets. He had brought the whole sum in five-dollar bills.

I asked him to wait a moment and then went to my office, closed the door, and got Mr. Gauss on the telephone.

"He has brought the whole amount in cash," I said, "and a picture of \$2,000 in bills is no protection to me at all. Shall I refuse this cash, and demand a draft which can be photographed for record?"

"No," said Mr. Gauss emphatically, "grab it while the grabbing is good."

So I did.

CONFUSION IN HIGH PLACES

THE SUMMER and early autumn of 1940 brought the disturbing spectacle of wide divergencies in opinion amongst the highest official American representatives in China. Signs of the impending crisis were multiplying on all sides but many highly placed representatives of the government in Washington laughed them off lightly, and adopted an attitude which was still all too prevalant in Washington itself even a year later.

On September 23rd of 1940 I sent to the *New York Times* a confidential memorandum of two important contacts. On the 21st I had gone to the Astor House Hotel for a private dinner with Admiral Iwamura and General Nishio and General Itagaki who had come down from Nanking. General Itagaki at this dinner said:

“The danger of the situation today is that the fanatics, the Hashimotos and that clique in both branches of the service, may deal America a sudden blow, deliberately intending to provoke war.

“There is much to be said in favor of the arguments which today are pouring into the ears of Prince Konoye, the Premier, and also Foreign Minister Matsuoka, and which these men relay to the throne. They argue that there is no hope of ever reconciling the policies of Tokyo and Washington, and that, therefore, in the long run war is inevitable. They argue that we had better fight America before your defense program gets well

under way. We are appalled, all of us, of all factions, at the gigantic sums America is appropriating for naval and military expansion. We know that even at the wildest range we could never raise even one-tenth that sum. Already our bonded debt exceeds 25,000,000,000 yen. So, since it must come to fighting, they argue that it is better to fight now before your equipment becomes overwhelmingly irresistible.

"The only argument against war now is that if we fight immediately it would mean stopping the shipment of American supplies to Britain, and that would probably mean a German victory. The great question is, would a victorious Germany and Italy, and a ruined British Empire, be worse for Japan in the long run than a strong America in virtual alliance with a victorious Britain?"

The next day I accepted an invitation for an informal luncheon party given in the garden of the residence of Sir Alexander Clark-Kerr, the British Ambassador to China, who was absent in Chungking. The host and hostess were Sir Robert and Lady Craigie, from the British Embassy in Tokyo, who were visiting in China. My notes quote Sir Robert as follows:

"I am utterly weary of the policy of appeasing Japan. It has been a jolly humiliating mission, my time in Tokyo. Once we have Hitler trounced we will drive the Nipps back to where they belong. I am so nauseated with being polite to the little blighters that I am emotionally and maybe mentally upset, and I have a recurring dream. I seem to be a gold-braided general, and I am heading a landing-party near Tokyo. I nearly stifle with joy in my dream, and my orders seem to be to go all out in retaliation against the dirty little bastards."

"Bob," from Lady Craigie, "you are talking like a longshoreman."

"Yes, and your thoughts are in the language of a fishwife, only you keep mum."

Craigie welcomed the destroyer-naval base trade, but feared that in the long run it might jeopardize Anglo-American

friendship. He feared that bases of that kind, enjoying extraterritoriality, might become sore spots, and said:

"Bad feeling will develop. Your uniformed men may get drunk, may not pay their bills in our stores, and may rape some of our not too unwilling girls. Your men, then, will be tried under American law. Our courts will not be able to touch them. Extraterritoriality always breeds ill will. Look at the old days in Japan. Look at China and at Egypt today."

One of the most shocking mistakes amongst the failures of American officials in the Far East to read clearly the signs of the times occurred late that September when, as a result of a long-standing friendship combined with great good luck, I was able to secure a four-day world-wide scoop on the fact that Japan was concluding a military alliance with Germany and Italy.

This information reached me in the form of a typewritten letter from a very highly placed Japanese official who was greatly opposed to this step. The matter was of such importance that I would have mistrusted any ordinary typewritten document, even though the bearer was known to me as a trustworthy person, and even though I very well knew the signature written in ink. Such a signature might well have been forged, but I was certain the document was valid because there were many interlineations in ink in the handwriting which I knew so well.

I managed to cable the *New York Times* a complete account of the negotiations, including the details of the treaty, and such fortifying and convincing details as the number and personnel of the delegation from Berlin, the date when they had crossed the border by rail from Siberia into Manchoukuo, the date of their arrival in Tokyo, and the name of the Tokyo hotel where the whole delegation was housed. My cable even included the date on which the Japanese censor had issued an order barring the publication in any newspaper in Japan or in Manchoukuo

of news concerning the arrival or the activities of the German mission.

As soon as my cable was dispatched to New York I went out to Admiral Hart's flagship and showed him not only the text of my news story, but also all of the original letter from Japan except the signature.

Admiral Hart was intensely interested and asked my permission to wireless the text of my story and the text of the original letter to Ambassador Grew in Tokyo.

The *Times*, of course, featured the news on the front page, and it created a sensation in Washington. In Tokyo, however, the story was referred to one of the Embassy attachés, and within a few hours he reported back that the whole thing was a fake.

"This time," he said, "Abend happens to be talking through his hat."

Four days later the conclusion of the alliance was officially announced in Tokyo, in Berlin, and in Rome.

My Tokyo informant had sent me the news because he hoped that premature publication of the negotiations might result in preventing a conclusion of this treaty, which, his letter said, "probably means slow and painful suicide for Japan."

Washington, of course, refused to believe the newspaper story when the Embassy in Tokyo reported that no such negotiations were under way.

TERRORISM

MY IMPORTANT scoop revealing Japan's intention to conclude a military alliance with the European Axis powers brought about a crisis in my personal position in Shanghai, which even as early as the night of July 19th had resulted in my suffering physical violence at the hands of two armed Japanese who also stole from me many important papers.

That summer of 1940 I had been working very hard to complete a book dealing with the life of Frederick Townsend Ward which, under contract, I was bound to deliver to a New York publisher in September.

The Japanese knew that I had a new book nearly completed because for several months, even before the first 50,000 words had been completed, I had been seeking to obtain from them a pass so that I could send a photographer to the nearby little city of Sungkiang which had been Ward's headquarters, and where his grave was located in the courtyard of an old temple which the Imperial government of China had erected in his honor when they made him one of the nation's Gods of War.

Evidently the Japanese decided that, since I was writing a book, it must necessarily be a work of anti-Japanese character. Actually the work did not deal with contemporary affairs, for General Ward had been killed in battle nearly eighty years before.

The night of July 19th was doubtless chosen for the assault

by the Japanese because they knew that the next day I was moving into another part of the International Settlement. Since 1935, my home and office had been located on the sixteenth floor of the Broadway Mansions. This building, originally British owned, was bought by a Japanese corporation in the early summer of 1940, and I was moving south of the creek in order not to have Japanese landlords, and to avoid the daily inconveniences and indignities met when passing Japanese sentries on the bridges spanning the creek.

The events of that night are best described in my official report of the robbery and assault, and my claim for damages and compensation, made the next day through R. P. Butrick, then acting American Consul-General in Shanghai.

SHANGHAI, CHINA, July 20, 1940

DEAR MR. BUTRICK:

Please consider this as a formal appeal to you from an American citizen to file a sharp protest with the Japanese Consul-General, demanding apologies and compensation for an armed robbery to which I was subjected shortly after midnight this morning—armed robbery coupled with physical violence. To be specific, and as brief as the case allows:

Shortly after 12, midnight, I was sitting on my bed in my apartment in Broadway Mansions, reading news services. My dogs began to bark, and then I heard someone knocking on my front door. Opening it, I was confronted by two civilian-clad Japanese, with handkerchief-masks over their faces, and revolvers in their hands. One was fairly tall, and wore a grayish wash suit. The other, short and bow-legged, wore a dark blue coat and somewhat soiled wash trousers. Both wore cheap straw hats and canvas tennis shoes, rubber soled.

They pushed their way into my front hall and closed the door. One of them yanked the telephone wires out of the wall, and the other viciously kicked one of my dogs. Both spoke fair English.

They then demanded the manuscript of “the anti-Japanese book you are writing.” I told them I was not engaged upon any such work. One of them prodded me with his gun, and demanded to be

shown the office. I led the way, and switched on the light, whereupon the shorter of the two kept me "covered," and the other began rummaging in my desks and files. They found the nearly completed manuscript of a book on the career of General Frederick Townsend Ward. I tried to explain that this was history, that the man has been dead for nearly eighty years.

But the tall one, going over the manuscript, found a reference to Japan on the first page—something to the effect that the Yangtsze delta was often fought over before 1937. Then, turning to the last few pages, he found an account of how Japanese soldiers had violated the Ward shrine at Sungkiang. In a violent rage he said I was insulting the Japanese army. He struck me a heavy blow on the left side of the head, knocking off my glasses, and then grabbed my left arm and twisted it behind my back, forcing me to my knees. Then ensued a colloquy in Japanese, after which it was demanded I produce "the telegrams you have been sending attacking General Miura." I said I had sent no such telegrams, and offered my office files in proof.

My belongings were further searched and strewn about, and the trunks in my bedroom were also searched. They found the manuscript of nine short stories in one file, and finally made off with that, and with the original and the one carbon I possessed of the Ward book. Backing out, they warned me that my front door would be covered for ten minutes, and that I would be shot if I attempted to raise an alarm before that time had elapsed. I did not hear the elevator come up for them, so suppose they went down the stairs. An alarm was raised, through the Broadway Mansions office, but no one was apprehended. The building has six exits, and many Japanese tenants. The culprits might have walked out of different entrances, separately, or have sought shelter in some Japanese occupied room or apartment. The two handkerchief-masks were found on the stairs.

The Ward book was being written under contract with Doubleday, Doran, of New York, who had made me an advance payment of U. S. \$500 and would have paid me an additional U. S. \$500 on delivery of the manuscript. I have the contract in my safe deposit box here. That manuscript, 354 pages, or about 106,000 words, represented nine months work. Unless it can be returned, it will be a total loss, and I shall probably have to repay to Doubleday the

\$500 advance. Also, I have spent upward of Mex \$800, on rare old books, photographs, etc. The loss of value on the short stories is more difficult to determine.

Moreover, my agents in New York, Brandt & Brandt, 101 Park Avenue, report great interest in Hollywood in the purchase of film version rights for the Ward book.

I have no way of identifying my assailants, but let me refer you to my letter, in your files, dated January 27th of this year, relative to a plot against me on the part of disgruntled Japanese gendarmes, and also to Colonel Utsunomiya's subsequent admission that "all and more" than charged in my letter was true, and his promise that I would not be further molested. These two ruffians were obviously not just "out on their own." It has been common knowledge that last night was my last night of occupancy in Broadway Mansions, and that today I was removing south of the Creek.

Respectfully yours,

HALLETT ABEND

The Japanese assault upon me was brutal in the extreme. When they forced me to my knees, they kicked me in the stomach and in the kidneys so hard that there were black and blue spots, and as a result of the arm twisting it was ten days before I could raise either hand high enough to brush my own hair.

During the whole time that the thugs were in my apartment, I kept mentally cautioning myself not to anger them. My fear was that they might injure me physically so seriously that, in order to cover up their crime, they might throw me out of the window to the pavement sixteen stories below, and then plant some evidence to make it appear that I had committed suicide. Oddly, this procedure was carried out in Tokyo only a week later, when the Japanese police tortured James M. Cox, a Reuter's correspondent, threw his body out of the window at police headquarters, and then charged that Cox had jumped to his death after confessing that he had been acting as a British spy.

In retrospect, after the lapse of three years, the official Japa-

nese handling of the case now appears ludicrously inept, but at the time I was enraged beyond measure by the manner in which Japanese officials tried to squirm out from any responsibilities, and the way in which they attempted to slur my personal integrity.

The night of the assault I went down to the apartment house offices immediately, reported the affair to the clerk in charge, and asked him to station police at all the exits from the building in the hope that the thugs could be arrested on their way out. They were not caught, however, and the official assumption was that they had accomplices amongst the Japanese tenants on the lower floors, that they probably spent the night in the building, then changed their clothes, probably for uniforms, and walked out the next morning.

I next telephoned to the apartment of Ken Tsurumi, an official of the Japanese Embassy who lived two floors below me, and asked him to come at once to my apartment for an investigation. Tsurumi was the first man to enter my place after the thugs had departed, and he was followed by Japanese consular police and by British and Chinese detectives of the International Settlement Police Force, all of whom remained until after two o'clock in the morning.

This affair created a tremendous stir, and was sensationalized played up not only in the newspapers in China but in newspapers all over the world.

At the official Japanese press conference on the afternoon of July 24th, one of the American reporters asked Tsurumi, the official spokesman of the Japanese Embassy, if there had been any new developments in the Abend case. Tsurumi insultingly began his reply with this phrase:

“As regards the Abend case, if it actually did occur . . .”

This was just the time that Yosuki Matsuoka was made Foreign Minister. In view of the fact that Matsuoka had been my personal friend for many years, I immediately sent to him by private messenger a letter congratulating him upon his new

post, and asking him to intervene and stop the slanderous attacks being made against me by the official diplomatic spokesman of Japan stationed in Shanghai. When the following letter was written I did not know Matsuoka had abandoned his one-time staunch pro-American stand, and that he had climbed on to the military bandwagon and had become so violently anti-American and pro-Axis that within two months he would negotiate a military alliance with Germany and Italy. My letter to Matsuoka follows in part:

SHANGHAI, CHINA, July 25, 1940

DEAR MR. MATSUOKA:

I am in doubt whether first congratulations over your new official post should be addressed to you personally, to your country, or to mine. But here they are, collectively and very sincerely. You will remember that often in the past I voiced the hope to you that you would some day assume the Foreign Affairs portfolio or the premiership. I rejoice that now, at this critical time, you have emerged from retirement.

Unfortunately this letter of felicitations must also take up a very serious and very painful subject, for I am appealing to you personally to put a check at once, and finally, to defamatory slurs against my integrity of which the Japanese Embassy spokesman in Shanghai has just been guilty. I refer, of course, to Mr. Ken Tsurumi.

I will not take up your time with the details of the so-called "Abend case," but I wish hereby to register a protest against Mr. Tsurumi's phrases and methods of handling that case in public press conferences here.

Yesterday, speaking for quotation in the press of the world, Mr. Ken Tsurumi said: "As regards the Abend case, *if it actually did occur . . .*"

The seriousness of the implication is heightened by the fact that many Japanese reporters and correspondents here tell me, and tell other foreign newsmen, that at recent Japanese press conferences this same Mr. Tsurumi told them that the whole Abend case is a fake, that he will expose it in his memoirs ten years hence, that I, Abend, "framed" the whole "fake" for one of two reasons—either

as a publicity stunt for a forthcoming book or else because I could not complete the work on contract time, and would therefore have to pay a forfeit of U. S. \$5,000 to Doubleday, Doran and Company, New York publishers.

Stung by these implications, I this morning asked for an emergency appointment with Consul-General Miura and Mr. Tsurumi. They received me together at 11:45 o'clock, and I began by saying I had come in a friendly spirit to try to adjust a disagreeable matter by discussion and, I hoped, mutual agreement. I asked first if Mr. Tsurumi knew of having any personal enemies amongst Japanese newsmen here—men who might wish to get him into trouble. He said he knew of no such actual enemies.

I then told him what I have just written to you—the things he is credited with charging against me in *official press conferences* with Japanese newsmen. He hedged. He said he had offered the opinion that the case was “very strange and difficult.”

Then I pointed out to Mr. Miura that Mr. Tsurumi was the first person to enter my apartment after the assault and robbery, that he summoned Japanese consular police, that he stayed there from about 12:45 A.M. until 2:10 A.M. and examined everything personally. Besides making careful written notes and translating for the consular police.

After a long and heated discussion Mr. Tsurumi agreed to two points upon which I insisted vehemently.

1st. At tomorrow's Press Conference I shall ask him, point-blank, whether the phrase “If it did actually happen” was meant as a slur on my integrity or as an intimation that possibly no assault and robbery occurred. He will reply that he meant nothing dubious or offensive—no slur on my veracity.

2nd. I shall then ask him: “Within your knowledge, has any Japanese official in Shanghai told Japanese newspaper men that the whole Abend case is a fake or a frame-up, and will eventually be exposed in memoirs about ten years hence?” To this he will reply that, within his knowledge, no Japanese official here has been guilty of any such statements or implications.

I told Mr. Tsurumi, in the presence of Mr. Miura, that I thought he was out to try to ruin a reputation I had built up for the last thirty-five years, and that I would fight back. I told him that by

using the phrase "If it actually did occur" he had resorted to an old and outworn trick of cheap politicians and third-rate diplomats—the trick of slyly making a damaging charge, and then "covering up" by saying "that is not exactly what I meant."

Furthermore, I told Mr. Miura that I was certain that he, Miura, did not know what was going on, and that I had requested his presence so that he would be fully informed. I also told both of them that a careful account of the conversation would be in the hands of the highest American authorities within two hours.

I openly accused Tsurumi of shielding himself behind his diplomatic immunity, and said that if he was American I'd sue him tomorrow in the American courts for \$100,000 U. S., for slander—and get a verdict. I told him his remarks, in his official capacity, were more damaging to me than the theft of my manuscript.

I also told Tsurumi, in Mr. Miura's presence, that his public handling of this "Abend case" would provoke laughter even from a twelve-year-old child mind.

Yesterday he said, officially, that the attitude of the Japanese authorities is that "this was a simple case of armed robbery, just as if a Japanese newspaper man in New York had been robbed by armed thugs."

My response to that is that if a Japanese newsman in New York suffered the intrusion of armed robbers, and that if those robbers after examining jewelry, and hefting a rather large sum of money, stole only a manuscript written in Japanese, it would not be a "simple" case. It would be one of the most extraordinary cases of armed robbery in New York's voluminous files!

I told Tsurumi and Mr. Miura that obviously those armed thugs were acting under orders, for they stole a manuscript which they, with their limited knowledge of the English language, could not read intelligently.

Recalling our long and confidential friendship, I am putting these facts before you, in the hope that you will see to it that Japanese government spokesmen cease issuing insulting statements about me in official press conferences.

You will recall the important international proposal which you asked me to transmit to President Roosevelt through Mr. Sulzberger. Surely a man who merited supreme confidence from you in that mat-

ter less than two years ago, does not now merit having his integrity injured by the local official spokesman of the government of which you are Minister for Foreign Affairs.

Sincerely yours,

HALLETT ABEND

As soon as Matsuoka received my letter Tsurumi was recalled to Tokyo by cable for a conference. His diplomatic value in Shanghai had been utterly destroyed by this affair, and he was thereupon transferred to Singapore as Consul-General. I saw him once in the lobby of a Singapore hotel in December of that year. I was sitting with four friends enjoying a gin rickey when he had the unmitigated gall to walk up to the table and hold out his hand. I didn't acknowledge the proffered handshake and did not even rise. He persisted in his advances and had the effrontery to ask me to be his guest at tiffin or at dinner. I refused curtly, turned my back upon him, and resumed talking with my friends.

After protracted verbal and letter negotiations with the Japanese Consul-General in Shanghai, all carried on through Mr. Butrick, the acting American Consul-General, I finally filed claim for damages against the Japanese government on September 12, 1940.

“Be sure and make it big,” Mr. Butrick advised me, “because they are certain to try to pare it down to next to nothing.”

I made it very big; I itemized the loss of prospective royalties on the stolen book, the advance payment which I had to return to my publishers, hypothetical loss of picture rights, my cash outlays for old books, photographs, and stenographic work, compensation for slander by the official Embassy spokesman, and compensation for physical injury and torture and indignities suffered at the hands of the Japanese thugs who were obviously official hirelings or were military men not in uniform.

The imposing total of this purposely inflated claim was \$52,075.

The case dragged along until the summer of 1941 when I

was working and living in Washington. At that time Admiral Nomura, then Japanese Ambassador to the United States, sent an emissary to me offering to settle for \$1,000. The emissary apologetically explained that Japan was short of foreign exchange, and that the Ambassador and all his staff, as well as consular staffs all over the world were being paid only one-third of their salaries. Of course I refused this offer immediately, and there the matter rests until the end of the war.

The morning after the assault I moved to quarters on Szechuen Road, and police officials of the International Settlement insisted upon stationing uniformed armed police at the doors of my new apartment and office. These men were there night and day, working in three eight-hour shifts. The International Settlement authorities urged me to hire personal bodyguards to accompany me everywhere, and also to wear a bullet-proof vest. I declined both proposals, rejecting the idea of the vest with particular vehemence. Those used in Shanghai at that time weighed twenty-two pounds, the July weather was averaging around 100° in the shade, and the humidity averaged around 90 per cent.

In the interval between the July affair and my scoop about the Axis alliance of late September, the Japanese and their hirelings made repeated attempts to get me. After the publication of the September scoop they became frenzied with rage. There were many threatening telephone calls every day demanding to know the source of my information about the alliance, which I have never to this day revealed to anyone. Threatening letters also came by the score, and there were day and night attempts to force their way into my office or apartment, one of which resulted in a brisk exchange of revolver fire between my police sentry and two Japanese ruffians.

In September I finally yielded to official persuasion and employed an armed bodyguard—a gigantic, swarthy, good-natured Russian from the mountains of Georgia, ferociously adorned with an enormous handlebar mustache. I felt like a fool having

George, with a revolver on each hip, saunter behind me down the fairway at the golf course, accompany me to the theater, and sit beside me in my automobile with a drawn revolver in each hand.

Finally the situation became so menacing that Admiral Hart asked me out to his flagship where we lunched alone together and he began to try to prevail upon me to leave China. My first reaction was to reply hotly:

"I won't let the little yellow-bellied bastards drive me out. This has been my home for more than fourteen years. The international situation out here is my pet story. Here is where I make my living, and I won't be driven out."

But Admiral Hart was coolly persuasive.

"Now listen, Abend," he said, "if you stay out here they will finally succeed in assassinating you. The miracle is that you have escaped so long. If they kill you it will simply result in another crisis and futile protests from Washington to Tokyo. The whole affair will be a dead loss. Your duty is to get out while you can, and to go home and write and lecture to the fullest extent of your capacity for work. The American public should be told what the situation is out here, and telling them constitutes an important service to your country."

When I was still reluctant to listen to this sound advice the admiral grinned at me and said that of course if he should cable to the Navy Department to advise the State Department that my presence in China constituted a threat of another crisis with Japan, and the State Department should so advise the *New York Times*, I would doubtless receive a cable from my own office shifting me elsewhere.

I cabled all of this to the *Times*, and the reply was a cable suggesting that I should make a trip to Chungking by way of the Philippines, the Dutch East Indies, Malaya, and the Burma Road.

It was necessary to book passage and make my arrangements with all possible secrecy. On October 14th I finally sailed south-

ward from Shanghai in an American liner, the *President Garfield*. Admiral Hart was in the ship that morning to bid good-bye to his wife and daughter, who were sailing for Manila en route for the United States, in compliance with an order from Washington for the immediate evacuation from the Far East of all of the wives and families of all navy officers and men.

"I'll certainly be happier to see you sail away than anyone I know," said the admiral.

"Well, you can rejoice; I am off on this ship," I told him.

"Yes, I know," he said grimly, looking sharply at several Japanese pacing the deck nearby. "But the ship has not sailed yet and much might happen in the next half hour."

But nothing did happen, and I have never been back to Shanghai since.

PLOT AND COUNTERPLOT

GENERAL MIURA had a guilty conscience when he ordered his ruffians to raid my apartment, steal my unfinished book, and demand copies of "the telegrams you have been sending attacking General Miura."

The thing that was troubling the corrupt General Miura (who is not related to the Consul-General of the same name), was the fact that he knew I had detailed knowledge of his secret plans for assassination, rioting, and seizing the International Settlement by force—plans which miscarried on July 7th because of the vigilance of the American Marines.

The events of July 7th, 1940, in Shanghai contained a more serious threat of war between Japan and the United States than anything that had occurred in China since the bombing and sinking of the U.S.S. *Panay* in December, 1937, and at that time to have cabled all the facts would have been like tossing a lighted cigarette into a powder magazine.

That July 7th was the third anniversary of the outbreak of "the China Incident" at Marco Polo Bridge. On the 6th the authorities of the International Settlement and of the French Concession began taking emergency precautions against anti-Japanese outbreaks, and at the same time in those portions of Shanghai occupied by Japanese troops martial law was being enforced with special severity.

All leave was canceled for the foreign garrisons, and the American Marines, Seaforth Highlanders, East Surreys, and

French troops were all patrolling their respective sectors. Tanks, riot vans, and ambulances stood at strategic locations. The police of both foreign areas were on continuous day and night duty. The Shanghai Volunteer Corps was called to service. Barbed wire was strung, sandbag barricades were re-erected, an early curfew was enforced, and all vehicles and pedestrians were subject to search at any time.

It was this day of tension, this anniversary of the outbreak of hostilities, when all Japanese civilians were ordered to keep off the streets, that was provocatively chosen by the Japanese for a formal inspection tour by General Nishio, who came downriver from Nanking especially for that purpose. Nishio at that time bore the imposing title of "Unified Commander-in-Chief of all Japanese Forces in China." As such, he was entitled to the hospitality of the foreign authorities of the Settlement and of the French Concession.

The original plan was for Chairman Keswick, of the Settlement's municipal council, to receive the Japanese commander at the Cathay Hotel on the Bund. There were to be speeches of felicitation, and champagne had been provided for the inevitable toasts. But on the 6th General Nishio asked that the reception be held at the Park Hotel, on Bubbling Well Road. He did this because he was markedly anti-British, because the British-owned Cathay Hotel was in the British defense sector, and the Park Hotel was in the sector patrolled by the American Marines.

By long-standing common agreement in Shanghai, when the commander of the troops of any one nation wanted to send his armed forces into or across a sector controlled by the troops of another nation, he was bound to give at least twenty-four hours' notice of intention and formally ask permission. General Miura did not ask permission of the American authorities, who were efficiently guarding all approaches to the Park Hotel, but he sent sixteen of his gendarme officers, clad in civilian clothes but armed, to that vicinity.

The Marines knew that all Japanese civilians had been ordered to keep off the streets lest they be mobbed by Chinese patriots. They eyed these sixteen civilian-clad Japanese carefully, saw suspicious bulges over their hips, and at a preconcerted signal rushed them and arrested them all. Each of them carried two Japanese army service revolvers.

The Japanese violently resisted arrest and being disarmed, kicked and fought against the Marines, even bit some of them on the hands. Finally they were all taken to Marine Headquarters in Haiphong Road, and were detained in a building housing an indoor rifle range.

When it was learned that they were gendarme officers, a telephone message was sent to General Miura's headquarters to the effect that they would be released only if Miura's representative would identify them and their revolvers—otherwise they would be held for trial under charges of being civilians carrying firearms without permits.

The Japanese reluctantly identified their own officers, and the men were finally released, but the revolvers were never identified, and so remained at Marine Headquarters.

There was more violence at the rifle range building before the Japanese were turned loose. A single Marine, armed with rifle and bayonet, had been left to guard the door and keep the sixteen disarmed Japanese inside. One of them, who spoke excellent English, suddenly started toward the door followed by all his companions.

"We are officers of the Japanese Emperor. You do not dare to detain us," he announced.

The Marine sentry had to think fast. He did. If he used his bayonet, or shot any of those Japanese officers, it might lead to war, at the least to fighting in Shanghai. So the quick-witted, brave fellow leaned his rifle against the wall outside the door, and met the advancing Japanese with his bare fists. He knocked down four of them. Three of them lost most of their front teeth. After that they were tractable.

All of the foregoing facts, except the episode of the fist fight, were cabled abroad, and also published at great length in the Shanghai newspapers. The facts that could not then be published, the facts which Miura knew I knew, and feared I had reported, were these:

The gendarmes were then the particular bad boys of the disgraceful Shanghai show. They controlled the so-called Badlands, and they and General Miura, their commander, were getting rich from tribute exacted from gambling dens, from the opium traffic, and from widespread prostitution. They were also active in kidnapping wealthy Chinese from the foreign-controlled areas, and exacting enormous ransoms under torture.

General Nishio, the day's visitor from Nanking, wanted to clean up this disgraceful situation, but Miura and his powerful supporters were defiant. Nishio had threatened to send Miura back to Japan, but Miura in turn had threatened to tell all he knew about the division of vice money between higher-ups in the army and great Japanese firms like Mitsubishi and Mitsui. It was an exaggerated instance of the usual big city racketeering, but in Shanghai it was flagrantly carried out by men in uniform and partly under martial law.

Miura and his gang, greedy and infuriated at being denied access to the wealth of the foreign-controlled areas of the greatest seaport of the Far East, had long been advocating seizing the International Settlement and the French Concession by force—creating some “incident” which might seem to justify Japanese military action. Nishio, who was Miura's superior officer, was a man of considerably greater mental stature, and he opposed the advocates of violence because he saw clearly the folly and danger of antagonizing the United States and Britain at that time. France, of course, no longer counted by midsummer of 1940.

General Miura, inflamed by cupidity and jealous hatred of General Nishio, envisioned July 7th as his great opportunity. His agents hired seven of Shanghai's well-known but “beyond

the law" professional gunmen. They were Formosan-born Chinese, and had long criminal histories in the Shanghai police records. Nishio and his party were to arrive at the Park Hotel at ten in the morning in two automobiles. The seven hired thugs were instructed to throw small hand grenades at the two cars, and then the sixteen civilian-clad gendarme officers were to use their revolvers, firing in the air, to distract the attention of the Marines and bodyguards, and so to cover the flight of the grenade throwers.

If Nishio were wounded or killed, so much the better, General Miura calculated. At the very least there would be bloodshed and disorder, ostensibly there would have been an attempt at assassination of the Emperor's commander-in-chief in China. The gendarme group, and the so-called younger officer clique of the army were ready to take the International Settlement and the French Concession by storm.

General Miura had even ordered the printing of handbills and placards in English, Chinese, and Japanese, announcing that he had taken over the foreign areas "to protect and preserve law and order, the International Settlement authorities having shown themselves incapable thereof."

Had this plan not been upset by the vigilance of the American Marines the slaughter would probably have been very large. The Park Hotel, one of Shanghai's tallest buildings, is located on Bubbling Well Road, facing the race course. The thoroughfare was jammed with civilians that morning. Certainly many American Marines would have been killed. The affair might well have precipitated war between the United States and Japan.

When the Marines grabbed the sixteen civilian-clad gendarme officers the seven hired gunmen, in panic, ran into the foreign Y.M.C.A. building next door to the Park Hotel. The Marines pursued them, and caught three—the other four escaping by rear and side exits. The three who were caught were all

armed with Japanese army revolvers and hand grenades. They all confessed the details of the plot before nightfall.

By the time General Nishio and his staff arrived on the scene order had been restored, and he knew nothing of the planned attempt on his life until many hours later. He was aghast, as was Admiral Iwamura, who was with him.

Certainly if fighting had begun on Bubbling Well Road that day it would have resulted in general hostilities not only between the American Marines and the Japanese, but also between the British defense forces and the Japanese, for the Seaforth's barracks were inside the race course, opposite the Park Hotel. And almost certainly Japanese men-of-war in the river would have fired upon such vessels of the American and British fleets as were moored in the Whangpoo opposite the Bund.

It was secret knowledge of plots of this kind which, three months later, decided Washington to order the wives and families of all American officers and men out of the Far East, and to send several vessels to bring home such American civilians as chose to heed the evacuation advice given publicly by the American State Department.

Miura, having failed in his plans for a coup, wanted desperately to know what I had sent to the United States, or communicated to American officials in China. When his thugs raided my apartment on July 20th, they were eight days too late. My information had been secretly sent out of the country on July 12th. This chapter has been written from a carbon copy of my original report made out on that date. The carbon had been sent out of China, and was then on the way to a cousin in New York City. Had the Japanese found it, they would probably have killed me, for I knew too much.

DISILLUSION AND DISMAY

IT WAS fourteen months, less one week, from the day I finally sailed away from Shanghai until the Japanese launched their far-flung and sensationaly successful attack upon Pearl Harbor and the white man's outposts in the Far East. During that whole period of more than a year there was nothing to be found, nothing which occurred, to enliven the optimism of an American, a Briton, or a Hollander who knew the situation in the Far Pacific at firsthand.

Heading southward from Shanghai when I left China in October, 1940, Hongkong was my first stop. The British there were greatly strengthening their coastal defense gun equipment, and slightly enlarging their air strength. Approaches to the harbor were adequately mined. But the garrison was pitifully small, and nothing could be done to increase the water supply of the island, which was certain in the end to surrender to thirst or be laid waste entirely by fire under shelling and aerial bombardment because of lack of water storage sufficient to furnish adequate fire protection. Japanese spies were numerous in the British area, and the Japanese army held key positions on the Chinese mainland only a score of miles away. There seemed to be no substantial British naval forces any nearer to Hongkong than the Suez Canal zone.

In Manila the American army's total strength was only a little more than 3,000 men. General MacArthur was then an employee of the Philippine Commonwealth, and professed con-

tinuing confidence in his ability to repel any invasion attempt solely with his partially trained and ill-equipped Philippine conscripts.

French Indo-China, already partially under Japanese occupation, was as ready to fall as a rotten apple, and in Thailand the Japanese were already well dug in with a corrupt and fascist-minded government.

Singapore and Malaya seemed to afford a somewhat more reassuring picture, except that the great naval base was bare of naval shipping, and that the whole British position in this area was woefully lacking in air power—air power for defense or air power for bombing an enemy. The civilian administrators in Singapore were particularly absurd and Kipling-minded.

In the Netherlands East Indies the Dutch were aware of their own peril, and alert to their own shortages of equipment. Their queen and government were in exile in London, and Britain's plight continued so serious that the East Indies, in spite of earnest efforts, were able to buy but little in the way of military or naval supplies or planes in the open markets of the world. They had the ready cash, too, but were outbid financially and diplomatically.

All through these vast, rich, and populous areas the Japanese consulates, every one of which was an espionage center, continued to operate. Men supposed to be Japanese civilian travelers or businessmen were to be found on every ship and train, on every commercial plane, and in every hotel catering to foreigners. Most of them ill concealed their satisfaction with the helplessness of East Asia and the southern islands, and they already evinced the arrogance of prospective possessors.

One of the few encouraging features of the whole Far East situation at the close of 1940, aside from the staunch-heartedness of the Dutch, and China's continued resistance, was the spirit of the whole personnel of our Asiatic Fleet, and the fact that this fleet was commanded by a man of the political astuteness and naval skill of Admiral Hart.

When Hart took over command from Admiral Yarnell in the late summer of 1939, he began his career in the Far East under the almost overwhelming handicap of Yarnell's enormous popularity. The American community in China and in the Philippines, which nourished such high and well-deserved confidence in Yarnell's sagacity and strength, took the general attitude that no one could be as good as he had been and that therefore Admiral Hart was bound to prove a disappointment. Almost nothing was known about Hart in the Far East, except that he and Yarnell had been classmates at Annapolis, and that when anyone was crude enough to ask Yarnell's opinion of the man who was to succeed him the retiring admiral always replied, with a twinkle in his eye:

"You will find Tommy Hart a stout fellow." And a stout fellow he proved to be.

It rarely occurs that one great man is succeeded by another of equal stature, but luckily for the American colony in East Asia this is what occurred when the American High Naval Command was changed in the summer of 1939.

During all the months that the drift towards war continued unchecked, Admiral Hart carried a burden of anxiety and responsibility almost too great for any one man. His staff was admirably chosen and the young men who worked with him became devoted to their chief when they came to realize to the full his extraordinary ability. He was ably seconded by Admiral William Glassford, then the brilliant youngest admiral in the navy, who was commander of the Yangtsze River Patrol. The war brought Glassford his opportunity, and it was he who successfully handled the difficult transfer of the African base of Dakar from allegiance to Vichy France to full adherence to the cause of the United Nations.

The last time that I saw Admiral Hart before the outbreak of hostilities was at Manila, just two months before the attack upon Pearl Harbor.

During the twelve months preceding October of 1941 his

responsibility had aged Admiral Hart in appearance by about five years, but there had been no perceptible aging of his fine mind, his keen judgment, or his splendid vitality. For a week during that October I had a suite of rooms at the Manila Hotel next to the rooms occupied by the admiral, and often saw him there, as well as at his offices a few blocks away.

Having just come from Washington where I had watched the obscene spectacle of Congress finally extending the draft term by a majority of only one vote, and again voting a refusal of funds to fortify Guam, it was as refreshing as a morning breeze to talk with a man like Admiral Hart who foresaw clearly the terrible calamities that were rushing upon us.

Our American newspapers and magazines committed a gross injustice when they exalted General Douglas MacArthur to the position of our number one hero during those first months of warfare in the Far East. True, the defense of Bataan and Corregidor was a magnificent achievement, but it is equally true that MacArthur was overconfident of his own strength, and that he underestimated the strength and striking power of the Japanese. Eighty-two per cent of our airforce in the Philippines were destroyed during the first day of the war—and most of those planes were destroyed on the ground. Not until the war was more than a year old was the American public permitted to learn that even though MacArthur knew what had happened at Pearl Harbor, three-fourths of our Flying Fortresses were bombed and destroyed on the ground in the Philippines eight hours after Pearl Harbor was bombed.

MacArthur did not order these planes to bomb the nearby Japanese base of Formosa, because, if you please, Congress had not yet declared war! When Japanese bombers from Formosa flew in over the Philippines not only were there no American planes in the skies to intercept them, but some of the Flying Fortresses actually were being refitted at that late hour to be used for aerial photography.

Admiral Hart's record was superb. He got the mass of his

whole train of ships out of Manila Bay three days before the Japanese struck, and when, on December 8th, the enemy bombed the naval base at Cavite on Manila Bay there was almost nothing left for them to destroy except empty buildings, and the Naval Hospital, the only occupants of which were doctors, nurses and such navy personnel as were too sick to be moved.

The aggregation of ships which we proudly called the American Asiatic Fleet did not, properly, deserve the name of fleet at all. Admiral Hart had under his command only one 10,000-ton cruiser, his flagship. He had two 7,000-ton cruisers, one old freighter converted to a seaplane tender, and collectively thirty-eight submarines and destroyers, more than half of which were twenty years old. He had, of course, the usual train of supply, hospital, and tender ships, but no other combat vessels except a number of the small, fast, and expendable PT boats.

Most of the Asiatic Fleet, of course, was destroyed. That was bound to happen, and Admiral Hart knew it. But before it was destroyed it inflicted upon the Japanese fleet a terrific punishment, out of all proportion to its strength. The actions in what the American newspapers called "the narrow straits of Makassar" (actually they are one hundred miles across at their narrowest point) should have been blazoned to the American public, just as were the actions on Bataan.

Admiral Hart, however, did not have on his personal staff a former Associated Press foreign correspondent with an unusual flair for personal publicity.

I finally sailed for home from Singapore in mid-December, 1940, booking passage on a Dutch ship bound for Portland, Oregon. The voyage consumed thirty-seven days, giving ample time for finishing the writing of a new book during the daylight hours, and more than ample time for thought at night, for we sailed completely blacked out in view of the fact that Holland was at war with the Axis, and German raiders had been operating with alarming success in the Pacific.

My knowledge of conditions, prospects, and grim certainties

in Japan, China, and the rest of East Asia was dismaying in the extreme, but I fully expected that when I landed in the United States I would find a widespread public and official understanding of our perils, and a stir of preparedness backed by staunch national resolution. Instead, from the hour I landed in Portland at the end of January, I met with a continuous and increasing disillusionment which, except for an innate faith in the American character, would have justified despair.

My crossing of the continent was leisurely, with stopovers at Portland, Seattle, Spokane, Boise, St. Louis, and Chicago. By the time I reached New York the abysmal ignorance of world affairs which I found on all sides, and the astounding indifference to our own position in the world, combined to have an almost numbing effect on my mind. A visit to Washington thoroughly completed my disillusionment and deep dismay.

America would not then believe in its own peril, and clung with tenacity to the shameful belief that it could, with loans and goods, hire other nations to do its fighting in other parts of the world, while we sat back in imagined security and gained in wealth and in potential power—potential, not actual power. The “practical” people, who would have been aghast at a rich man who did not keep his securities in a vault, carelessly boasted of their national wealth to a world becoming hourly more and more impoverished and even hungry, and still begrudging appropriations and above all *service* for defense. Money might be spent—yes; but time and lives, America fatuously believed, would be exempt.

The main consoling feature in this flaccid and selfish native land to which I returned to reside after almost a decade and a half of residence abroad, was the fact that the United States of 1941 was startlingly like the United States of 1914 and 1915.

At Christmas time, 1914, I had returned to this country after several years of residence in Canada. The Canadians were in the first World War heart and soul. I had even seen special trains unload hundreds of war refugees who had been brought

from Belgium and France, and heard their stories. And then, to come back to the United States, and find my own people as indifferent to what was happening in Europe as they were in that holiday time of 1914 was a jolting revelation of selfishness and callousness.

I hoped, in 1941, that the miracle of the rejuvenation of the national soul, which had occurred in 1917, would eventually repeat itself. I wanted to believe that history *must* repeat itself.

The summer, spent working in the *New York Times* Bureau in Washington, was a dragging nightmare, in spite of the fact that I lived pleasantly in a charming little house in Alexandria built before the Revolution—a little house only half a block from the Potomac.

Congress haggled over lend-lease. Congress haggled over extension of the draft term for more than one year. Senators and representatives talked hours on end, and the things many of them said, when cabled to Tokyo and Berlin and Rome, must have delighted the hearts of the leaders of the Axis.

Hitler attacked Soviet Russia. Japan moved into southern Indo-China, with the connivance of Vichy France. We retaliated only by freezing Japanese assets in this country, and virtually stopping all trade with Japan—as did Britain and the Dutch colonies. War, obviously, became unavoidable. But little was done to prepare ourselves, or the British or the Dutch in the Far East, to successfully sustain the certain onslaught of a powerful foe.

Then, in August, came the announcement of the Atlantic Charter. That estimable document was virtually a declaration of war against Japan. It pledged this country and Britain to the ultimate disarmament of all aggressor nations. Certainly that meant Japan, Germany, and Italy—there were no other active aggressor nations anywhere in the world.

I saw Admiral Nomura, the Japanese Ambassador, briefly on the afternoon of the day the Atlantic Charter was announced. I asked him what he thought of it.

"That eighth point, providing for disarmament of all aggressor nations, means that the peace in the Pacific can last at most a few months," the old admiral said.

He thought a moment, and then looked at me sharply.

"That is not for publication, of course," he said. "But I wish you would do me a favor. Will you tell Secretary Hull what I have just said? Tell him that I, as Ambassador, cannot with propriety say this to him. But tell him I asked you to repeat my words."

Of course I carried out this unique commission. Within the hour I had carried the Nomura message to the State Department.

I am not writing in defense of Japan, but certainly that eighth point of the Atlantic Charter, that declaration of resolve to disarm the aggressor nations, was a threat and an affront which no aggressor country could take without retaliation—without an armed effort to avoid the possibility of such disarmament.

The Atlantic Charter's eighth point made it a certainty that Japan would attack us upon a date and at a place of her own choosing. It was also a certainty that when this attack came it would not be confined to outposts such as the Philippines, our base at Samoa, or even just to Midway or Wake. It was a certainty that Japan would attack us at one of our two most strategically vital points—Pearl Harbor or the Panama Canal.

And still, having invited attack, we were surprised and were caught unprepared, materially, mentally, and spiritually. Instead of our having our Pacific Fleet out at sea, it was vulnerability concentrated in the small area of a landlocked naval base with only one narrow channel leading to the open sea.

We knew that Japan's armadas had sailed, and that a vast train of military transports was heading southward through the China Seas. We did not prepare—the President sent a personal cable of appeal and remonstrance to the Japanese Emperor!

Late in August the opportunity came to get away from Wash-

ington, and to return briefly to the Far East. I welcomed this chance to escape from a stifling atmosphere of smugness and complacency, and to see once more the situation in what was certain soon to be the zone of conflict. This trip, made by air, took me back again to Manila, to Singapore, to the islands of the East Indies, to Australia, and to New Zealand, with layovers at Honolulu going and returning. I left Washington September 5th, and returned November 7th, one month before Pearl Harbor.

Japanese naval forces and aircraft carriers must already, by the date of my return, have begun their long secret prowl of the seas toward the point from which, before dawn of December 7th, they launched their planes for attack. But Washington was still confident of being able to maintain neutrality.

The night of Saturday, December 6th, I attended a large cocktail party in Chevy Chase. Many of Washington's high officials were there—people influential in the administration and members of both houses of Congress. Several times groups cornered me good-naturedly, wanting to know if I was still betting two-to-one that we would be at war with Japan before Christmas. I was, and found some new takers.

"Why," they jeered, "those bowlegged little bastards wouldn't dare to attack us. It's all a bluff."

They wouldn't dare? Why not?

They knew their own strength, which we did not, and they correctly assessed our weakness, which we had not even admitted to ourselves. We bluffed—with words and even with threats. They knew we did not want to fight.

From December 7th onward we could not be restrained from fighting. But history will count it against us in the years to come that after we had been attacked we wanted to fight mainly for revenge, and that before we were attacked we were unable to discern any principles at stake worth fighting for.

CHINA FOR THE CHINESE

THE WAY of life and the status of the Americans and Europeans in China after the war will never again be what they were before the conflict was begun. For a century the white man rode high in Chinese cities, protected by extraterritoriality and with the prestige of the presence of his own armed forces on Chinese soil and his own warships in China's harbors and rivers.

The war has changed all that. Extraterritoriality has been given up; no longer will Americans and Europeans be exempt from Chinese laws and Chinese courts, and subject only to the statutes and judges of their own lands. But even more important in changing the status of the white man will be the lasting effect of the ignominy of having been soundly beaten and driven out by an Asiatic power. And the Chinese, having fought long and magnificently, and being inevitably among the victors and heady with the wine of triumph, will no longer brook the assumptions of superiority of the red-faced men from over the seas.

Every group of foreigners living in China after the war ends will have painful adjustments to make, and the old China hands in particular will find these adjustments most difficult. Those shortsighted people who imagine that Americans will necessarily enjoy a long popularity with the Chinese because of our belated participation in the war and our assistance in defeating Japan, forget World War I and its bitter aftermath. We helped

France in 1917 and 1918, and were lavish with generous help immediately after the war, but nevertheless Americans were stoned in Paris in 1922 because the dollar-franc exchange was highly favorable to tourists.

It will be a major tragedy if a "who-won-the-war" debate ever arises between Americans and Chinese, for the Chinese will be able to point to their years of fighting before we became participants, and in their eyes this long resistance and its frightful cost will outbalance the eventual weight of machines, men, money, and ships which we are throwing into the scales of Mars. A similar debate with the British after 1918 led to nothing but bitterness and deep misunderstandings.

For a time the American businessman in China will probably occupy a preferred position, for the Chinese will suffer terrific shortages of everything which our factories can produce. Already our government plans on extending liberal and long-term credits to bolster China's buying power, and the planners in Washington envisage mighty armadas of transports converted to freighters plowing across the Pacific to fill China's docks and warehouses with the output of our factories newly converted from wartime production to filling the starved civilian markets of half a continent.

But China will not be content to remain forever a consumer of imported goods. Among her first orders will be heavy machinery and other equipment for her own industrialization, and as this industrialization succeeds (employing labor paid only a fraction of our own wage scales), the trade in finished products will inevitably be tapered down.

American philanthropic and educational endeavors in China will find a warm welcome, and our experts and advisers will, at first, be in high demand. But the future will not be like the past. Neither Americans nor Europeans will be permitted to entirely direct such activities, and even while our freely given money helps to rebuild China's universities and hospitals, Chi-

nese will demand the direction and supervision of these reconstruction measures.

Contrary to present assumptions the position of foreign missionaries will probably be more difficult in resurgent China than the position of the foreign business or professional man. The Chinese will be inspired by a perfectly justified nationalism and new racial pride of achievement, occasioned by their stubborn and successful resistance against the Japanese. They will be perfectly conscious of the fact that the degree to which they bled Japan's manpower, money, and resources during the four years and seven months of war in their own land before we joined in the struggle will have aided immeasurably in the eventual victory of the United Nations.

Time was when a large proportion of Chinese, bewildered and dismayed by their own national weakness and inability to cope with the modern world, were troubled by painful doubts of the validity of their own culture and their own religions. Their new-found strength and endurance have quieted these doubts, and their new pride will fiercely resent the attitude of superiority necessarily involved in the white man's efforts to "convert" them to better ways, and to "save the heathen."

In the China of the future the missionaries, other than those engaged in purely medical or educational work, are likely to find themselves in a less preferred position than the business or professional foreigners. Perhaps this will help to mitigate the unfortunate mutual suspicion and hostility which existed for decades between the missionary and business groups. During the years before the armed incursion of the Japanese these groups rarely viewed any problem from the same angle, even in times of common peril to all foreigners; and even after the Japanese invaders arrived, basic cleavages and differences developed on new lines.

So different were the ideas and ideals of the mission and business communities of foreigners that the average American missionary found the average British or other English-speaking

mission worker more congenial than he did any of his own countrymen engaged in trade or diplomacy or finance. There was, of course, almost no contact between the world of mission workers and the so-called social sets in the different cities, for the former were largely devoted to lives and works of piety, and narrowly condemned all men and women who drank cocktails, played cards, bet on the races, or who enjoyed the social contacts of the various clubs and other urbanities of living to be found in all of the great cities and even in most of the small treaty ports.

In times of peril to foreign lives and properties the State Department in Washington and the British Foreign Office must have been puzzled and dismayed by the irreconcilable views of the mission and business circles in China. In 1926 and 1927, for instance, when the Nationalist armies forced the evacuation of thousands of missionaries, and badly crippled foreign business, the mission workers urged forbearance and patience, and the businessmen clamored for armed protection and even for reprisals.

Eventual smashing victory for the United Nations in the Far East, coupled with the surrender of extraterritoriality in China, will probably combine to bring about a drastic curtailment of the great Protestant Christian mission effort in that country and in Japan as well.

Extraterritoriality endured for a century before the United States and Britain announced in October, 1942, that this iniquitous system of administering foreign law on Chinese soil was to be voluntarily abandoned. The great Protestant mission effort in China also has endured for a century, and now faces either abandonment or basic change. Certain it is that a victorious China will no longer welcome a continuance of the effort to "Christianize the heathen." The patronizing attitude inherent in any effort to "save their souls" will be rejected with violence, and the day of the evangelistic missionary will be at an end.

It is probable that the several hundred thousand Americans who have given generous financial support to Protestant missions in China for many years think of that country in terms of Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek and Madame Chiang, who are ardent Christians. So are China's Foreign Minister, T. V. Soong, and her Finance Minister, Dr. H. H. Kung, and many other officials high in the government. But this does not mean that China is what could be called a "Christian country," or that her people will hereafter welcome efforts to convert them to a new faith any more than they have welcomed such efforts in the distant or recent past.

It is a matter of record that even after the present leaders of Chinese affairs attained control of the government of their country, many new laws highly restrictive of missionary effort were promulgated from Nanking.

Before the present government came into power, mission schools and colleges always prescribed as a "must" a course of study of the Christian religion, as well as Bible studies, and in most cases attendance at daily chapel services was compulsory. Nanking put a stop to all this, and announced a law making religious and Bible studies optional with all Chinese students, and exempting them from chapel attendance if they wished to stay away. Other laws divested the foreign mission workers of place and power in various organizations, such as the statute making it mandatory for all mission institutions to have Chinese instead of foreign presidents. These tendencies are likely to be accentuated on the day when China proudly shares a decisive military triumph over Japan.

The mere presence of missionaries in a land of newly awakened nationalism and justifiably proud patriotism will arouse feelings of resistance, particularly since historically in the Chinese mind the missionary has, even though unjustly, been regarded as one of imperialism's outriders.

For several decades educated Chinese, even many who are now second-generation Christians, have regarded the evangeli-

cal effort of America and Europe as an impertinence. They declare that self-righteousness and a superiority complex have been as powerful as motivating impulses of the missionary movement as the wish to save souls and to spread Christianity. They resent what they call the "holier-than-thou" attitude which they claim to be inseparable from any effort to change the religion of a people or a nation.

Unhappily for the cause of the United Nations, not only in China but also in South America, there has been a strong tendency to identify Protestant Christianity as one of the war aims of the powers united against the Axis group.

A tremendous anti-Allies effect was produced in Argentina when, on August 30, 1942, Bishop Miquel de Andrea declared at Buenos Aires that President Roosevelt had declared that the "only aim" worthy of mankind which could compensate for the sufferings of this war would be the speedy establishment of "the Kingdom of Christ among men, not only in word but in spirit."

The White House has been silent about this supposed declaration, and so also has the British Embassy in Washington declined further elaboration of a statement by Lord Halifax made a little later, in which he declared:

"We know that, stripped of the accidents which have brought this or that nation into war, the real issue for us is whether Christianity and all that it means is to survive. It may be that some would think that an overstatement. We have not always considered what Christianity implies, or remembered that nearly everything of value in our lives has a Christian ancestry."

Statements like this make no appeal to the Chinese masses, and are a positive affront to the people of India, where religion is a much more vital thing than it is to the Chinese. If some such phrase as "morality and religion" had been substituted for "Christianity," Lord Halifax's reputation as a diplomat would have been enhanced. And the alleged Roosevelt and Halifax statements have aroused no enthusiasm amongst the

peoples of countries predominantly Catholic or among the Chinese Catholics.

The history of the Catholic church in China goes back about three hundred years, and China's last general census figures estimate that there are 2,813,000 Chinese Catholics. The church is rich in the traditions of the country, and at last accounts boasted 23 Chinese bishops, 402 orphanages, hundreds of schools, scores of hospitals, and free clinics which up to 1937 had been treating an average of nearly 9,000,000 people annually.

The first Protestant missionary, a Briton, went to South China in 1807, and made his first Chinese convert in 1814. Progress was slow, and by 1832 there were only ten Chinese converts. The real spread of Protestant efforts at evangelical work coincided with the treaties of 1842 and 1844, and with the imposition of the system of extraterritoriality.

The mission effort reached its all-time peak in 1923, when there were 8,325 American, British, and Canadian Protestant missionaries in China, distributed over 1,149 stations. Then came the convulsions of the civil wars, the overrunning of the country by the anti-foreign and anti-Christian units of the Nationalist army, which were pro-communist. This caused a wholesale evacuation of missionaries, and much mission property was destroyed. The movement was reviving, only to be crippled anew by the period of depression in the United States and the dwindling of mission funds, and when the work was again expanding the Japanese invasion brought further growth to an abrupt halt in all coastal provinces. In 1935 there were 6,150 missionaries in the field, at 1,130 stations.

American mission properties in China are roughly estimated to be worth about \$100,000,000 in American money, but no adequate calculation has ever been made of the total cost to the American people of more than a century of efforts to Christianize the Chinese. Some idea of the gigantic outlay may be made, however, from the fact that detailed statistics for the year 1930

show that American and Canadian missions that year cost \$6,253,520 in American money for salaries and maintenance.

It is probable that a hundred years of Protestant mission effort in China, including such costs as transportation, buildings, lands, salaries, and maintenance, have cost nearly one billion dollars. The cost of prolonged Catholic missionary effort has never been published. The figures of communicants are striking: against 2,813,000 Catholics, the Protestants in 1937 claimed only about 500,000 communicants, but added that there were "about 1,000,000" Chinese who had been converted to Christianity and baptized, of whom about half were no longer in active attendance at the churches.

Undoubtedly the widely varying and often mutually hostile brands of Protestant Christianity preached to the Chinese have had a confusing and deterrent effect upon the spread of the faith in China. The Chinese, in the mass, are not fundamentally a religious people, although they are deeply superstitious. However they are a people of logical minds, and the unseemly spectacle of various sects competing for converts put the whole missionary movement under suspicion and sometimes aroused derision.

At the peak of the Protestant missionary effort there were five Anglican missions in the field, nine Baptist, four Congregational, eight Methodist, seventeen Lutheran, ten Presbyterian, two Reformed Presbyterian, five interdenominational, and thirty-three listed under the census as "unclassified." The latter included missions maintained by such sects as the Apostolic Faith, the Advent Christian, Church of God, Assembly of God, Holiness Movement, Society of Friends, Mennonites, Faith Mission, Pentacostal Assemblies of the World, Seventh Day Adventists, United Brethren, United Church of the Nazarene, Hepzibah Faith Mission, Ebenezer Mission, Bethel Mission, and many others.

No wonder the Chinese mind was confused! Many a Chinese smiled to himself when he heard of the Tower of Babel.

This confusion of counsel as to what constitutes the true faith often resulted in absurdities which brought the whole movement into discredit. I know of a small walled city in Shantung province in which the only foreign residents were the families of two missionaries of different denominations. The feud between them over doctrine, and over methods of obtaining converts, finally became so intense that they would not speak to one another on the streets. And when the first baby of the younger couple was born, the older couple refused to sell or lend them the only wheeled baby carriage in the whole province.

Other absurdities were frequent. One summer the foreign community of Peiping—other than the missionaries—laughed long and loud at the tale two Peiping American women brought back with them after a trip up the Yangtsze River above Chungking. They went by houseboat, towed by a launch, and at one stop were hospitably put up at a mission station. After enjoying a bath, they came downstairs at the hour for tea sensibly clad in wash dresses with short sleeves and V-cut necks. But their missionary hostess was horrified.

"I'm afraid I must ask you to put scarfs or shawls around your necks and shoulders," she said. "You see, all of our servants are males, and such an exposure might give them carnal thoughts."

Many Protestant sects have been guilty of sending narrow-minded, crudely educated persons to China as missionaries. Men and women reared and educated in small towns have not the necessary background of culture or experience to act as foreign representatives of our national religion or social habits. As one who has never belonged to or attended any church, I can say without any slant of prejudice that the comparatively much greater success of the Catholic as compared with the Protestant missionary effort in China is due largely to the fact that the Catholic church sends into the foreign field only finely educated and carefully trained men.

The Protestant missionary effort, like all great and sustained movements, deserves high praise for many things, as well as criticism for avoidable faults and blunders. Unquestionably during the century of this effort a huge majority of the men and women who have labored in the mission field have been high minded, unselfish, and imbued with a feeling of devotion and a willingness to sacrifice comfort, happiness, safety, and life itself for the carrying on of their chosen work. Indeed the history of the mission movement affords hundreds upon hundreds of cases of heroism, unselfishness, and even of martyrdom.

While there is room for debate as to whether the purely evangelical work has brought rewards at all commensurate to its cost in lives, in effort, and in cash, there can be no questioning the magnificent results attained by the medical and educational missionaries. Mission workers have accomplished prodigies in their anti-narcotic work, in their schools, in their hospitals and clinics, in their work for lepers, in educational Y.M. and Y.W.C.A. work. Missionaries have been largely responsible for the gradual abolition of foot-binding, and have done much to help raise the social and even the political status of Chinese women. The scope of the educational work may be gauged by the fact that the cream of American and British literature (judged by mission standards) has been translated into Chinese, and that, including copies of the Bible, many millions of books and tracts have been printed and widely distributed. In 1936, for instance, the Protestant missions were publishing two hundred and eleven periodicals in the Chinese language.

With the coming of eventual victory and peace, and the abolition of extraterritoriality, there will be no more question of armed protection for Americans or other missionaries in China. There will be no more foreign gunboats on Chinese rivers, or foreign men of war in China's great coastal ports. There will be no Marines in Shanghai, or American or British soldiers in Tientsin, and even the Embassy guards will not be returned to Chinese soil.

Although most mission groups have for many years refused to appeal for extraterritorial protection, the fact that the system existed has been widely and adroitly used by Chinese intent upon cultivating nationalism and spreading anti-Christian feeling.

Among the complaints leveled against the mission effort by various Chinese groups and leaders are that Christianity tends to belittle Chinese ethical, social, and political standards, and is therefore "denationalizing"; that mission schools and colleges are more intent upon religious propaganda than upon pure learning; that Christianity is opposed to ancestor worship, which is the basis of Chinese family life; that missionaries sometimes engage in commercial and other non-religious activities detrimental to China and the Chinese; and that the mere presence of evangelical missionaries has constituted a standing insult to China's gods and to Chinese conduct. That is rather a stiff indictment.

Long ago Sir Robert Hart, who knew the Chinese as well as any foreigner has ever known them, wrote in one of his essays in his book, *The Chinese Question*, as follows:

As for the missionary class, their devotion, zeal and good works are recognized by all; and yet, while this is so, their presence has been felt to be a standing insult, for does it not tell the Chinese their conduct is bad and requires change, and their cult inadequate and wants addition, their gods despicable and to be cast into the gutter, their forefathers lost and themselves to be saved by accepting the missionary's teaching?

Many great Chinese educators have long felt that even though educational missions have performed exceedingly valuable services for China, nevertheless too great stress was put upon religious education, and over-emphasis upon American history. After this war ends China will not want her younger generation taught to revere George Washington and Abraham Lincoln, and to believe the American way of life is the best.

China will stress the importance to the Chinese people of Dr. Sun Yat-sen and Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek, and will want to emphasize that the Chinese way of life made possible the longest and most courageous war of resistance known to modern history.

At the close of the war China will urgently need the help and the service of the highest type of missionary—men and women willing to make tremendous sacrifices for a cause to which they are devoted. China's schools and universities will have to be rebuilt; China's hospitals will have to be made going concerns again; her need for more and more medical schools and colleges will be acute. She will doubtless gladly accept help along these lines, but it is extremely doubtful if she will welcome or even tolerate purely evangelical missions, and secular education will have to be along the lines China decides are best for her own good.

Unfortunately the whole China mission effort is bound up with the mission efforts in Korea and in Japan, and unhappily some of the mission boards in this country, mindful of their Japanese field of endeavors, have been playing politics of a peculiar kind.

The Chinese people will not soon forgive or forget the fact that after the arrival of the refugee ship *Gripsholm* in New York in August, 1942, many missionaries from the Far East were definitely ordered not to talk or write about Japanese military barbarism and methods of oppression in Japan, in Korea, and the invaded territories of China. Such enforced silence may be actuated by Christian principles, but non-Christian Chinese interpret it as an order inspired by denominational self-interest, and as distinctly and unjustifiably pro-Japanese, and damaging to China's cause in the war.

EUROPE WILL BE EASY, BY COMPARISON

IT REQUIRED the American public (and most of Congress) more than a year and a half after Pearl Harbor finally to awaken to a realization of the fact that the hardest and probably the longest and most costly phase of the war will be taken up with our eventual all-out drives to defeat Japan and bring that nation to unconditional surrender.

During the first eighteen or twenty months of the conflict there was a light-hearted tendency to believe that once Hitler had been defeated Japan would quickly be humbled to the dust under crushing blows from the allied forces of the United Nations, and that Russia would either help us to beat Japan or would at least permit American air forces to use Siberian landing fields.

Continuing alarms from Australia, and a realization of Japanese atrocities and brutalities in the making of war, gradually served to turn public opinion to a more sane evaluation of our Far East difficulties. Finally we reluctantly acknowledged to ourselves that the victories of Midway, the Coral Sea, Guadalcanal, and New Guinea were essentially all defensive victories. The seven months of bitter and costly fighting required to take Guadalcanal, and the fact that it took the American and Australian forces under General MacArthur 117 days to annihilate 15,000 Japanese in the Buna-Gona areas, awakened us to the size and difficulties of the task ahead in the Far Pacific. The

old illusion concerning the possibility of an easy triumph against Japan was gradually abandoned—and not without regrets.

But another old illusion still persists, and that is that when Japan has been beaten into surrender the problems of arranging a stable and just peace in East Asia will be much easier than the job of making a peace that will endure in Europe. Actually the problems that will face the peacemakers and world planners in the Orient will be just as difficult of solution as those in Europe, if not more so. And the grave danger inherent in making an unsatisfactory peace in the Far East is that it might easily result in the successful launching of a movement which Japan tried to launch and failed—a genuine anti-white-man Asia for the Asiatics campaign. And that could easily result in World War III.

Without analysis, the problem seems simple. Defeat and disarm Japan; give Manchuria and Formosa back to China; let the Filipinos have their independence; kick Japan out of Korea and set up a benevolent international tutelage system there to prepare the Koreans for independence. As for the rest of the peoples of East Asia, simply apply the promises of the Atlantic Charter, give them "the right of all peoples to choose the form of government under which they will live." It seems as simple as all that.

These proposed arrangements, in the first place, take no account of the position or desires of Soviet Russia in the Far East, and it is certain that Moscow will play as important a part in the future rearrangement of that part of the world as it will in the settlements affecting eastern Europe. The rupture of Soviet relations with the exiled Polish government, and Russia's announced determination to keep all of Poland that she obtained by her agreement with Hitler in the days of her neutrality, offer a measure of the difficult problems which will be raised by Soviet claims and aspirations in East Asia.

What, for instance, is to be done about Outer Mongolia? This vast territory, part of China for several centuries, is now

a Soviet Socialist Republic, and since 1924 all the borders except those facing Soviet Siberia have been closed to all outside trade and travel, and no access to Outer Mongolia has been possible except with passports issued in Moscow. Outer Mongolia has an area of 622,000 square miles; in other words it is more than four times as large as the state of California.

And what about Sinkiang, or Chinese Turkestan, which is a little larger than Outer Mongolia? This has been under Soviet Russian trade, financial, and political domination for nearly two decades.

At the close of the war, presupposing a victory for the United Nations, is Russia any more likely to hand these vast territories over to China, or let the inhabitants decide their own future national allegiance, than she is to get out of the eastern portion of Poland, or free the Baltic states?

Another problem will be the disposition of the southern half of Sakhalin Island. This was awarded to Japan by the Treaty of Portsmouth, at the close of the Russo-Japanese war of 1904-05. Is Soviet Russia to have this one-time Czarist territory handed over, or will Japan be permitted to keep it?

Russia has coveted an ice-free seaport in East Asia for more than a century, and it was her move into Dairen and Port Arthur which brought about the Russo-Japanese war. Will Moscow demand the equivalent of a Polish Corridor through North China or through Manchuria, when the war is over? And will she join Britain, Holland, and the United States in helping to defeat Japan?

There is a general but entirely unfounded and probably unjustified belief in the United States, that when Hitler has finally been beaten into unconditional surrender, Russia will at once join in the war against Japan, or at least abandon neutrality to the extent of permitting American airplanes to use her Vladivostok and other Siberian bases in order to afford our flyers an easy round-trip for the bombing of Japan's naval, military, and industrial centers.

No hint and no pledge has ever come from Moscow to justify this smug belief. Where Britain is concerned, we know what to expect. Prime Minister Churchill, less than a month before Pearl Harbor, told the House of Commons that if Japan were to attack the United States, Britain would declare war "within the hour," and that pledge was kept. Much more recently he has twice promised that after the defeat of Germany, Britain will be with us in the war until Japan is beaten into surrender. That pledge, we have every reason to believe, will also be kept to the letter. But we have no clue whatever concerning the ultimate intentions of Russia in the Far East.

Wishful thinking and the desire for an appreciable shortening of the war lead to giving easy and unquestioning credence to frequent newspaper reports that Japan and Russia will soon be fighting one another. First comes an unconfirmed report that the Soviet is massing great forces in eastern Siberia in order to attack Japan. A few months later comes a repetition of the old chestnut that Japan is massing huge armies in northern Manchuria and will soon attack Russia.

Why should either one attack the other? Japan would be mad to precipitate a war with the Soviets. It would open for her a new land front reaching from the Korean seacoast far northward to the northern tip of Manchuria, thence southwestward along the western borders, and then westward along the northern borders of Charhar and Suiyuan provinces in North China facing Outer Mongolia. This would mean a new land front about 3,300 miles in length. The launching of a war against Siberia would turn the present neutral air bases around Vladivostok into enemy air bases, and Vladivostok is only about 700 miles, airline, from Tokyo and Osaka.

Just as it would be madness for Japan to open a new front of this length while her forces are engaged along a line of more than 2,000 miles in China, and also heavily involved against American, Australian, and British forces in the South Pacific and in Burma, so would it be madness at this time for

Soviet Russia to attack Japan and open a new long front in East Asia.

Instead of the American public's expecting Soviet Russia to help this country against Japan, it would be wise for them to face a realistic estimate of world politics and to realize that when Hitler has finally been beaten Moscow may well say to Washington and to London:

"Well, we've more than done our part. We can do no more. Now you finish off Japan."

And if, after that, America and Britain were to continue fighting and bleeding for two more years, while Russia was recuperating, then by the time Japan were beaten Russia would be the most powerful nation in the world, and could have what she wanted in East Asia without having to fight for it.

Of course Russia wants Japan defeated, but why should she further weaken herself if we and the British will do the job for her?

And, to be perfectly honest with ourselves, do we wish Soviet forces to get to Tokyo before American forces get there, and so make it possible for Russia to dictate the peace in the Far East?

Soviet Russia's attitude will be by no means the only difficulty to be faced after Japan has been defeated. Already there are signs of fundamental cleavages between American policies, so far as they have been formulated, and the postwar hopes and plans of our allies Britain and Holland.

Statements by several responsible Washington officials to the effect that we must make the Pacific Ocean "an American lake" after the war, and that if we are not freely given the distant island and other bases necessary to naval control of the Pacific "we'll simply take them," have been received with marked lack of enthusiasm in Britain, in Australia, and in New Zealand. Nor have there been any loud huzzas from the Dutch government-in-exile in London, or from Chungking.

Apparently, according to the spokesmen of today's British

Government, the Atlantic Charter is not to apply to Burma or to Malaya. And it has been made painfully clear that London does not intend to give Hongkong back to China.

These attitudes place the United States in a painful and perilous position. Suppose the American navy and American parachute troops comprise the forces which finally eject the Japanese from Hongkong. What are we to do with it? Hand it over to the British, in spite of Chinese protests? Let the Chinese occupy it before the British get there, in spite of bitter British protests?

The present prospects are that British and Indian troops, assisted materially by American air forces, will finally recapture Burma. Then what? Are we to stand idly by, and by inaction acquiesce in a restoration of the discredited British colonial system in Burma, despite the avowed opposition of the Burmese to such a procedure? Would London listen to Washington's possible protest to the effect that a restoration of British rule in Burma is a violation of the Atlantic Charter?

And Malaya? Are we to assist at what will almost certainly be a vain attempt to restore the white man's prestige at Singapore after the inept manner in which that bastion of empire was lost to the Japanese—and Britain's "face" with it? Or would Britain permit us to be a partner in the restoration of Singapore as a great defensive base on behalf of all the United Nations?

Then there will be the exceedingly difficult problem of the political and economic future of the Netherlands East Indies. The Dutch Queen and cabinet have made it abundantly clear that they will entertain no plan except a restoration of Holland's authority in the East Indies, with permanent incorporation of those fabulously rich islands in the Netherlands Empire.

This is no group of little islands. One of them is seven times the size of the state of New York. Another has a population of about 45,000,000. Collectively, the land and water area is about equal to the area of the continental United States, not including Alaska, and collectively the islands have 70,000,000

inhabitants, of whom the Dutch were less than one per cent before the war began.

Is the United States to be the main source of the lives and treasure which must be expended to drive Japan from these islands, and yet are we to have no voice as to their future? The East Indies and Malaya are the world's principal sources of tin and rubber and the main sources of supply for oil and gasoline in East Asia. Are we to suffer hundreds of thousands of casualties while ejecting the Japanese from these areas, and then hand them back for colonial administration by the Dutch and the British, without even assuring ourselves a permanent method of access to an equitable proportion of the tin, rubber, and oil in that part of the world?

There seems to be nothing irreconcilable between what are assumed to be our own war aims, and our own future safety, and the war aims and future safety of China. But what about Siam, or Thailand? And what about French Indo-China?

The Siamese government, before the attack upon Pearl Harbor, was virtually the willing vassal of Japan, and was decidedly totalitarian in its domestic policies. Are we to permit this regime to survive? And if we turn it out of power, what is to be substituted?

The 24,000,000 natives of French Indo-China will be found to be violently opposed to the return of French colonial rule and corrupt exploitation. Are we to hand them back to the control of whatever kind of government eventually functions in Paris? If we do not, we will have earned the hatred of the French; if we do, we will have earned the hatred of the natives of Indo-China, and will stand accused in East Asia of having betrayed the promises of the Atlantic Charter.

This huge area, 286,422 square miles, or actually 76,000 square miles larger than France itself, has a population not versed in government. The natives could not administer the country. If we do not hand it back to France, what are we to do with it?

And what is to be done with the hundreds of Pacific islands which must be taken from Japan, and which cannot be given back under the peace treaties because Japan cannot be trusted not to put them to future naval, aerial, or military use? Most of them have been held by the Japanese under mandate from the League of Nations, but the League is now as dead as the last dodo.

Present prospects are that most of these islands will be recaptured only at enormous cost in American lives, ships, and planes. Are we to keep them, as "stepping stones" to East Asia? Or shall we turn them over to some kind of international control?

These are only a few of the major problems which will face the United States and the United Nations when the last gun has been fired and the Japanese sign an unconditional surrender.

How well prepared is Washington to deal wisely with all of these problems?

How well informed is the American public about these inevitable peace table difficulties?

And how can the American electorate, and the millions of American men and boys in our armed forces, impress upon the government their collective wishes and decisions concerning these issues?

These are problems which must be settled wisely and justly, or the sons of our returning soldiers will have to go abroad to fight again before another quarter of a century has passed.

EPILOGUE

WHEN I first went to China I could see little beauty in Chinese paintings. The coloring, I admitted, was superb, but they seemed to be out of drawing, and above all with a faulty perspective. Surely mountains never leaned forward like those painted on mellowed Chinese silk with paints made of ground jade, ground garnet, ground lapis lazuli, and ground seed pearls.

Finally my eye became adjusted, or my mind. I learned that Chinese do not paint on easels nearly upright, but instead lean over low horizontal tables. Chinese landscapes, when viewed as though the beholder was standing high on a hillside, looking down into a valley, adjust themselves; the perspective ceases to seem grotesque, and the whole composition becomes a picture of flowing beauty.

Now, almost exactly half the world away from what was beautiful old Peking; now, living in a valley circled by the wooded mountains of northern Vermont, I can turn and look back—and down, as is proper at a Chinese scene—and evaluate my years in East Asia. The memories are as rich and as vivid as the paints of ground jade and lapis and precious stones which make Chinese landscape paintings superlatively beautiful.

Here in my Vermont village I have a friend who likes enormously to read the books being written by foreign correspondents in such great numbers since the war began. They hold his interest, these books, and stir his curiosity. But in a sense they

also appall his type of mind. Invariably when he returns such a volume which he has borrowed from me he exclaims:

"I still say—'tain't worth it! Why do you do it? My God, what a kind of a life to lead! What did you all get out of that kind of thing that made it worth while? You didn't get rich, did you?"

No, we didn't get rich—not even in the meager meaning which most Vermonters attach to the word rich. In fact, I suspect that many of us foreign correspondents came back from our years of hazardous service abroad with nothing more in the way of tangible possessions than we had when we first sailed away, seeking excitement and adventure.

Why do we do it, we who go abroad representing America's great newspapers and great news agencies?

I believe most of us would not go, if we could know in advance all of the disadvantages of such a career. First, there is the indefiniteness of life; here today, tomorrow possibly a cable from the "home office" contains orders to proceed as quickly as possible to some distant Timbuctoo or Shangri-la. Then there is the long exile from home, from one's family, from one's country and countrymen. Then, as a rule, there is at least one strange language to be learned. In many cases, particularly in foreign posts other than those in Europe, there is the continual alertness against disease—typhoid, cholera, plague, malaria, dysentery. No water that has not been boiled may be used, even to brush your teeth with. Over great stretches of the globe only cooked fruits and vegetables may be eaten. Trains and ships offer hazards revolting to the fastidious—bedbugs, lice, cockroaches. The stench of half the foreign cities in the world is hideous.

In war zones, there is always constant danger of death or wounds or incapacitating injuries. In countries in violent political ferment there is often more or less danger of assassination by fanatics. In most of Asia, at least, there has usually been an innate hostility to any white man, any "imperialist." The Amer-

ican is usually considered rich, and is subjected to all manner of continuously annoying squeezes and grafts—petty to very large.

The correspondent who spends years abroad also pays a high price in loosened home ties and friendships which lapse or become stale because of long separations. When he comes on home leave, at intervals of from three to five years, his friends have grown away from him—or he from them. They are not interested in Timbuctoo or Shangri-la, and that is all he knows. They care not a hoot for international politics or race problems—and he has probably forgotten the first names of their wives. If he mentions a President or a Premier or an Ambassador, his friends think he is putting on “side.”

I'll never forget one dinner party in New York, the second night of one of my home leaves. I sat next to a sweet but not too young thing, who talked nothing but the latest plays—of which I knew nothing. When I mentioned China, she gave me a stare and said vacantly:

“China? Oh, yes; that's where the women carry their babies on their backs, isn't it?”

The correspondent's more intelligent friends are apt to be little more helpful, even those who ask questions and get excited over your answers. Time and again I've had such persons say to me:

“But good heavens! If it's as bad as that, why don't you tell it in your dispatches?”

You have told it in your dispatches, which you thought arresting and crystal clear. You have told it time after time. Your more intelligent friends, you know, are thoughtful newspaper readers. They tell you they have followed your signed cables and mailed articles “for years and years.” And yet they have not the vaguest idea what is going on in the part of the world in which you specialize. You feel that your work has all been for nothing—a front page story today, forgotten tomorrow.

And yet—And yet, it is the grandest type of job in the world

—being a foreign correspondent for a home office which has no axes to grind.

There are compensations on those home leaves. You go into a newspaper office where you once worked before you went abroad. You find Bill still writing headlines on cable news; Jerry is still writing sports—getting excited about who wins the local pennant; Jimmy is still getting into foaming excitement about some dirty deal in ward politics which involves a \$50,000 graft. And Annette, who was so young and blonde and pretty and vivacious—well, Annette is now faded and gushing, still runs the Society page, and her life's interest goes no higher than debutante parties and cathedral weddings. You are damn glad you didn't marry Annette!

You don't want to feel snobbish, but you really look with pity on these guys, and this girl; they are in the same old grind, in the same old town. They have been no place in a dozen years, except on short trips during their two- or three-week annual vacation periods. Bill and Jimmy own their own homes, their children are in the teens. Nice lives? Yes. But then you remember a certain sunrise in Thibet; a typhoon in the Sulu Seas; that long camel caravan you headed winding across the sands of the Gobi. You look at Jimmy's wife, and remember that stunning English girl at Bangkok, and how you sat on the floating veranda at the Country Club and drank absinthe drips, and when the soft dusk came down you both cloaked your thoughts by making idle bets as to which of the low-flying moths would be the next victim of those funny spitting fish which spout like miniature whales, wet the wings of the moths, and then with a plop gobble up their prey.

You get restless and begin to wonder if you hadn't better be getting back on the job. If you go by Suez you'll hit the full moon in the Red Sea, but if you fly from Moscow to Karachi you'll save time enough to swing up into the Vale of Kashmir for a fortnight and see Peg and Rod. And Daphne

will be in Bombay—or will she have gone to Simla before you get to India?

Yes, you'd better be getting back on the job. What could have been behind that obscure item about the Governor of Kwangtung in the opposition paper yesterday? And what did Hayashi's last public address really mean? At such a distance it's hard to tell; you feel restless without your finger on the erratic but strongly throbbing pulse of the Far East.

And then there's your home in Shanghai (or in Timbuctoo or in Shangri-la), and the servants. You want some papering done, too. And if you eliminate that planned two-week stop-over in the mountains of Ceylon, you'll get home in time for the fall race meet. Better go to Washington once more. If you don't spend more than two days there, you can catch that fast ship to Hamburg sailing next Thursday. Damn the excess charge on luggage when you go by air! If you could just fly the Atlantic, without going broke on baggage charges, you could stay over and hear Lily Pons week after next.

Of course, the Blue Danube isn't blue, and East Asia and the southern islands are not all Kipling and Conrad. But you want to get back. These great American cities, many of them clean and featureless; these huge hurrying American crowds, clean and well dressed, begin to appear uninteresting. They are so totally unconscious of the forces working half a world away which seem bound to lead millions of the young men of the country to foreign lands where they will fight and die. So you sail, or you fly across the Pacific, and are glad to get back onto your "beat," which may be a stretch of a continent as long or as wide as the distance from New York to San Francisco.

Now that I'm home, and now that the great war is dragging its agonizing length through month after month, many people say to me: "Why aren't you out there now? Don't you itch to be reporting this war, writing about it?"

The trouble with reporting a war of the kind that is now going on, is the inevitably restricted horizon of every news-

paperman out in the field. The correspondent in Darwin does not know what is going on in Melbourne or in Sydney. The man who reported on the Tunisian campaign saw only just that; he had no knowledge of what was going on along the Soviet front at that time, nor of the reasons for the British withdrawal from Burma which was going on when Rommel's armies were being annihilated on Cape Bon. And the man in the field is frighteningly restricted not only in his investigations, but also in what he writes or cables, by military censorship.

Having had the length and breadth of East Asia for my beat for so many years, I'd be quickly bored by being assigned to New Guinea or to Chungking.. Before the war began I went where I chose to go, gathered information from all sides, cabled or wrote what I chose. To go back to accepting mimeographed handouts at military headquarters would be a deplorable anti-climax. The war cannot be seen whole from any one front, or by participation in any one campaign.

After the war, yes. Then I want to go again to the Far East. To see how the peace works out, to try to learn whether the end of the war brings the likelihood of an enduring peace, or only a makeshift arrangement which will almost inevitably lead to another holocaust within a score of years, or less.

"I still say—'tain't worth it!" insists my friend in Vermont.

But I still say it is worth it. If I had a son, and if he liked to write and to travel, and had a reasonably cautious type of mind, I would encourage him to become not just a newspaperman, but a foreign correspondent.

The foreign correspondents of the future will be experts. The best of them will be trained for their careers. Their education should include not only languages and history, but geography and economics and the social sciences. They will have to know international law and protocol and current world-politics.

Most of the foreign correspondents today, who are making a fine job of reporting the war, merely drifted into the foreign

field of news reporting. Considering their almost uniform lack of special education or special training for the jobs they have been called upon to do, they have accomplished marvels of sound observation and informative reporting. But the foreign correspondent of the future, if he is properly prepared, should do an even better job, and should be of more value in informing his national public. The people of the United States will probably be "world-minded" after this war, for it is almost unthinkable that they will lapse into indifferent intellectual isolationism after the Axis powers have been brought to an unconditional surrender.

The men and women who are reporting this war for this country are doing so fine a job that they are bringing new prestige and new power to the press, in spite of strangling censorship and official suppressions of many kinds.

If the war is won without also bringing a complete restoration of the freedom of the press, and bringing it immediately upon the cessation of hostilities, it will have been fought in vain. Only freedom of reporting and of comment can prevent bunglings in the first period of the peace—bunglings which might well make it necessary to fight the war all over again before the sons of the men who return are old enough to vote.

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